

The ARTS of
LOGICK
AND
RHETORICK,

ILLUSTRATED
By EXAMPLES taken out of the best
AUTHORS, Antient and Modern,
In all the Polite Languages.

INTERPRETED and EXPLAIN'D
By that Learned and Judicious CRITICK,
Father BOUHOURS.

To which are added,
PARALLEL QUOTATIONS
Out of the Most Eminent *English* AUTHORS in
VERSE and PROSE: Wherein the like Observations
are made on their BEAUTIES and BLEMISHES,
in all the various Kinds of THOUGHT and
EXPRESSION.

*As all is Darknefs when the FANCY's bad;
So without Judgment FANCY is but mad.*
D. of BUCKS.

L O N D O N:
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M. DCC. XXVIII.



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The Right Honourable

George Dodington, Esq;

One of the Lords of the Treasury,

A N D

Lord Lieutenant of the County
of S O M E R S E T.

S I R,



H E Loss of my intended Patron, Sir *Samuel Garth*, who put me upon this Work, was such a Discouragement to my Studies, which he was always pleas'd to favour, that I thought no more of *Pere Boubours*, or Right-thinking, till I had the Honour of your Conversation, which reviv'd in my Memory all those Ideas

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of it that are the Ornament and Use of the *French Critick's* admirable Treatise.

THE Inducements I shou'd have had to have made the like Address to my deceas'd Friend, were his fine Learning, Genius, Taste, Wit, Judgment, Vivacity, and Humanity, which are but a Part of your Character, heighten'd by a perfect Knowledge of Men, and the Business of the World, by superior Dignity and Fortune; where we find verify'd what Mr. *Pope* said in Flattery of one of the late Queen's latest Ministers, *A Genius not more distinguish'd in the great Scenes of Business, than in all the useful and entertaining Parts of Learning*: But it was those other valuable and amiable Qualities which wou'd have induc'd me to have had Recourse to the Protection of Sir *Samuel Garth*, as they necessitate me to desire Yours: For without Learning, Genius, Taste, Wit, and Judgment, no Patron cou'd have protected a Book which treats of nothing else, and that in the most Delicate and Instructive Manner.

IT was impossible for me not to think of You, in a Case of this Nature; and that Beneficence which is so conspicuous in all Your Actions, confirm'd me in an Opinion that You wou'd not deny me Your Patronage; it being as necessary to me, as it is glorious to others: For in every Article of Right-thinking, You will, with a Glance of Your Eye, see if Father *Bouhours* and my self are not mistaken; and if You approve of
what

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what we have done, we shall have nothing to fear from Criticism.

I DARE not flatter my self with such Hopes, and that this will be our good Fortune; Your Penetration being too quick to let the least Slip, or Negligence escape You, and much less any Error, or Misjudgment; but then we are sure to suffer nothing by Jealousy and Prejudice, which Your Judgment is as much above, as any Performance of ours can be beneath them; and Your Candour, so peculiar to Great Minds, will put the good Intention into the Scale, when the Merit of the Work wants more Weight there.

I AM far from a vain Imagination that I have perform'd my Part as a Translator, or as an Author, with the Perfection the Subject deserves; but there being little or nothing concerning it in our Language, and both Authors and Readers confounding the various Manners of Thinking in the general Term Thought, by which great Confusion happens, and much is lost both of Instruction and Pleasure, I could not help fancying that an Attempt of this Kind would be equally useful and agreeable; and having made greater Collections for it, than perhaps any other Man had done, I was willing to offer them to the Publick for those Improvements and Embellishments which may be expected from better Talents, and more Opportunities.

How many great Genius's have miscarry'd, by not thinking rightly on Subjects they were otherwise well able to handle and adorn, and for Want of considering that Truth, in all the Productions of the Mind, is what only renders them agreeable and useful, and that the false Brilliant of Thoughts is like the Glare of Lightning, which dazles and hurts the Sight, as that does the Understanding !

THUS it was that Bishop *Andrews*, and the most eminent Divines at the Beginning of the last Century, reduc'd Preaching to Punning, and the Eloquence of the Chair to the Buffoonry of the Stage. Thus it was that Dr. *Donne*, and Mr. *Cowley*, confounded Metaphysicks and Love, and turn'd Wit into Point.

IT was thus that *Dryden* also confounded Epick Poetry and Elegy, Tragedy and Farce, and taught his Contemporary Poets, by his Example, to make their Heroes and Heroines, in the Agonies of Despair and Death, sigh out their great Souls in Simile and Rhime. This Vice in Thought is the most obvious, and yet the most common, in *English* Poetry, occasion'd either by the Poets Ignorance of it, or their Dependance on the Ignorance of their Hearers and Readers, tho' they have been taught better, as by the last Duke of *Bucks*.

Figures

*Figures of Speech, which Poets think so fine,
Are all but Paint upon a beauteous Face,
And in Description only claim a Place ;
But to make Rage declaim, and Grief discourse,
From Lover in Despair fine Things to force,
Must needs succeed ; for who can choose but pity
A dying Hero miserably witty ?*

And again,
Or else the Bells eternally they chime,
They sigh in Simile, and die in Rhime.

I SHOUL'D not have presum'd to have touch'd
the Chair, which is sacred even its Faults, but that
I found the Lord *Lansdown* had been more free
with it on the like Occasion, where he speaks of
Truth in Thought, or Right-thinking ; without
which the Poet's and Orator's Brain is always de-
lirious,

*But let the bold Adventurer be sure
That every Line the Test of Truth endure.
On this Foundation may the Fabrick rise,
Firm and unshaken, till it touch the Skies.
From Pulpits banish'd, from the Court and Love,
Abandon'd Truth seeks Shelter in the Grove.
Cherish, ye Muses, the forsaken Fair,
And take into your Train the beauteous Wanderer.*

THE noble Critick plainly alludes to the pun-
ning Sermons in the Reign of King *James I.*
and the Metaphysical Love-Verses by which

Donne and *Cowley* acquir'd so much Fame. *Cowley* especially, with as much Wit as ever Man had, shews as little Judgment, by which his Poetry is in our Days so sunk in the Opinion of good Judges, that there is no Hope of its rising again. The following Verses of his on *Despair*, is an Instance how little he knew of Right-thinking, though he knew so much of Thought.

*Beneath this gloomy Shade,
By Nature only for my Sorrows made,
I'll spend my Voice in Cries,
In Tears I'll waste my Eyes,
By Love so vainly fed;
So Lust, of old, the Deluge punished.
When Thoughts of Love I entertain,
I meet no Words but Never and In vain.
Never, Alas! that dreadful Name,
Which fuels the eternal Flame,
Never, my Time to come must waste,
In vain torments the Present and the Past, &c.*

A LIVELY Instance of what the Duke of *Buckingham* says, That a Lover in *Despair* cannot have such fine Things forc'd from him, and that, like Rage, it expresses it self in Rants and Breaks; the Mind being too busy with its own Misery, to have Leisure for foreign Objects. Such Examples will explain what is meant by Thinking and Speaking rightly, better than Reasonings and Rules. Figures, indeed, seem to be too little understood by the Moderns, and less

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less by *English* Writers than *Italian* or *French*, whose Wit lying pretty near the Surface, one wou'd think shou'd be more apt to rise up in Metaphor; but ours in *England*, tho' it has more Depth, ferments sooner, and then with a great deal of Spirit there will be some Lee, from whence proceeds that Huddle of Metaphors which *Collier* and the most celebrated Writers of *Essays* mistake for a fruitful Fancy, tho' they leave no distinct Idea in the Mind of the Things they wou'd express.

FOR Want of knowing how to think rightly, Painting and Declamation have pass'd lately for the Perfection of *History*, both in Fact and Expression, tho' nothing is more contrary to that Simplicity which is the very Essence of it.

SIR, I do not tell you these Things as News: You are too well acquainted with them, to learn from Pere *Boubours*, or the best of his Disciples; tho' Mr. ADDISON *look'd upon him to be the most penetrating of all the French Criticks*. I only lay them before You, as a Judge to decide, Whether it was not fit that such Errors, being found in the Writings of Authors of the greatest Eminence, shou'd be known, that they may be avoided; and, if possible, there may be a little Order observed to make some Amends for what is wanting in Genius and Eloquence, which are not to be learn'd, and hardly to be expected, in the Decay which is coming fast upon all Kinds of

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of polite Literature. Good Judges foresaw it twenty or thirty Years ago, and mark'd the Gradations by which this Decay wou'd appear sensibly. They, probably, made those Reflections from what they had observ'd of the Fate of Poetry and Eloquence; when, after the Age of AUGUSTUS, *Mimes*, *Cudgel-Players*, and *Bears*, were preferr'd to *true Comedy*; the Points of *Martial* to the happy Turns of *Catullus*; when Sound got the better of Sense, and solid Reason gave Way to Tales and Trifles; when the Degeneracy reach'd their Morals as well as their Arts and Sciences, (as it will always do in all Countries) and the Loss of their Taste was follow'd with the Loss of their Liberty.

WHAT Danger we are in of losing *our Goût* is too visible; and if there is any Way to prevent or delay it, 'twill not be so inconsiderable a Piece of Service to the Publick as may at first be imagined; for whatever serves to set People in a right Way of Thinking on one Subject, will be helpful to them on all; and to bring them to the Standard of Truth, is a sure Way to make them asham'd of Falshood, which, when known, is as ridiculous and contemptible in Letters, as it is pernicious and odious in Life.

THERE is nothing so likely to gain the Reader's Attention to such new and strange Notions, as my venturing to start them before You; for whatever Opinion the World has of my Capacity, they have so just a one of Your Judgment, that

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that they will imagine I durst not have presum'd so far, if in what I said there was not something true at the Bottom: Indeed if there is not, 'tis owing entirely to the Weakness of my own Conceptions, as Father *Bouhours* has misled them. But since there is no Fear of his misleading, and as much Strength in his Argument as Elegance in his Diction, I flatter'd my self I did not venture so much in making this Address to You, as I may be thought to have done by those who have less Knowledge of him and his Merit.

THE Scandal such Addresses as these have for some Time lain under, has not arisen so much from the Meanness of the Author's Views, as from their Indiscretion in the Choice of their Patrons. Thus, without having any Regard to their Character, or Capacity, we often find a Discourse of Politicks address'd to a Fox-hunter, a Treatise of Gardening to a Citizen of *London*, a Piece of Divinity to a General of the Army, a Poem to a Judge, and a Play to a Stockjobber: But ev'ry one will approve of my presenting this Work to You, as to a perfect Master of the elegant Arts Pere *Bouhours* treats of; the Example of whose Writings will teach us more of *the Manner of Right-thinking in the Works of the Ingenious*, than his Precepts and Lessons.

THAT Part of the following Treatise which is entirely my own, and near a Moiety of the Whole, recommends it self to You by nothing but an exact Imitation of Father *Bouhours's* Observations

servations on Thought and Expression in the best Authors, antient and modern ; to which I have endeavour'd to adapt parallel Quotations out of the best *English* Authors, Poets and Orators, in the different Manners of Thinking.

THE Difficulty of this Task will be easily conceiv'd by those who judge with Your Quickness and Exactness ; but the Number of them is so few, that it will be necessary to explain it a little. For, as Images, in Painting, do not always appear in the same Light to all that see them, so neither do they, in Thought and Expression, to all that read them ; and the least Variety in View will very much vary the Similitude. Being sensible how difficult it was to succeed in such parallel Quotations, I cannot but be as sensible of the Caution I shou'd have taken in addressing them to You ; tho' if there is not that scrupulous Equality in all of them, which may be expected in Things of this Delicacy, there will be found the Sublime, the Grand, the Fine, the Agreeable, and all the various Kinds of Thought, which are so finely spun in the *French* Critick's Explanation of them. The Examples out of *English* Authors may not quadrate with those taken out of *Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Spanish*, and other Writers, Antient and Modern : However, they will be found to have a nearer Relation to them than (according to *Boileau*) is necessary, in comparing Things one with another ; 'Tis a Truth universally acknowledg'd, says he, *That it is not necessary in Poetry for the*
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Points of Comparison to answer exactly one to another, but that a general Agreement is sufficient; which general Agreement will be apparent in comparing my Quotations with Father *Bouhours's*. *Boileau*, as severe a Critick as he is, may have too much Regard to the Disagreement which is too often found in modern Similes: Such as this of *Dryden's*, where he compares the Jockies at *Winchester* Horse-race to the Sun, which had so often the Honour to be a Comparison for the *French King*.

*Over thy Course they rather fly than run,
In a wide Circle, like the glorious Sun.*

BUT I cou'd name an Epistle in *English* Verse where the Comparisons answer one another exactly, and where the Author was not contented with a general Agreement.

ALL Men enjoy in common with the other Gifts of Nature, those of Thinking and Speaking: But the Difference in their Look and their Air, is not greater than that in their Thought and Expression; the Excellence of which arises as much from the Manner and Turn, as the Matter and Words. The Flowers which grow in the Gardens of Logick and Rhetorick are not spontaneous, but the beautiful Effects of the nicest Culture and Care. Any one might have said, *the Passions are too strong for Reason*; but it was only for the Duke *de la Rochefaucault*, and Persons of his Distinction in Genius and Rank, to say, *the Head is the Dupe of the Heart*.

A s

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As good Breeding and Politeness give a Grace to Reason, so they do it much more to Wit; as we see in that excellent Epistolary Poem, where the finest Imagination is render'd still finer by the Spirit and Elegance of Expression:

*For none have been with Admiration read,
But who, beside their Learning, were well bred;*

Said the Lord Roscommon, who understood good Breeding, and good Learning, as well as any Man ever did.

WITHOUT these glorious Advantages, which are always accompany'd with Discretion and Decency, Authors, otherwise of agreeable Talents, fall into Trifling and Ribaldry. Lowness of Character and Life naturally create Envy in irregular Minds, and thence proceeds an inordinate and mischievous Desire of Cavilling, the Corruption of Criticism, one Instance of which is not to be found in Pere *Bouhours*.

SIR, If You cou'd forgive what might be said on this Subject, and ev'ry body wou'd not know to whom and to what it refers, a great deal of the following Treatise might have been spar'd, as it concerns the Perfection of Thinking and Writing, and the very great Refinements they receive by the Knowledge of Men and Affairs, as well as Books and Letters; for Want of which there is so much Crudity and Pedantry in the Productions of Authors by Profession.

I MUST own, I am not without Apprehensions that You may distaste that Profusion of Praise on *Lewis XIV.* which we meet with in the *French* Critick's various Examples of the Sublime, the Grand, the Fine, the Delicate in Thought, out of *French*; and other Authors; Your Abhorrence of Flattery and Tyranny, and Your just and generous Sentiments of good Policy and Liberty, will, doubtless, make that appear flat and insipid to You, which to him is so elevated and grand. But in a Supposition that the mighty Monarch was really in Fact, what in Imagination they represent him to be, those Thoughts are in that Sense true; and I have endeavour'd to provide an Antidote against what is pois'nous in them, by giving Instances of all those different Kinds of Thinking out of *English* Writers, in Praise of the great Princes who reign'd in *England* after the *Revolution*, whom Your Honourable Uncle had the Honour to serve in the most important Offices of the State, with equal Zeal, Fidelity and Applause.

AND here, SIR, You will permit me to pay Homage to the Memory of that noble Patriot, not only in General, as I am an *Englishman*, for his Loyalty to our Sovereigns, in whose Service he was so useful and eminent, for his zealous asserting the Rights and Liberties of the Subject, in the many Parliaments of which he was a distinguish'd Member; but also in Particular, as it is to his Goodness and Generosity that I owe
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whatever Notice the Publick has been pleas'd
to take of me, and the Benefit I have receiv'd
by it, which I can only return in Gratitude and
good Wishes to You and all Your Interests;
being with great Respect and Sincerity,

S I R,

Your most Faithful,

most Devoted, and

most Obliged Humble Servant,

J. OLDMIXON.



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P R E F A C E.

I Have said, in the *Epistle Dedicatory*, that Sir Samuel Garth put me upon this delicate and difficult Work; and his Name only is sufficient to excuse me for the Boldness of the Attempt, every Body knowing that Gentleman was as good a Critick as he was a Poet; and that what he thought necessary for the Improvement of Letters must needs be so.

I am not so vain as to think it was for my Abilities that he gave me this Hint; but he knew very well I would spare no Pains to collect Materials, and had such a Collection by me.

IT was his Opinion, that both Authors and Readers had but a confus'd Notion of the Variety and Justness of Thought; and that this Confusion was a great Impediment to the Pleasure and Profit we meet with in the Works of the Ingenious.

THE Design of Pere Bouhours is to form the Judgment, not by dry and rigid Rules only, but by the Beauties and Blemishes of the most celebrated Writers, ancient and modern. Corneille complains, that Aristotle treated of Poetry too much like a Philosopher; and the most famous modern Critick, Bossu, has done the same. These learned Men fall into the Didactick Manner, as it is more Grave and Magisterial; and, indeed,

much more easy than the Critical and Pleasant. They are always for Things, and have a Contempt for Words, of which they have no great Plenty or Choice. This is what they call Solid, and leave the Delightful to those who, perhaps, have not so much Reading, but a great deal more Wit. There is a Pride in Teaching which agrees with the Moroseness of Scholarship; and these three Ingredients together form a Figure like that which Father Bouhours speaks of, where he tells us the ingenious Author call'd it an agreeable Monster. When the learned Critick is giving Laws to his Readers, he gives himself a Superiority over them, which is very grateful to corrupt Nature, and very natural in Pedants and Pædagogues. To rally a weak Thought or Expression, requires an Author to be in a pretty good Humour himself, and willing to put his Reader into it, which never enters into the Head or Heart of a solemn sour Critick; and this is the Reason why Criticism, so useful and pleasant, when manag'd with Skill and Decency, lies under the general Scandal of Ill-Nature, though it is as far from it as it is to set a Traveller right, when he is out of his Road.

THERE is no Book among the Ancients which instructs, and at the same time delights, more than Longinus's Treatise of the Sublime, and the Pleasure chiefly arises from the Examples he produces of the various Kinds of Thinking out of the Greek Poets and Orators. Bouhours refines upon Longinus; and, without penetrating so far as the Latter has done in Argument, he proves what he asserts by Citations out of the best Authors, whether it is for Reproof or Applause. I have endeavour'd to do the like in my Quotations out of English Writers. I have made use of none but the best, whether they wrote in Verse or in Prose, the Faults of great Men only being worth Observation, that those who have not their Talents may be upon their Guard; for if such Authors as Tacitus and Seneca among the Ancients, Tasso, Malherbe, Balfac, Cowley, and Dryden,

Dryden, among the Moderns, fall into the grossest Errors in Thinking, what have not meaner Genius's to fear from Negligence, and a worse Misfortune still, from Ignorance? A Critique on Abra Mule, or the Trip to the Jubilee, on Settle or Durfey, Dunton or D'Foe, would be a very merry Business. The Faults of great Men are like Land-Marks on Mountains, to direct Voyagers to avoid the Rocks and Shelves beneath them; as the Flowers, which are scatter'd up and down in their Writings, tempt the Imagination to frequent those delicious Walks, and to imitate what it admires.

IN the following Treatise, the most part is taken from Father Bouhours's Maniere de bien penser dans les Ouvrages d'Esprit, or Manner of right Thinking in the Works of the Ingenious, for which Mr. Addison so much extols him in the Sixty-second Spectator. I have done it paraphrastically, and thrown out the Dialogue, which has, indeed, some French Impertinencies in it. I have every where added Remarks of my own, and parallel Citations out of English Authors to what he has cited out of Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Spanish and Portuguese, in all the various Kinds of Thinking, by which the Work is render'd entirely new to the English Reader, and is so nice in its Nature, that if he does not read it with Candour, as well as Judgment, I shall have but a very ill Time of it.

HOWEVER, considering I have had no other View than to offer to the Publick what I had met with in my Reading on this Subject, which others may not have observ'd, as not having read with the like Intention, I may flatter my self, that the Design, at least, will be allow'd to be good, whatever may be thought of the Execution.

WHAT Father Bouhours teaches us of just Thought and Expression has been imperfectly hinted by others; there is a good deal of it in the Earl of Roscommon, and the last Duke of Buckingham's Essays, and in the Lord Lansdown's Essay on unnatural

Flights in Poetry, *the Hints of which seem to be taken from our French Critick; they are all excellent, especially the latter, which, in a very few fine Verses, contains more nice Remarks than are in the Translator of Homer's long rhiming Essay, where there is hardly one Observation which is not borrow'd from the above-mention'd Essays, or from Dryden's Prefaces, and his Essay on Dramatick Poetry, which every where contradict and differ from one another, as much as if they were written by different Authors of different Sentiments:*

If once the Justness of each Thought be lost,
Well may we laugh, but at the Poet's Cost.

Says the Duke of Bucks. Authors, both ancient and modern, have been apt to run into Error, not only out of Ignorance, but sometimes out of Vanity, and a fond Desire of shining always:

Think not so much to shine in such a Place,
As what a Man wou'd say in such a Case.

D. Bucks.

Dacier blames Seneca for aiming so much to shine every where as to become ridiculous; and the Duke of Buckingham explains it:

Another Fault, which often does befall,
Is when the Wit of some great Poet shall
So overflow as to be none at all,
That even his Fools speak Sense.

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We have had some comick Writers who have been shamefully mistaken in this Matter, and have put Wit into the Mouths of their Fops, Coquets; nay, Nurses, Valets, Shoe-makers, Milliners, Taylors. Wycherly and Vanbrugh offended enormously in this Kind; and there

there is not, to this Day, one Man in Ten Thousand who does not think their Comedies excel all others even for that Superfluity of Wit. To tell Dr. Felton, and such sort of Criticks, there is too much Wit in a Play, would make you be star'd at and laugh'd at ; though it is certain, by over-doing it, and not thinking rightly, there is as great a Fault in the Superfluity as in the Want of Wit :

That silly Thing we call sheer Wit avoid.

D. Bucks.

Indeed we have not had of late much occasion to complain of the Sheerness of Men's Wit, and the Lilliputs and Profundities are lamentable Proofs that we need be in no more Concern about it.

WE may judge of Thought by what Plutarch tells us of Expression, in a Comparison between Aristophanes and Menander : “ The Difference in Diction, says “ Plutarch, is infinite. Aristophanes does not know “ how to make every one speak as becomes him : A King “ should talk with Dignity, an Orator with Force, a “ Mechanick with Rudeness. The Diction of Aristophanes's Characters is at a Venture, and you cannot “ tell whether it is a Son or a Father, a Labourer or a “ God, an old Woman or a Hero—— An excellent “ Lesson this, and of wonderful use, were it well “ studied ; I believe polite Learning would gain more “ by it than by what we may expect from the Productions of all our modern Professors.

THE Discourse which seems to be most artless is most beautiful : Quintilian says, Nothing is harder than what every one imagines he could do himself, which is the Simplicity so much commended by Longinus, Bouhours, and the best Criticks, and so much decry'd by the Translator of Homer, who assures us, in the Notes he took from the Dutch and French Commentators, that Simplicity is a Word of Disguise for a shameful unpoetical Neglect of Expression ; wherein he shews

us that he does not really understand what is meant by Simplicity, which he confines to Language, though a Thought is much more likely to be simple, as coming immediately from Nature, than Expression, which owes much of its very Being to Art. What he means by it is rather Rudeness than Simplicity. If it regarded any Thing beside Language, it wou'd run into Extravagance, the certain Effect of Neglect of Thought. But there's nothing more common than for People to talk wildly, when they touch on Subjects they are not Masters of. A Man may, doubtless, be a good Poet, without being an Adept in Criticism; but to teach the Latter, without knowing the first Rudiments of it, is one of the worst Instances of Quackery. However this Writer has a way to come off which few People could think of; where he tells us, I believe it will be found a true Observation, that there never was any thing so absurd and ridiculous, but has, one Time or other, been written even by some Author of Reputation. A Reflection it may not be improper for Writers to make, as being at once some Mortification to their Vanity, and some Comfort to their Infirmary. That Absurdity has been any Mortification to this Critick does not appear by the Modesty of his Writings, but probably that Reflection may have been some Comfort to his Infirmary.

Opposite to this Simplicity, which he seems to know nothing of, is Affectation, which he appears to be very well acquainted with. I think I have somewhere else taken Notice that there are not in our Language Expressions so affected as this of the same Translator in the above-mentioned Notes: Nothing is more lively and Picturesque, than the Attitude Patroclus is here described in: The Pathetick of his Speech is finely contrasted by the Fierce of that of Achilles. The Affectation here is so apparent and ridiculous, that I defy any one to speak it, without making a prim Face, and screwing up his Mouth like pretty Miss at a Boarding-School, if I

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may be allowed to steal from my self. Again, There is something inexpressibly riant in the Vintage Compartment of Achilles's Shield: By turning over a Page or two of Fresnoy, or Des Piles, who wrote of Painters and Painting, a Man may be furnished with a Hundred such Technical Terms. This is so far from that Neglect which he so much condemns, that it is study'd and labour'd, and has the Effect of those Imperitinent's describ'd by Horacé and Boileau, who kill you with Ceremony.

He shocks you with Civility, as such
Displease you most, who strive to please too much.

THE same Boileau instructs us how to avoid this Affectation, and yet not descend to Meanness; a greater Vice in Expression, if possible: The first Qualification that is to be suppos'd in a true Orator is, that his Wit be not creeping: Indeed, 'tis impossible for a Man who all his Life time has been us'd to mean and servile Inclinations, ever to be able to produce any Thing very Marvellous, or worthy of Posterity: Which Translations are not thought to be by Men of Genius and Judgment. Boileau again in a Letter to Mons. de Maucroix, says, As for me, and my Brother Translators, we have no Reason to fear Posterity. You have told me more than once, Translation is not the way to Immortality.

ALL the Rules the Criticks give us for right Thinking, will signify nothing without Talent; Vitari denique Culpam non Laudem meruit: He who writes regularly, avoids Blame, but does not deserve Praise; however, it must be own'd, that Judgment contributes very much to the Excellence of all ingenious Works;

After a gen'rous and judicious Choice
Method and Eloquence will never fail.

as we are taught by the Lord Roscommon. He must understand if the Writer has a Gift of Nature; for without it, Eloquence and Method would be of no more Use, than Pencil and Colours in the Hands of a blind Man.

T H E R E is no Falshood of Thought more vicious than the confounding Religions, as I have shewn more at large in another Place; And yet the greatest Poets have been guilty of it! 'Tis so obvious that the sacred Truths of reveal'd Religion should have no Mixture with the impious Fables of the Pagan Poets, that it is astonishing to see Men of Learning, as Milton and Cowley, fall into so gross an Error. Mons. Voltaire has offended this way too in his *Henriade*, where he speaks of the Fury Fanaticism.

C'est luy qui dans Rabah, &c.

Il dicta de Jephte le Serment inhumaine
Dans le cœur de sa Fille il conduisit sa maine,
C'est lui qui dans Calcas ouvrant la bouche impie
Demanda par sa Voix la Mort d'Iphigenie.

Jephtha's rash Vow he dictated, he plung'd
The Father's Dagger in the Daughter's Heart;
'Twas He who opening Calchas's lewd Lips,
By him demanded Iphigenia's Death.

T H E Poet seems to be very fond of the Similitude between the Truth and the Fiction. Two Princesses are sacrificed, the one by the Judge of Israel, the other by the King of Argos, to appease the Goddess Diana. One is as true as another. And the Poet and the Prophet equally inspir'd, according to Mons. Voltaire, which is the Excess of Falshood in Thought; and has as much Infidelity in it as Error. Sannazarus mingles Paganism with the Mysteries of the Christian Religion; and Camoens brings Bacchus and Venus into a Christian Poem, for which Rapin severely censures both of them. I

The P R E F A C E. xxv

I am convinc'd, that nothing is more absurd than to pretend to direct others, when one wants so much to be directed one's self. *Rapin* condemns *Petronius* for falling, in his little Poem of the Corruption of the Age, into all the Mistakes he censures in others. But as I go no farther than I am authoriz'd by *Father Bouhours's* Observations, and by observing my self what Escapes have happen'd in our most noted Writers, so I shall be accountable for nothing but the Inequality of my Quotations with his, or with the Things he treats of; and that Account I hope I can easily make up with the Reader, if I have Credit where they exceed, as well as Debit where they fall short.

IN the following Translations, I have been oblig'd to be slavishly literal; for the Criticisms often depending on a Word as well as the Thought, both must be preserv'd, or the Criticism's lost; and it has not been a little hard, where *Pere Bouhours* quotes Passages for their Nonsense, to preserve even the Spirit of the Nonsense, if I may so say, in the Translation, and much less the Spirit of all the various Kinds of fine Thinking.

IF such Criticks as the Profundities and Lilliputs should think these Remarks worth remarking, I shall not have so good an Opinion of theirs, as to take more notice of them, than of those worshipful Wrongheads, who not content with the Rank they hold, and the Respect that is paid them for their Dignities and Abilities in their respective Villages, Things which one would think shou'd be of themselves sufficient to satisfy a moderate Ambition, shall, without the least Call to it, or having any other Foundation for it than a Gallery or a Glass-Case full of Books, take upon them the Office of a Critick, and decide peremptorily, whether a Work is good or bad, by an affected Smile, the most agreeable Mark of Stupidity, or by the most shocking, and arbitrary Toss of the Head, Snuff of the Nose, or Shrug of the Shoulder. But since these Gentry have not yet obtain'd the Use of Speech, otherwise than in Rusticks and Politicks,

ticks, it will be time enough to think of answering them, when they can tell us what they would have, and we then shall not fail to do our selves that Honour. If any one else, who is sensible of Modesty, and Master of the Subject, shall shew me where I have err'd, I will not fail to acknowledge and amend those Errors with Gratitude and Pleasure.

NOT only the Author's Distance from the Press, but the Difficulty of printing out of so many Languages as the Quotations consist of, have occasion'd a few Erratas, which, however, are mostly Literals, and easily corrected by the knowing Reader.



A short Account of the LIFE and WRITINGS of Father BOU- HOURS.

DOMINICK BOUHOURS was born of a good Family at *Paris*, in the Year 1628. He had a happy Disposition to Religion and Literature, which he cultivated from a Child, and at Sixteen Years of Age commenc'd a *Jesuit*.

AFTER he had gone through his Noviciat and Philosophical Studies, he taught the *Classicks* in the College of *Paris* where he study'd them; but the Head-ach, to which he was often subject from that Time to his Death, oblig'd his Superiors to interrupt the Course of his Lectures after four Years Exercise. They put him upon the Study of Divinity, in which he had not spent four Years before he maintain'd two publick Acts. They afterwards sent him to *Tours* to teach Rhetorick. There he made several pretty *Latin* Poems, &c. which began to give him a Name. He apply'd himself particularly to the *French* Tongue, and took the more Pains in it, because in so doing he discharg'd one of the Duties incumbent on the *Jesuits*, who are not only obliged, by their Institution, to teach the *Latin* Grammar, but also to cultivate the Language of the Country where they live, in order to form the Children under their Care to the Translation of Authors. Father *Boubours* acquitted himself so well in this Respect, that he became one of the most illustrious *Grammarians* of his Time, as his Books shew, which have all the Purity and Delicacy of Style that can be desir'd in well written Pieces.

THE

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THE Father was afterwards intrusted with the Education of the two young Princes of *Longueville*, in which Employment he behav'd so well, that the Dutchess of *Longueville* could not refuse him her Esteem; and the Duke of *Longueville* always honour'd him with his Confidence: Also the Count de *St. Paul*, he of the two Brothers who best knew the Merit of *Pere Boubours*, continually gave him the most effectual Marks of his Respect and Tender-ness.

THE Court wanting two *Jesuits* at *Dunkirk*, in order to assist the King's Officers there, to render the Inhabitants a little more *French* than they seem'd to be at that Time, *Pere Boubours* was chose for this Purpose, who was such a Lover of Study, that he found time for Compositions in the Midst of the Functions of a Missionary, which he perform'd to the Garrison and the Catholick Refugees from *England*.

WHILE he was at *Dunkirk*, *M. Colbert* desir'd him to send him some Account of the true State of that Maritime Town, and he found his Answers so pertinent and judicious, that he desir'd his Superiors to spare him, in order to put the young Marquis de *Seignelay*, his Son, under his Care.

AFTER his Return to *Paris* he compos'd several Pieces, in which good Sense, with agreeable Thoughts and a pure Stile, shines in every Page. Never Man perhaps knew better how to improve his Time, in those short Intervals of Ease which he had from the Head-ach; for as soon as his Pain was over he always set himself to study again, till the 27th of *May*, 1702. when he died in the College of *Lewis le Grand*, in the 75th Year of his Age.

NATURE had painted the Qualities of his Soul upon his Face: He had an easy agreeable Air, a sprightly Physiognomy, and no Body was more affable,

affable, more obliging, more even-temper'd, and less upon the Reserve.

The following is a Catalogue of his Works :

1. *Relation de la Mort*, &c. i. e. An Account of the Death of Henry II. Duke of Longueville. Printed at Paris, 1663. in 4^{to}. This Duke was so fond of Pere Bouhours, especially towards the Close of his Life, that he carry'd him along with him to his Retirement at *la Heuse*, and died in his Arms. The Account which the Father gave of his Death was his first Work, which confirm'd the good Opinion the World had before entertain'd of his Pen.

2. *Les Entretiens*, &c. i. e. The Dialogues of *Aristæus* and *Eugene*. Printed at Paris in 1671. in 4^{to} and 120. Also at Amsterdam, 1682. in 120. These Dialogues, which are to the Number of Six, are on these Subjects : The Sea, the French Language, Secrecy, Wit, the *Je ne scay quoi*, Devises.

3. *A Letter to a Nobleman at Court*. 'Tis against the Gentlemen of the Port Royal.

4. *A Letter to Messieurs of the Port Royal*, against what they wrote to the Archbishop of Ambrun.

5. *La Verite*, &c. i. e. The Truth of the Christian Religion. Translated from the Italian of the Marquis de Pianessa. Printed at Paris in 1672. 120.

6. *Doutes*, &c. i. e. Some Doubts concerning the French Language, propos'd to the Gentlemen of the French Academy. By a Country Gentleman. Printed at Paris, in 1675. 120.

7. *Remarques nouvelles*, &c. i. e. New Remarks on the French Tongue. Printed at Paris, in 1675. 4^{to}. Also 1676. in 120.

8. *Suite*, &c. i. e. More new Remarks on the French Tongue. Printed at Paris, in 1692. in 120.

In

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In this Work *Pere Boubours* treats the Subject with the utmost Nicety ; and, as he says himself, enters into the finest Metaphysick of Grammar ; for which Over-exactness the *Abbe de la Chambre* call'd him *The Starcher of the Muses*.

9. *The History of Peter d'Aubuffon, Grand-Master of Rhodes.* Printed at *Paris*, 1676. in 4to. Also in 1677. in 120.

10. *The Life of St. Ignatius, Founder of the Society of the Jesuits.* Printed at *Paris*, in 1679. in 4to.

11. *The Life of St. Francis Xiver, of the Society of Jesus, Apostle of the Indies and of Japan.* Printed at *Paris*, in 1682. in 4to.

12. *The Opinion of the Jesuits touching Philosophical Sin.* In Three Letters. Printed at *Paris*, in 1690. in 120.

13. *La Maniere de BIEN PENSER dans les Ouvrages d'Esprit*: Or the Manner of right Thinking in the Works of the Ingenious: Being Dialogues (between *Eudoxius* and *Philanthius*.) Printed at *Paris*, in 1687. 4to. Again, in 1688. 120. and the same Year at *Amsterdam*, in 120. This Work was attack'd with a great deal of Wit in 1703. by the *Marquis Orsi*, in an *Italian* Treatise, and the Journalists, *de Trevoux*, have attempted in that Journal to defend him.

14. *A Letter to a Lady in the Country concerning the Dialogues aforesaid.* Printed at *Paris*, in 120, in 1688. *Pere Boubours* takes occasion in it to answer the Faults found by the *Marquis* with those Dialogues, which he extols to that Degree as made it a Question with several whether the Letter was his, though it was so without Dispute.

15. *Penses ingenieuses, &c. i. e. The ingenious Thoughts of the Ancients and Moderns.* Printed at *Paris*, in 1689. in 120. and at *Amsterdam* in 1692. in 120. *Pere Boubours* having collected more Materials for his *Maniere de bien penser*, than the Book
would

of *Father* BOUHOURS. xxxi

would admit of, was unwilling they should be lost, and threw them therefore into his Work, which is only a Collection of various Sentiments, accompany'd with short Reflections, shewing their Beauties or Blemishes.

16. *Ingenious Thoughts of the Fathers of the Church.* Printed at *Paris*, in 1700. in 120. This is of the same Kind as the former.

17. *The New Testament render'd into French from the vulgar Translation.* Printed at *Paris*, in Two Volumes in 120. the First in 1697. and the Second in 1703. *Pere Bouhours* was not the sole Author of that Version; for the *Jesuits*, *le Tellier* and *Besnier*, assisted in it, the former in quality of a Divine, the last as a Person vers'd in the Oriental Languages.

18. *The Life of* *Laurentia de Bellefons*, who was the Foundress and Superior of the Nunnery of Benedictines of our Lady of Angels at Roan. Printed at *Paris* in 1686. in 8vo. This Lady died in 1683.

19. *Opuscules sur divers sujets: Or, Miscellaneous Tracts.* Printed at *Paris*, in 1684. in 120. They are on various Subjects, of which some were publish'd before; as the two Letters against *Messieurs* of the *Port-Royal*; which are somewhat alter'd in this Edition: And the Account of the Death of the Duke de Longueville.

20. *Christian Thoughts for every Day of the Month.* Printed at *Paris*, in 120.

21. *Christian Maxims*, in 120. which have had several Impressions.

22. *Scripture Expressions, extracted for the Comfort of Persons under Suffering.* A posthumous Work. Printed at *Paris*, in 1704. in 240.

23. *A Panegyrick on* *Oliver Patru*, of the French Academy, one of the Advocates in Parliament. 'Tis prefix'd to his Works.

24. *Letters*

24. *Letters to the Marchioness de ——— concerning the Princess de Cleves.* Printed at Paris, in 1678. in 120. Though the *Princess de Cleve's* Book had a great Reputation at its first Appearance, yet a Criticism came out upon it, which gave it no Quarter. *Pere Boubours* was said to be the Author of it; and, indeed, the elaborate Method of Composition and Criticism, and the Quotations taken from *Boubours's New Remarks on the French Language*, might be sufficient Proofs to confirm this Supposition, if it was not known to be his by other Tokens. Yet there are some Sentiments advanc'd in this Criticism which do not tally with his; and, perhaps, it was for this Reason that he did not care to own himself the Author of it.

25. *An Explanation of several French Terms; as the Ænigma, Gryphe, Logogryphe, &c.* which many People confound for want of having a clear Notion of them. 'Tis inserted in the *Memoirs de Trevoux* for September, 1701.

The *Memoirs de Trevoux*, for July, 1702. and the *Journal des Scavans*, for the same Month, have an Encomium on *Pere Boubours*, to which we shall only add that given him by Mr. ADDISON, in his *Spectator*, N^o 62.

“BOUHOURS, whom I look upon to be the most
 “penetrating of all the *French* Criticks, has taken
 “Pains to shew that 'tis impossible for any
 “Thought to be beautiful which is not just, and
 “has not its Foundation in the Nature of Things:
 “That the Basis of all Wit is Truth; and that
 “no Thought can be valuable, of which good
 “Sense is not the Ground-work.”



THE
ARTS
OF
LOGICK *and* RHETORICK.

THE
INTRODUCTION.



IN the Attempt which I lately made, to give a Sketch of Father *Bouhours's* Manner of Criticism, I was obliged to be upon a strict Guard, as expecting the Attacks of all those that imagin'd there were no Criticks but themselves, and no Way of thinking or speaking finely and justly but their own. I do not envy Gentlemen that good Opinion of themselves and their Judgement. I very sincerely

B. ly

2 INTRODUCTION.

ly acknowledge my own Want of it, and my Readiness to learn rather than to teach the Arts treated of by Father *Boubours*; but that does not hinder my desiring that both Authors and Readers shou'd know as much of *right thinking* as our Neighbours, and my endeavouring to contribute towards it. 'Tis hop'd that some abler Writer may be excited by it, to improve and perfect what I have too imperfectly attempted both in the *Essay on Criticism*, and the following Treatise. I have now no such Fears upon me as when I was writing that *Essay*. The Criticks must attack *Pere Boubours* before they can come at me. I put him before me every where, and defend my self by his Authority, which I am sure the boldest of them has not Courage enough to encounter. His Work is divided into four Dialogues, and he has some Advantages by the *Dialogue*, which I shall lose in a continued Discourse, but the Conversation is too much *French*. The two Gentlemen *Eudoxius* and *Philanthus* are so extreamly Civil and Complaisant, that they seem to be brought upon the Stage rather to shew their good Breeding than their good Learning. Add to this, that *Philanthus*, who is suppos'd to be the Reader, is only as a Shade in a Picture, to give Light to the Character of *Eudoxius*, whom you must suppose to be the Author; and, as it is always in Dialogues, the Writer is ever the best Man in the Company, whether it be as a Wit, a Critick, a Politician, a Casuist, a Divine, or a Person of any Art or Profession.

THE Author's Design in his *Maniere de bien penser*, has no Relation to the Art of *Logick* which is taught by Messieurs of the *Port Royal* in the *Art of Thinking*. He does not aim at teaching the Readers how to conceive simple Idea's, or
form

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form Arguments with the Exactness which Argumentation requires, both as to Reflexion and Precept. He does not endeavour to rectify the ordinary Judgements of Mankind in the Commerce of Life and common Conversation, where Eloquence and polite Learning are not in Question.

HE concerns himself only with those Productions of the Mind, which are term'd *Thoughts* in the *Works of the Ingenious*; and pretends to nothing more than to distinguish the Good from the Bad. He prescribes no Rules, nor makes Laws for the Government of others; he speaks what he thinks, and leaves every one the Liberty to think otherwise if they please.

BY the *Works of the Ingenious* he understands, *History, Poetry, Eloquence, Speeches, Panegyricks, Funeral Orations*, and the like. The latter, *Funeral Orations* are the most study'd Pieces in the *French Eloquence*, and their Doctors seem to imitate the Licence of the Pagan Oratory on those Occasions, more than the Piety and Simplicity of Christian Sermons.

THE Author has not treated this Subject as it is done in the Schools, where you must travel thro' a wide and barren Country of Technical Forms and Terms, to arrive at a little Knowledge in a Nook of it; yet his Discourse, as it has regard to Thoughts, may be deemed at once both the Arts of *Logick* and *Rhetorick*: Not a crabbed Logick, such as I have just mention'd, dry and abstracted; not a diffus'd and difficult Rhetorick, form'd rather to confound than convince; but short and easy, instructing more by Example than by Precept.

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FATHER *Bouhours* was sometime of Opinion that he shou'd call his Book the *History of Thoughts*, and not the Manner of Thinking. For he often represents the Origin of them, the Progress, the Change and the Decadence. His first Observation is infallible, that *Genius* of it self can do little, if it is not directed by Judgement.

Scribendi recte sapere est & Principium & Fons.

Sound Judgement is the Ground of writing well.

Rosc. Hor.

No Man can write correctly, unless he thinks justly; the Way to think justly, is to observe the Errours which others have fall'n into for want of due Reflexion and rightly considering their Subject.



PART.



PART I.

Of False THOUGHTS, and True THOUGHTS; and in what the Difference between them consists.



HERE Use does not prevail in the Manners either of *Thinking* or *Speaking*, good Sense is to be the Rule, and that will presently direct us to distinguish between the *False* and the *True* in a Thought or Expression.

TRUTH is the first Quality in *Thinking*; 'tis the Foundation of all Thoughts. If this is wanting, the finest Thoughts become vicious, or rather those that appear fine, but in Effect are not so; of which Kind are most of the Thoughts in our Modern Tragedies, that have been most applauded, and procured them the greatest Currency, but after a late Example of the vilest Stuff that ever was brought on a Stage, being follow'd a whole Season; such Currency may be more infamous than to be damn'd at Sight. Thoughts are the Images of Things, as Words are the Images of Thoughts; and to Think or Speak in general Terms, is to form in One's Mind the Picture of an Object either spiritual or sensible. Now all Pictures and Images are no farther true than they are like. Thus a Thought is true when it is a faithful Representation of Things, and false when it represents them otherwise than they are in themselves.

ALL ingenious Thoughts in all Writings of History, Poetry, Eloquence, should resemble those of that great O-
 rator mentioned by *Cicero*; *Sententiæ Crassî tam integræ, tam veræ, tam novæ, tam sine pigmentis fucoque puerili*; so
 sound, so true, so new, so uncommon, and free from all that
 false *Brilliant* and Tinsel Glittering, which are alike frivo-
 lous and puerile. True it is, that what appears false may not
 really be so; what strikes us most in Epigrams and other
 witty Pieces, turns generally on Fiction, Point and Hyper-
 bole, which are so many Falsehoods; but there is a great
 deal of Difference between Falsehood and Fiction: The
 one is an Imitation, and in some wise the Perfection of Na-
 ture; the other the Corruption and intire Destruction of it.
 Indeed the fabulous or poetical World has nothing real in
 it; 'tis made up of mere Imagination: *Parnassus*, *Apollo*,
 the *Musès*, and the Horse *Pegasus*, are only agreeable
 Chimera's: But that System being once allow'd, all that
 is feign'd within the Extent of the same System, does not
 pass for *False* among the Learned, especially if it carries
 with it *Verisimilitude*, and conceals some Truth. False-
 hood is sometimes the Beauty and Soul of a Thought;
Bellia falsitas, plausibile mendacium; & ob eam causam
gratissimum, quod excogitamus solerter & ingeniose. Vavass.
 Lib. de Epig.

FOR Instance: According to the Fable, the Flowers
 spring under the Feet of the Gods and Heroes: Which
 perhaps teaches us that the Great, where-ever they come,
 should scatter Abundance and Joy. The Springing of the
 Flowers is a Fiction, but the scattering Abundance and
 Joy which is meant by it, is plausible and probable. Such
 is the Sense of these Verses of *Racan* upon Queen *Mary*
de Medicis.

Passcz, cheres brebis, jouissez de la joye
 Que le ciel vous envoie:
 A la fin sa clemence a pitie de nos pleurs;
 Allez dans la Campagne, allez dans la prairie;
 N' epargnez point les Fleurs;
 Il en revient assez sous le pas de Marie.

Go my dear Flocks the Pleasures share,
 Which Heaven does for these Plains prepare:
 Her Pity's mov'd at last, and now,
 Her Blessings she'll on you bestow:
 Go, graze the Country round, go feed

At

*At large, nor spare the flow'ry Mead:
Feed on the Flowers, and fear no waste; enow,
When Mary comes, beneath her Feet will grow.*

THERE is nothing shocking in this Thought: If there is Falschood in it, 'tis a Falschood that is established, and has the Air of Truth. Thus far *Pere Bouhours*. But as there is no Falschood in it, so there's not much Spirit nor Imagination. When we read in *Homer*, that the Goddesses of Prayer are *Cripples* and deform'd; we are taught by it, that Prayer has of it self something low in it, and that when one prays, one does not go so fast as when one commands; which occasion'd the Saying, That Commands are short, and Prayers long. It might be added, that the one is proud and haughty, the other humble and creeping. In this Sentiment it was that Mr. *Weedon*, late of *Lincolns-Inn*, had a Project for a *Temple of Praise* to be erected in that Square, where Hymns of Praise and Thanksgiving should be only sung; he observing, that we are always taking too much Care of our selves in our daily Prayers, and too rarely lift up our grateful Souls in Praises to our heavenly Benefactor, for the Mercies we are always begging and receiving of him. As we are not shockt at *Homer's* making the Goddesses of Prayer *Cripples*, so the Fiction, that the Graces are short and little, does not displease. It teaches that little Things are most charming; the Charm often consists in a Gate, in a Smile, in a negligent Air, or something less than either of them. The same may be said of all other Fictions, which have any Wit. The fabulous System takes off what there is of Falschood in them, and it is lawful, nay commendable in a Poet to be wittily false in his Thought. But where the fabulous System does not support him, Truth should be the Rule of *Thinking*, in Verse as well as Prose. I do not by this intend to deprive Poetry of the *Marvellous*, which distinguishes it from the most noble and sublime Prose. I mean no more than that the Poets should not destroy the Essence of Things, by endeavouring to raise and embellish them.

IT often happens, that the most noted and most glaring Thoughts in a Poem are the most false, as is before hinted. To instance the famous Verse of *Lucan*.

*Victrix causa diis placuit, sed Victa Catoni.
The Gods were for the Victors, but Cato for the
Vanquished.*

IN Mr. Rowe's Translation of this Verse the Spirit of it is entirely evaporated.

*Victorious Cæsar by the Gods was crown'd,
The vanquished Party was by Cato own'd.*

THE *Owning by Cato* is so poor, that it naturally falls into Burlesque, and puts me in Mind of a Story of *Joe Haines* and *Tom Dursey*. The Latter being very angry with a Person who had enter'd a Room, and sat down in his Chair, upon his leaving it a while, demanded again and again, who own'd him? Why, says *Joe Haines* with his hoarse Voice, *I own him?* As poor as this Tale is, one cannot better represent the Poverty of Mr. Rowe's Version of this remarkable Verse; which *Brebeuf* has thus translated, very flatly according to Mr. *Walsh*,

*Les Dieux servent Cæsar : mais Caton suit Pompée.
The Gods assisted Cæsar : But Cato followed Pompey.*

THE Author of the Preface to *Dryden's* Translation of *Virgil's* Eclogues, supposed to be Mr. *Walsh*, renders it thus;

*Heaven meanly with the Conqueror did comply ;
But Cato rather than submit would die.*

That *meanly* makes the matter worse than it was before ; one can have no Idea of Heaven's doing a mean Thing. Most Readers are of the Opinion of Father *Bouhours's* *Philanthus*, That nothing can be more grand and more fine than this Thought ; whereas that learned Jesuit tells us, 'tis only fine in Appearance, and that when we examine it to the Bottom we shall find it wants good Sense. For it represents the Gods espousing an unjust Cause, such as was *Cæsar's*, who sacrific'd his Country to his Ambition, and was endeavouring to suppress the Liberty of the Republick, which *Pompey* endeavour'd to support : Now, according to good Sense, the Gods cannot approve of the Injustice of an Usurper, who breaks through all Laws Divine and Human, to make himself Master of the World ; and a right Understanding would have let the Gods alone on this Occasion. Besides, *Cato* was an honest Man, as the Poet himself has painted him ; and there is no Sense in his setting him against the Gods, and making him engag'd in an Interest opposite to theirs ; 'tis to destroy his Character, and to rob him of his Virtue. For if we believe *Salust*, it was a Part of the Roman Probity to bear Affection to the immortal Gods ;
and

and they did not begin to neglect them at Rome, 'till their Manners began to be corrupted. *Avaritia fidem, probitatem, cæterasque Artes bonas subvertit. Pro his superbiam, crudelitatem, Deos negligere edocuit.* Bell. Cat. It was still less reasonable to raise Cato above the Gods, in Honour of Pompey's Party; yet that is what Lucan means by it.

Sed Victa Catoni.

But Cato follow'd Pompey.

The *But* there is a Mark of Distinction and Preference. The whole Stress of the Expression lies on that *Sed, But*; 'tis so obvious, that I wonder Mr. Row shou'd take no Notice of it. *Lucan* is entirely lost in his Translation. *Cato*, 'tis true, was, in the Opinion of the Romans, the living Image of Virtue, and in every Thing more like to the Gods than to Men. It is allow'd He was a divine Man; but still he was a Man; and *Lucan*, tho' a Poet and a Pagan, cou'd not give him the Advantage of the Gods without giving Offence to the Religion he profess'd. Thus it is, that this Thought of his is both false and impious. Mr. *Walsh* thinks of it like *Bouhours*. It is an unpardonable Presumption in any Sort of Religion to complement their Princes at the expence of their Deities. *Presf. ib.* and Lord *Lansdown* passes the same Judgement.

*The Gods permitting Traitors to succeed,
Become not Parties in an impious Deed;
And by the Tyrant's Murder we may find,
That Cato and the Gods were of a Mind.*

A very just and noble Thought, worthy the Dignity of the noble Author, and it is Pity that any Part of his Character shou'd not be equal to it.

THERE are some Criticks; who to excuse *Lucan*, explain the Verse thus; It pleas'd the Gods, that the wicked Party shou'd prevail over the Good; tho' *Cato* desir'd the contrary. Good Men every Day pray for the Success of those that resemble them, and for the Prosperity of a just Cause; but their Prayers are not always heard, and Providence sometimes orders Things otherwise.

THE Gods declar'd themselves for *Cæsar*, by the Success of the War, tho' *Pompey's* Party was the more Just, and *Cato* sided with him. The *But* in the Verse, perhaps,

haps, signifies only *Though*, and does not injure the Gods, whose Designs are impenetrable.

IN answer to this, it is said, If there was nothing more in the Thought of *Lucan*, 'twould be no great Matter. There wou'd be no need of clamouring at it. But those who admire this Verse, do not so interpret it. A Critick on *Brebeuf's* Translation of it, objects against him, That the Expression in *French* does not come up to the original *Latin*. *Lucan's* Soul was so possess'd with the Merit of *Cato*, that he raises him above the Gods, in making him the Defender of the justest Cause, and in placing the Deities on the wrong Side. *Brebeuf* turns this noble Image of raising *Cato* above the Gods into the mean one of his serving *Pompey*; and it is most certain, that not only the *French* Critick upon *Brebeuf's* Version, but almost all that ever read this Verse of *Lucan*, did so understand it, and in this Sense only admire and extol it. But, perhaps, there is not that Impiety in *Lucan's* Thought, which the *French* Critick charges it with.

THE Pagan Poets had their Gods of the *Fable*, as well as we Christians. Nay, the Fabulous Deities, the *Jupiter*, *Mars*, *Neptune*, *Venus*, *Bellona*, &c. were as much Fiction to the wiser Heathens, as they are to us. *Jupiter* and *Europa*, *Mars* and *Venus*, *Neptune* and *Philyra*, *Apollo* and *Daphne*, *Pluto* and *Proserpine*; Are these the Deities whom *Lucan* ought not to have offended, out of Complacency to *Cato*? The fickle Goddess *Fortune*, who had ev'ry where her Temples, was on the Side of *Cæsar*; and what more is there meant by it, than that *Cæsar* had *Fortune* on his Side; but *Pompey* had *Cato*, and with him *Justice*? *Homer* brings in the Deities fighting, some on one Side, some on another, as their Passions directed them. Are these the Gods, the Poets shou'd not be free with? And is not the Vertue of *Cato* superior to a Host of such vicious Deities?

THE *Pater Omnipotens*, the Creator and Preserver of the World, whom *Virgil* calls,

*The Power immense, th' eternal Energy,
The King of Gods and Men, — who rouls,
The radiant Stars, and Heaven and Earth controuls.*

DRYD.

is not to be understood in *Lucan's* *Diis*, not the God who by his Providence governs the whole Creation; and to oppose

pose whom is the Height of Impiety. The wiser Heathens, *Socrates, Plato, Cicero, &c.* ador'd no other God but this *Pater Omnipotens*; and the Poets being the very Makers of the Heathen Deities, it cou'd be no Impiety in them, to do what they pleas'd with what they had made themselves.

FATHER *Bouhours* very justly condemns a Saying in *Aristo*, of one of his Heroes; which indeed, is very nearly related to the *Hibernian* Figure, call'd a *Bull*:

Il pover' huomo che non sen' era accorto.

Andava combattendo, & era morto.

Not knowing he was kill'd, he still fought on,

Of the same Kind is what *Tasso* says of *Argantes*:

Minacciava morendo, e non Languia.

He threaten'd as he dy'd, and did not languish.

Fairfax has not given us *Tasso* in this Passage:

Argantes dy'd, but no Complaint he made,

But as he furious liv'd, he careles's dy'd.

Minacciava morendo,

He threaten'd as he dy'd.

Fairfax; *he made no Complaint*; *he dy'd careles's*, is all you have in his Translation. A fierce robust Saracen, says *Pere Bouhours*, being mortally wounded, may menace his Enemy when he is dying; but not to lose his Strength, and not to languish under Death, is to exempt *Argantes* from the Law of Nature, and to destroy the Man in order to raise the Heroe. His Menaces are agreeable to his Character.

Superbi, formidabili, feroci

Gli ultimi moti fur, l' ultime voci.

Bold, proud, disdainful, fierce, and void of Fear,

His Motions last, last Looks, and Speeches were.

FAIRF.

As the Verse of *Lucan* has been so much prais'd for its Dignity; so hath this Verse of *Tasso*, as a bright Instance of Heroick Courage. The Heroe dies without the least Weakness. Heroes may have Resolution and Constancy at the last Gasp, but they can't lose all the Blood in their Veins, without being weaken'd by it, without languishing. *Montagne's* Cannibal after he is taken Prisoner,

ner, defies his Enemies in Chains, rails at them, spits in their Faces, and 'tis all very natural in a fierce resolute Barbarian. Nay, if such a one in the Midst of Torments, had not the Power of Speech, and yet should make Mouths at his Tormentors, it would not be out of Nature; as it is to say he dy'd of his Wounds, and was not the weaker for it. Lord *Lansdown* has an Eye to this Passage of *Montagne*, and *Pere Bouhours's* Remark upon it, in his Poem on *unnatural Flights in Poetry*,

*The captive Cannibal, oppress'd with Chains,
Yet braves his Foe, reviles, provokes, disdains:
Of Nature fierce, untameable and proud,
He bids Defiance to the gaping Croud.*

*And spent at last, and speechless as he lies,
With fiery Glances mocks their Rage and dies.
This is the utmost Stretch that Nature can,
And all beyond is fulsome, false, and vain.*

Admirable Lines, and worth all in some rhiming Essays on Criticism.

It is objected, That such Niceness, as to the Truth of Thought, will deprive Poets of some of the most agreeable Parts of Poetry, which *Macrobius* terms *Cavillationes*, and *Seneca* calls *Vasæ & Ludicræ Conclusiones*; the *Italians* term them *Vivozze d' Ingegno*, and the *Spaniards*, *Agudezas*. *Aristotle* reduces the Art of ingenious Thinking to Metaphor, which is a Sort of Deceit or Falsehood; and Count *Tesauro* an *Italian* Critick in his *Canochiale Aristotelico* says, That according to the Principles of that Philosopher, the most subtle and the most exquisite Thoughts are only figurative Enthymemes, or imperfect *Syllogisms*, which equally please and impose upon the Understanding. This puts the Makers of Points and Puns very much in Countenance, and gives the *Swans* and the *Purcells* a Place among the *Etheridge's* and *Wycherley's*. We must therefore explain after *Pere Bouhours*, in what Sense *Aristotle* and *Tesauro*, are to be taken.

FIGURE in Speech is not Falsehood; and *Metaphor* has its Truth as well as its Fiction, as *Aristotle* teaches in his *Rhetorick*. When *Homer* says; *Achilles* goes like a Lion, 'tis a *Comparison*; but when he says
Of Meta- of the same Heroe, *The Lion* darted him-
phors. self; 'tis a *Metaphor*. *Achilles* in the Com-
parison,

parifon, refembles a *Lyon*; In the *Metaphor*, he is a *Lyon*. The *Metaphor* you fee is livelier and shorter than the *Comparifon*. The former represents but one Object, the latter fhews us two. The *Metaphor*, if I may fo fay, confounds the *Lyon* with *Achilles*, or *Achilles* with the *Lyon*; but there is no more Falfehood in the one than in the other. Thefe metaphorical Idea's deceive no Body. A very little Underftanding will teach us what they fignifie, and a Man muft be extremely dull to take fuch Things according to the Letter. Is there any one fo ftupid, as to fuppose *Homer's Achilles* was really a *Lyon*, and not a Man who had the Strength, Fiercenefs and Courage, which are the Properties of a *Lyon*? When *Voiture* fays of *Gustavus Adolphus*, *Behold the Lyon of the North*; who does not difcover thro' this foreign Image, a Monarch that by his Valour and his Power made all the North to tremble? *Metaphors* are like transparent Vails, which expofe what they cover. *Equivocal* Exprefions may be fometimes not only fufferable, but beautiful; efpecially when they do not defcend fo low as punning. *Puns* are every where falfe Wit, and cannot be otherwife; the Wit confifting in the Sound, and not in the Senfe; but equivocal Exprefions may be true in the Senfe, tho' in the Letter they are falfe: As this Poem of *Voiture*, a Petition to Cardinal *Mazarine* for his Coach-man, who had overturn'd him:

Prelat paffant tous les Prelats paffiez,
Car le prefens feroit un peu trop dire,
Pour Dieu rendez les pechez effacez
De ce Cocher qui vous fceut mal conduire:
S' il fut peu caut a fon chemin elire,
Voftre Renom le rendit temeraire.
Car chacun dit, que quoy que vous faffiez
En Guerre, en Paix, en Voyage, en Affaire,
Vous vous trouvez toujours deffus vos pieds.

*Prelate, furpaffing all paff Prelates,
To fay the prefent, were too much,
Forgive the Trespafs of the Coach-man,
Who guided you fo fcurvily;
Too little cautious of his Way,
And by your Glory made too bold:
For he a hundred Times had heard
Whate'er you do, in War, in Peace,*

*In Journies, Voyages, Affairs,
You're always found upon your Feet.*

He cou'd not well be upon his Feet, if his Coach overturn'd, but he cou'd very well be suppos'd to be as much out of danger of overturning in his Travels, as of miscarrying elsewhere. *Bouhours* inserts another Petition to the Cardinal on the same Subject :

Plaise, Seigneur, plaife a vostre Eminence
Faire la paix de l'afflige Cocher,
Qui par Malheur, ou bien par Imprudence,
Dessous les flots vous a fait trebucher.
On ne luy doit ce crime reprocher :
Le trop hardi meneur ne scavoit pas
De Phaeton l'Histoire & piteux Cas :
I'l ne lisoit metamorphose aucune :
Et ne croyoit qu'on deust craindre aucun pas
En conduisant Cesar & sa Fortune.

*Pardon, may't please your Eminence,
Th' afflicted Coach-man's high Offence,
Whether it by Misfortune came,
Or by Imprudence, 'tis the same :
Into the Ditch you fell, that's plain,
And now you're fairly out again.
You should not the poor Man reprocach,
With the Disaster of his Coach.
Too vent'rous Driver, he ne'er heard,
How with young Phaeton it far'd ;
How vilely he in Coach-box sped,
Nor Metamorphosis e'er read.
He cou'd not think of turning o'er,
Who Cæsar and his Fortune bore.*

You see here, tho' the Coach-man had not read the *Metamorphoses*, he was pretty well vers'd in the *Roman History*, and acquainted with that Saying of *Julius Cæsar* to the Pilot in a Storm ; *Fear not Friend, thou carriest Cæsar and his Fortune.* *Plut. Life Cæs.* Thus the Thought is not probable in a Coach-man, and consequently not True.

TRUTH is always true, tho' it be mix'd with Falsehood. A good Guinea is not the worse for being in the same Purse with a bad one. There's but one owing to you ;

You ; two are offer'd, a good and a bad, choose which you will of them, and we shall find out how you know Money by the Choice you make. You will also have the Pleasure of putting your Discernment to the Proof, and discovering the Justness of it.

EQUIVOCAL Expressions, such as those of *Voiture* to Cardinal *Mazarine*, are the Wantonness of Wit. Truth and Falsehood are join'd together ; and what's most remarkable in it, the False conducts to the True. In reading

You're always found upon your Feet.

I conceive two Things, as is said before ; the one False, that his Feet never fail him ; the other True, that his Mind and his Fortune are always the same. The former leads you immediately to the latter, and the Turn is as agreeable as it is quick. These Turns are sufferable, and even entertaining in Epigrams, Madrigalls, Sonnets and the like. Mr. *Waller* is full of them.

*The Picture of fair Venus, that,
For which Men say the Goddess sat,
Was lost till Lely from your Look,
Again that glorious Image took.*

According to the Fable which is Poetical Truth, *Lely* did not draw the Picture of *Venus* in the Lady's, but he drew Beauty it self, which is the Truth intended by the Poet.

*Thus the fair Tyrant celebrates the Prize,
And acts her self the Triumph of her Eyes.
So Nero once, with Harp in Hand, survey'd
His flaming Rome, and as it burnt, he play'd.*

THE Lady *Isabella's* Lovers were not all flaming about her, as the Blaze of *Rome* was about *Nero* ; but her Musick so charm'd them, that it kindled a Flame in ev'ry Breast, and the more she saw it pleas'd, the greater was her Pleasure. Such equivocal Expressions, that have in them both the True and the False, are no Excuse for such as have the False, without the True. They are insipid, and not to be born by Men of good Taste. St. *Amant's* Epigrams on the burning of the *Palais*, or Court of Justice at *Paris*, is of this Kind :

Certes l' on vit un triste jeu :
 Quand a *Paris* Dame Justice,
 Se mit le *Palais* tout en feu,
 Pour avoir mangez trop d' Epice.

*A sad Sight sure, it needs must be,
 Dame Justice all a-Fire to see,
 And whence did so much Mischief rise,
 'Tis said sh' had eaten too much Spice.*

These four Verses had their Day in *France*, and do not still want Admirers there, who take 'em to be very pretty and happily turn'd ; whereas nothing can be more frivolous and fantastical. They are so many empty Words only, and the Thought is Falsehood itself. For what they call'd *Spice*, among the Lawyers, has no Manner of Relation to Burning. A Man's Mouth may be a-Fire, that has eaten too much Pepper ; but what has that to do with the firing of an Assize-Hall, such as the *Palais* at *Paris*, where Justice is dispersed, and perhaps sold too, as well as in other Places ? The following Epigram, out of the same Author St. *Amand*, is of the equivocal Kind, and no better than a Pun :

Cy gist un fou nommè Pasquet,
 Qui mourut d' un coup de Mousquet,
 Lors qu' il voulut lever la Cresse.
 Quant a moy je croy que le Sort,
 Luy mit du plomb dedans la Teste,
 Pour le render sage en sa mort.

*Here Pasquet, a mad Fellow, lies at Rest,
 Shot dead, as he was lifting up his Crest ;
 Fate, I believe, the Musquet Ball did send,
 To give his Brain some Weight before his End.*

SUCH Stuff as this is fit for Mimicks, Buffoons and Punsters, These vile Thoughts, are like the false Jewels worn by Actors and Masqueraders. A kind of counterfeit Money, which does no hurt in Trade, if you pass it away for no more than 'tis worth ; but those that put it off for *Sterling*, wou'd either cheat you, or are cheated themselves : They do not know 'tis False, or believing you do not know it, wou'd palm it upon you for True. I never met with any Thing more burlesque than the following Verses on *Cowley*, written by Dr. *Sprat* late Bishop of *Rocheſter*, who had study'd our Language, and made

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himself Master of it; yet that does not hinder his Thought's participating of the *Falsehood Pere Bouhours* complains of. He is speaking of the Fire in *Cowley's* Genius.

*Just such a Fire as thine,
Of such an unmix'd glorious Shine,
Was Prometheus's Flame,
Which from no less than Heaven came.
Along he brought the sparkling Coal,
From some Cælestial Chimney stole;
Quickly the plunder'd Stars he left,
And as he hasten'd down,
With the robb'd Flames his Hands still shone,
And seem'd as if they were burnt for the Theft.*

He has here cram'd the Stars into a Chimney like so many Cinders, and turn'd the ætherial Fire, which is the Soul of the Creation, into a Hangman's burning Iron; a Sort of Wit which is in no danger of prevailing in so knowing an Age as this.

IN all Equivocals, if there's any Wit at all, 'tis but very little, and costs but little to come at. The *Ambiguity*, which is the Effence of Punning, is rather a Defect than an Ornament of Discourse, and never more insipid than when the *Punster* seems to value himself upon it. Mr. *Addison*, who thought and express'd himself as justly as any Modern Author, and perhaps as any Antient, cou'd not help declaring, that if a Pun came in a *propos* in Conversation, and the Punster did not seem to have study'd it, or to think himself honour'd by it, he cou'd sometimes excuse it. But I have observ'd, that the Punsters have a Run of Conversation suited exactly to their Puns. They lay Traps for them, as Mrs. *Barry* said Mr. *Rowe* did for Claps in his Tragedies: A little Rant and Rhime at an *Exit* never fail'd. What a little Thing a *Pun* is, appears by the mean Of Puns. Air it gives the finest Writer. *Dryden* speaking of King *Charles II.* says,

*After a Prince an Admiral beget,
The Royal Sovereign wants an Anchor yet.*

THE Equivocals here come upon you so fast, and are all so mean, that they give you Pain instead of Pleasure.

The *Punster* will divert the Company with one Ambiguity after another for three or four Hours together; their Hearers all the While not knowing what they wou'd be at, nor what themselves laugh at. The most noted Man, in this Way, in our Time, was *Daniel Purcel*, Brother to *Henry. Swan*, mention'd by *Dryden*, as one of the chief Knights of this Order, challeng'd *Purcel*, but was out-pun'd by him in less than two Hours. He wou'd string a hundred Words together on a Line, every one of 'em meaning two Things, and the Auditory seldom fail'd of being transported with that Confusion of Ambiguities. I have heard a Gentleman say on this Occasion, that a *Man who will Pun, will pick a Pocket*, and the Saying is not so much out of the Way as some People imagine it; *Pere Bouhours* comparing these *Equivocals* and *Ambiguities* to false Money and false Jewels, to put off which is as great a Crime, as to pick a Pocket. The *French Critick* rightly observes, that they are not always very intelligible, but the Sameness of the Sound, tho' the Sense is different, tickles the Ears of the Ignorant, and they easily mistake it for Wit. The Trouble that one has sometimes to find out the Meaning of the Ambiguity is but ill recompens'd by the Discovery. We are vex'd with ourselves, for the Pain it costs us. We fancy we are impos'd upon, and conceive a Sort of Indignation at our seeking for Something, and finding Nothing.

IN the *Guardian* there is a Pun, which I believe every one will excuse, tho' the Author doubles upon us, on account of the fictitious Person *Nestor Ironside*, who says N^o. 103. *I have been so plung'd in Water, and inur'd to the Cold, that I regard my self as a Piece of true temper'd Steel, and can say with the above-mention'd Scythian, that I am Face, or if my Enemies please Forehead all over.* The last Turn cannot be True, without a strong Metaphor, and the metaphorical Truth in it is soften'd by, *if my Enemies please.* Considering that the *Tatlers*, *Guardians*, and *Spectators*, have their Share of *Puns*, it is a little strange, that the latter N^o. 279 should fall foul upon *Milton* for a string of *Puns*, where the Devils are describ'd rallying the Angels upon the Success of their new invented Artillery. *Milton*, 'tis plain, thought he cou'd not make worse Devils of them, than by making them *Punsters*; and I do not think, but that *Epick Poetry*, may as well admit of a Pun in the Mouth of the Devil,

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as the greatest Painters give him a Pair of Horns and a Tail in such awful Pieces as the *Resurrection*, and the *Last Judgement*. Father *Bouhours* allows, that when a Thing is pleasantly said in Drollery or Raillery, there is not such Strictness of Truth required; and that the Devils were in a merry Mood, *Milton* himself told us,

*Thus they among Themselves, in pleasant Vein,
Stood Scoffing.*

I know very well how extreamly delicate our two Universities are as to the Perfection of that Education. I have heard every Academy in *Europe* turn'd into Ridicule, to raise the Character of our own Nurseries, and therefore I will not presume to say any Thing of them my self. If they will give me Leave to think, I desire no more. But the Spectator brings in a downright Charge against the Wits on the Bank of the *Cam*, for dealing too much in these Equivocals; and my Lord *Shaftsbury* in his *Characteristicks*, charges both Universities with it. He is rejoicing in the Disgrace that Pun and Quibble are fall'n into, "There are only some few Footsteps of it in the Country, and it seems at last confin'd to the Nurseries of Youth, as the chief Entertainment of *Pedants* and their Pupils." I have a MSS by me in which the Author has touch'd a little upon the Punsters, as will appear by his Verses.

Hence! all Equivocals, where Sense is drown'd,
And all the Merit's in the doubtful Sound.
The Pun offends the reasonable Man,
And such we did not Purcel deem or Swan.
Whole Hours I've heard 'em cracking Puns like Squibs,
And laughing till they've almost crack'd their Ribs.
But when you heard 'em long it gave you Pain,
And false Delight was turn'd to true Disdain.
The Punster has a Mark for ev'ry Pun,
Nor shoots at Random, like Militia Gun.
Observe how craftily he lays his Traps,
As Rowe his rhiming Exits laid for Claps.
Assoon as he his Chimes begins to ring,
He runs you o'er a long successive String.
But when to Reason you the Sot invite,
He Tawns----And his next Word is then----Good Night.

*E'en let him go----I'll warrant you take Care
 How you again to Punster lend your Ear.
 In Wantonness of Mirth a Pun, perhaps,
 Without Design, a Man of Sense escapes.
 You'll never see him for a Laugh prepare,
 As if he had been saying something rare:
 He's heedless of th' Effect, but calls not bad,
 What helps to make the Conversation glad.
 Th' abandon'd Punster, and the study'd Pun,
 Are nauseous Things, which Men of Wit will shun.
 Yet, e'en from such, a Pun by Chance may drop,
 And he who's then offended, is a Fop.
 Fortune fortun'd the Fate of Rome, was vile,
 Yet study'd by the Prince of Roman Style.
 What other Plea for Tully can you find,
 Than Error, which is Nature in Mankind?
 The wisest Monarch *, that e'er fill'd a Throne,
 Since Pharaoh's Daughter rul'd King Solomon,
 If Collier's Word, or Echard's, you will take,
 Oft made the Bishop for the Punster's sake.
 But that wise King upon his Throne did sit,
 As Politician sage, and not a Wit:
 And Pun and Politicks, you must allow,
 Did in all Times agree, as well as now.
 The Reverend Prelate †, who St. Swithin's Chair
 So fairly fill'd, won'd Pun ye out a Pray'r.
 At Visitation he'd instruct his Sons,
 In Sermons made of nothing else but Puns.
 The Court itself so tickled with his Chimes,
 They call'd him the best Preacher of his Times.
 But cou'd you hear grave South, without a Grin,
 Cry, Death the Wages, who can live by Sin?
 Yet I've wish'd often of a Levi's Son,
 Rather than be so dull, that he wou'd Pun.
 Punning to Dulness is to be prefer'd,
 As Mirth to Moping, or as Brains to Beard.
 One has no Sense, the other is too scant,
 Dulness is Deprivation, Punning want.*

* James I.

† Andrews Bishop of Winchester.

To return to *Pere Bouhours*. All Equivocals are not alike faulty, but all Equivocals that are merely such, that turn only on the Sameness of the Sound, and have no Sense in them, are insufferable to Men of a good Taste. All Fi-
gures

gures that contain a double Meaning, have each in their kind those Beauties and Graces which set a Value upon them, tho' they are not without something *equivocal*. One Instance will suffice to give a Conception of what I mean. *Martial* to *Domitian*,

Vox diversa sonat, Populorum vox tamen una,
Cum verus Patriæ diceris esse Pater.

*As different as your Subject's Tongues may be,
In one Thing thro' your Empire they agree,
One only Tongue is us'd among them all,
You, Father of your Country, when they call.*

The Sense is here double and makes an Antithesis *speaking different Tongues*, and use *one only Tongue*. They are both True, according to what they are intended for, and the one does not destroy the other, as in the Ambiguity of a Pun; on the contrary, they agree very well together, and from the Union of this double Sense, there results a certain Ingenuity founded on the equivocal Word *Vox* in *Latin*, and *Tongue* in *English*. Add to this, that there are several Epigrams, and Abundance of witty Repartees, that wou'd not strike us without this double Sense, and these are properly the Thoughts which *Macrobius* terms *Cavillationes*, pleasant Sophisms; and *Seneca*, *Vasæ & ludicræ Conclusiones*, sly and ludicrous Inferences or Conclusions; and it cannot be deny'd, that Truth in Thinking is not incompatible with the Equivocal in ingenious Discourses.

As to the Hyperbole, the very Word determines the Thing. Whatever is excessive, *Hyperbole*. is vicious; even Virtue carry'd to Extreame, and not keeping within Bounds, ceases to be Virtue. All Thoughts which turn upon the Hyperbole, are false of themselves, and deserve no Place in a reasonable Work; unless the Hyperbole is of a particular Kind, or the Excess of it is temper'd with some softning Expressions, *Ultra Fidem, non ultra Modum*, says *Quintilian*, *Beyond Faith, but not beyond Measure*. For there are some Hyperboles, which are not so bold as others, which keep within Bounds, tho' above common Belief; some of them are naturaliz'd by Use, and are so well establish'd, that there's nothing shocking in them. *Homer* says, *Nereæ* is Beauty it self; and *Martial*, that *Zoilus* is not vicious, but Vice it self:

Mentitur qui te vitiosum, Zoile, dixit:

Non vitiosus Homo es, Zoile, sed Vitium.

*Who calls thee vitious, is a lying Elf,
Thou art not vicious, thou art Vice it self.*

This Verse was happily turn'd lately on Account of one Dr. Zachary Grey, who wrote a Book full of Falsehoods, to charge an innocent Man with as many :

Non vitiosus Homo es, Zachary, sed vitium.

On the contrary, when you speak of an honest Man, we often say, *He's Honesty it self* ; we also say, as the Greeks and Latins do, *She's whiter than Snow* ; *He flies faster than the Wind*. These Hyperboles lye without deceiving : *Monere satis est mentiri Hyperbolen, nec ita ut mendacio fallere possit* ; Quintilian, Lib. viii. c. 6. and Seneca tells us, they, by Fable, bring the Mind to the Truth, *In hoc Hyperbole extenditur, ut ad verum Mendacio veniat. De Ben.* They give us a Conception of what they signifie, by expressing it in a manner which seems to render it incredible. Lord Lansdown, in his Poem on unnatural Flights in Poetry, explains this very well :

*The Reader what in Reason's due believes,
Nor can we call that false, which not deceives.
Hyperboles so daring, and so bold,
Disdaining Bounds, are yet by Rules controul'd.
Above the Clouds, but yet within our Sight,
They mount with Truth, and make a towering Flight.
Presenting Things impossible to View,
They wander thro' Incredible to True.
Falsehoods thus mix'd like Metals are refin'd,
And Truth like Silver leaves a Dross behind.*

THOSE Hyperboles, which are prepar'd and rais'd by Degrees, do not set the Reader's Mind against them. They gain Belief, some how or other, as we are told by *Hermogenes*, and what they offer, which is most false, becomes at least probable. We have a noted Example of it in *Homer*. He does not say, all at once, that *Polyphemus* tore up the Top of the Mountain ; that wou'd have destroy'd all Faith immediately : He disposes the Mind of the Reader by his Description of the *Cyclops*, whom he makes to be of an enormous Size, and his Strength equal
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to his Bulk : His Club is the Trunk of a huge Tree, and instead of a Stone at his Gate, he has a Rock : he eats as much as Fifty Men at a Meal : In a Word, he's the Son of the Sea. After all these Preparations, when the Poet comes and tells you, he tore up the Top of a Mountain, you do not think it such a strange Thing, as it wou'd have appeared to you without Preparation. Nothing seems impossible to a Man, who had *Neptune* for his Father, and was not of the Make of other Men.

THERE are other Ways of softning what wou'd else be hard in the *Hyperbole*, and of giving it an Air of Verisimilitude. *Virgil* speaking of *Mark Anthony*, and *Augustus's* Fleets, at the Battle of *Actium*, says,

----- *Pelago credas innare revulsas*
Cycladas -----

----- You would believe the *Cyclades*
Were rooted up, and floated on the Seas.

Dryden translates it thus,

It seems as if the *Cyclades* again
Were rooted up and justled in the Main.

Where did he read that the *Cyclades* were ever rooted up before? Did *Virgil* tell him, they justled in the Main, as the Gods in *Oedipus* : 'Tis certain Mr. *Dryden* so little thought of a Critick on his *Virgil*, that he seems to have translated in Defiance of it, and to make *Virgil* speak, as he himself would have spoken on the like Occasion ; whereas he shou'd have imitated every where the Judgment and Discretion of his Author, who was discreet even in Enthusiasm, as *Pere Bouhours* says. *Segrais* renders this Verse thus,

De loin on pense voir les *Cyclades* flotter.

Far off one wou'd have thought the *Cyclades*
Were floating on the Sea.

The *De loin* there, *Far off*, lessens the *Hyperbole* rather more than the *Credas* of the Original, you wou'd believe : For at a greater Distance the Object imposes more on the Sight than at a less. Mr. *Waller* in the *Battle of the Summer Islands*, has something like it upon a *Whale*.

*Their fixed Javelins in her Side she wears,
And on her Back a Grove of Pikes appears.
You would have thought, had you the Monster seen
Thus drest, She had another Island been.*

THUS drest softens the Hyperbole, by making the Back of the Whale like an Island with a Wood rising out of it. This Figure is sometimes admitted in Prose with the like Softenings, as when *Florus* says *Hist. Rom. Lib. 2. c. 2. Ut non naves arte factæ, sed quodam munere Deorum in naves mutatæ arbores viderentur*; the Ships were equipped with such Dispatch in the first *Punick War*, that it seemed as if they were not built by Shipwrights, but that the Trees were turned into Ships by the Gods. *Virgil* does not say, that the Ships are floating Isles, but you would believe they were; nor *Florus*, that the Gods turned the Trees into Ships, but it seemed so. This Precaution is a Sort of a Passport for an Hyperbole; by making an Excuse for a Saying before you say it, you prepossess the Reader in its Favour, let it be ever so incredible: *Propriis auribus auditur quamvis incredibile est, quod excusatur antequam dicitur*. *Senec. Rhet. Suasor. 2.* *Voiture* never wants those Softenings where they are necessary, and no Writer ever knew better than he did to give a Face of Truth to that which was not so; as in his Letter to *Cardinal de la Varette*, on the Entertainment at *la Barre*. *Au sortir de table, le bruit des violons fit monter tout le Monde en haut, ou l'on trouva une chambre si bien éclairée, qu'il sembloit que le jour qui n'estoit plus sur la terre, s'y just retiré tout entier.* When we rose from Table, every one ran up Stairs at the Noise of Violins, where they came to a Chamber so full of Lights, it seemed as if the Sun which had left shining upon the Earth, was retired into that Room. It seemed there rectifies the Thought, and renders the Sense reasonable, tho' 'tis full of Hyperbole. In his Letter to *Madam Saintot*, with the *Orlando Furioso* of *Ariosto*, translated into French, *Voiture* writes thus, *Toutes les couleurs, & la Fard de la poesie, &c.* All the Collours of Poetry cannot paint you so fair as we behold you, nor can the Imagination of Poets reach to such a Height. Had he stopt here, the Thought would have been false; but what follows renders the Hyperbole credible, as bold as it is, tho' the Subject of it is above Credibility. *The Chambers of Chrystal, and the Palaces of Diamonds, which you will read of here, are*

far

far more easy to be imagined. And the Enchantments of Amadis, which appear to you so incredible, are hardly more incredible than your own. At the first Sight to seize upon Souls, the most resolute, and the least made for Servitude; to create in them a Sort of Love, which is sensible of Reason, and ignorant both of Hope and Desire; to transport with Pleasure and Glory the Minds of those from whom you have ravished Repose and Liberty; and to render those perfectly satisfied with you, to whom you never were but cruel: These are Effects more strange and more distant from Probability, than the Hyppogrifes and flying Chariots of Ariosto, or than whatever is most marvellous in Romances. The Reflections on the more than Magick Power of her Charms render the Hippogrifes of Ariosto the more credible, and the Hyperbole of the flying Chariots is brought within Bounds by it, *Nunquam tantum sperat Hyperbole quantum audet, sed incredibilia affirmat ut ad credibilia perveniat.* Senec. de Benef. Lib. 7. cap. 23. One of our English Poets has attempted to soften his Hyperbole, and reduce it to Credibility by so poor a Word as scarce: Talden's Verses upon Watson's Ephemeris:

*In artful Frames your heavenly Bodies move,
Scarce brighter in their beauteous Orbs above.*

Without this Scarce the Clock-Maker's Stars wou'd be brighter than Jupiter, Venus, Mars, &c.

THE Irony is another Way of passing off an Hyperbole. When we rally or banter we may say any Thing, but must be more upon our Guard when we write seriously; as Balzac does where he says, *He could get as much Wine out of his Muscadines as would make half England drunk; that his Vines produce as much as ought to serve a whole Country; that there are more Perfumes in his Chamber than in all Arabia Foelix, and such a Flood of Orange and Jessamine Water, that he and his Servants are forced to swim for their Lives.* Had he said this by Way of Banter, it had been well enough; but the Misfortune is he says it with a grave Tone, and perhaps is the first Man that ever said a Thing so gravely, that had so little Truth in it. *Voiture* never offends in this manner. When he introduces the Hyperbole 'tis always by Way of Raillery: As in this other Passage of the above-mention'd Letter to Cardinal de la Valette, upon the Entertainment at la Barre, *Le bal continuoit avec beaucoup de plaisir, &c.* The Ball continued

continued very pleasantly, till a great Noise without Doors drew all the Ladies to the Window, where, at about a hundred Yards distance, so great a Number of artificial Fire-works issu'd out of a Wood, that it seem'd as if all the Branches of the Trees were so many Rockets, that all the Stars were fallen from the Skies, and the Sphere of Fire had taken Place of the middle Region of the Air. These, my Lord, are three Hyperboles, which being rightly appraised and reduced to the just Value of Things, can amount to no more nor no less than three dozen of Rockets. The Conclusion is Banter and Irony. *Voiture* did not think it seem'd was sufficient to warrant the Wood of Rockets, the falling Stars and the Sphere of Fire, he turns it all into Raillery, and brings off all well. *Tesauuro* does not so, when speaking of flying Rockets, he says only it seems as if they would set the Sphere of Fire in a Flame, thunder the Thunders, and alarm the Stars, *Par che sagliano ad infiammar la sfera del fuoco: a fulminare i fulmini, & a gridar allarme contra le stelle*. He contents himself with saying, *Par che sagliano*, it seems, and takes no further Care about it. Let the Hyperbole make its way with that Passport, he'll give it no other. Had he spoken it in Raillery, as *Voiture* did, as bold and as false as his Thoughts are, they wou'd have past with his *Par che sagliano* only. Falseness it self becomes Truth by the Help of an Irony, or what we call the Rule of Contraries. Thus when we say of a scandalous lewd Woman, she is a very vertuous Person, every one understands what is said, or rather what is not said. *Omnis false dicendi ratio in eo est, ut aliterquam est, rectum verumq; dicatur*. Quint. Lib. 6. cap. 3. *Intelligitur quod non dicitur*. *ibid*. After all the best Guide we can follow is this admirable Saying of one of the greatest Wits of our Age;

*Rien n'est beau que le Vray, le Vray seul est aimable,
Il doit regner par tout, et meme dans le Fable.*

*Nothing but Truth is lovely, nothing fair,
And nothing pleases us, but Truth is There;
Truth shou'd direct the Poet's fruitful Vein
In all Things, and e'en in the Fable reign.*

'Tis taken from *Boileau*, and is as well exprest by Lord *Laufdown*:

*Impartial Truth, still let your Fables bold,
And moral Mysteries with Art unfold.*

These judicious Reflections are a strange Rebuke to those Writers and Readers, who waste their Time about such Stuff as *Robinson Cruso's*, *Gullivers*, &c. Dean *Swift* in all his Tales and Fables, has not shewn that he is at all sensible of the Duty of an Author to have Truth always in View, and to follow that unerring Guide. If he can work his Readers Faces into a *Grin* he reaches the utmost of his Ambition; and if they laugh, he has his noble Reward; tho' like People that are tickled, they would cry if they could, and are, or ought to be, in Pain when he pretends to give them Pleasure. *Pere Bouhours* speaks of some merry Authors in *France*, who pointed their Epitaphs, as *Owen* points his *Epigrams*.

Of this kind is the Epitaph on *Francis the I.* written by *St. Gelais*, in the Dialogue Way:

Qui tient enclos ce marbre qui je voy !

Response. Le Grand François incomparable Roy.

Comme eut tel Prince, un si court Monument ?

Response. De luy n'y a que le Cœur seulement.

Donc icy n'est pas tout ce Grand Vainqueur ?

Response. Il y est tout, car tout il estoit Cœur.

What does the Marble I behold enclose ?

Answ. The mighty Francis Conqu'ror of his Foes.

So great the King, the Monument so small ?

Answ. Here only is his Heart.

It holds not all,

The Conqu'ror ?

Answ. Yes, he's here in every Part,

Francis the Great was nothing else but Heart.

A merry Point This! for so serious a Thing as an Epitaph? and that on the *Mareschal de Ranzau* is not much better. He had lost an Eye and a Leg in the Wars, and perhaps never General was more maim'd than he. This is the Thought the Poet goes upon, and after having told us that but Half of the great *Ranzau* is beneath the Marble, and the other Half in the Field of Battle, he concludes thus:

Et Mars ne luy laissa rien d' entier que le cœur.

And nothing but his Heart Mars left him whole.

No Lungs, no Liver, nor any Thing else. How far different from this is what *Voiture* writes to *Mademoiselle de Paullet* ;

Paulet ; Si j'osois ecrire des lettres pitoyables, &c. If I durst write pitiful Letters, I could say Things that would break your Heart ; but to tell you the Truth, I had much rather it should keep whole. I am afraid, if it was in two Pieces, Half of it might be lost in my Absence : You see I know how to make use of the pretty Things which I hear said. *Voiture* is not in earnest. He rallies, and even in his Raillery borrows from some Body whom he banters for so saying. Yet a Critick upon *Voiture* charges him as if the Thought was his own, which if it had been so, would have been excusable in a pleasant Writer, who in Mirth and Frolick, says any thing that comes uppermost to divert himself and others ; somewhat like the Conversation of a good humour'd Fellow at a Friends Table, who rambles in his Discourse after the Glass has gone about a little. One should never take what is then said in the like Circumstances according to the Letter ; yet I could bear it much better than a very grave Saying of a Man after he had vomited Blood, *Je n'oserois, &c.* I must not dare to tell you, as formerly, that I love you with all my Soul, since I have lost more than half of it : To speak more regularly, I assure you I love you with all my Might. They are *Balzac's* Words ; and besides that, 'tis allowable in Poets only to confound the Blood and the Soul, and take the one for the other ; If he had lost half of his Soul, his Might would have gone along with it, and his Love to his Friend is very weakly exprest. What he says elsewhere is no more true nor just than this. *Je suis aussi déchiré, &c.* I am as much torn in Pieces as if I had been in all the Battles I have read of. I am but a Piece of my self, a Quarter or half Quarter of what I was. *Voiture*, only had the Talent of speaking pleasantly, and correctly at the same Time ; as thus, *Je ne puis pas dire, &c.* I cannot say absolutely, I am arriv'd at Turin, for there is but Half of me come hither : you imagine my Meaning to be, that the other half remains with you : That is not the Case ; - for of a hundred and four Pounds, which I weigh'd, I now weigh but Fifty Two. Never was any Thing seen so lean and lank as I am. *Voiture* is not false when he is merry, but *Balzac* is when he is serious, and one false Thought is enough to spoil a fine Piece, whether in Prose or Verse.

Malherb, perhaps, never wrote any Thing finer than those spiritual Stanza's, which begin with this Verse.

N'esperons

N'esperons plus, mon ame, aux promesses du Monde.

No more, My Soul

On the World's Promises build thy Hopes.

And it is Pity, that the most remarkable Stanza should have somewhat false in it.

Ont ils rendu l'Esprit ! ce n'est plus que poussiere,

Que cette Majesté si pompeuse & si fiere,

Dont l'eclat orgueilleux etonnoit l'Univers ;

Et dans ces grands tombeaux ou leurs Ames hautaines

Font encore les vaines

Ils font mangez des Vers.

Their Spirit is it fled !

That Majesty so pompous and so proud,

Whose Glory dazzled the whole Universe,

Is nothing now but Dust :

And in those stately Monuments,

Where still their Souls their Vanities pursue,

They are eaten up by Worms.

Costar has very well observ'd, that the Souls of those Kings, whom the Poet speaks of as *pursuing their Vanities in their Tombs*, are not there neither according to our Theology, nor according to that of the *Pagans*. But this has been defended by the Priviledge of Poets, who have a Theology by themselves, and it allows them to say as *Malherb* does, that Souls are in Sepulchers. Thus *Ronsard* said before him :

Ha, qui diront la-bas sous les Tombes pondreuses
De Tant de vaillans Rois les Ames genereuses.

*What, in their dusty Sepulchers, will say
So many generous Souls of valiant Kings.*

As to the Theology of the Poets, it is granted they may feign that the Dead are, Body and Soul, in their Tombs, and they may even make them speak in an Epitaph. It must be own'd, that in a Piece purely profane and poetical, it is allowable with *Virgil* to bury the Manes, and to make the departed Souls to haunt the Places where their Bodies were interr'd.

Id Cinerem, & Manes credis curare sepultos ? *Æn. lib. 12.*
Lee has something like it ;

To view the Caverns where their Bodies lye.

But

But *Malherb's* Poem was entirely Christian, and has nothing in it poetical, but the Versification which makes me question, whether it is lawful to use the Language of the higher Poetry. *Ronsard's* Poem on the Miseries of the Times admits of Idea's and Expressions, which a spiritual Stanza on the Vanity of worldly Greatness, will not admit of. It is no Excuse to say, the Pride of the Great appears after their Death in the Pomp of their Funerals, and especially in the Magnificence of their Monuments. Is that sufficient to warrant the saying, that their Souls are pursuing their Vanities in their stately Sepulchers, tho' they are not there? *Malherb* did not mean, that they carry'd their Vanity, or that their Vanity was thus carry'd after them to the Grave. Some have corrected this Thought by putting *Shades* instead of *Souls*.

Et dans ces grands, &c.

*And in those stately Monuments,
Where still their Shades their Vanities pursue.*

If by *Shades* are only meant the Brass and Marble Images on the Tombs of Kings, there would be no Inconvenience in it ; but if you mean by it what the Antients meant by *Shades* of the Dead, which they call'd *Manes*, the Thought is somewhat *Pagan*. After all, their *Shades* are less shocking than their *Souls*, and perhaps Christianity and Poetry might be reconcil'd in that Term.

The Author of the Poem entitul'd *S. Louis*, pushes the Thing farther than *Malherb*, speaking of his Heroe, who visited the Church of *St. Denis* before he departed for the Holy Land:

Il visite le Temple, ou regnent ses Ayeux,
Dans leurs Tombeaux encor du Temps victorieux.

*He visited the Church, where in their Tombs,
His Grandfires over Time victorious reign.*

How can it be said, that the Kings of *France* reign there, or are victorious over Time, when they are nothing but Dust and Ashes ; and Time, which consumes all Things, has not spar'd their Statues and their Mausoleums? The *Latin* Epitaph upon Cardinal *Richelieu* is full of it, and hits the true Character of that great Minister ; yet one cannot deny but it is false in more Places than one.

Asta Viator, quod usquam videbis & audies, hic tegitur.
Is this to be defended ! *Stop Passenger, all that thou wilt*
see,

see, all that thou wilt hear, in any Part of the World lies here interr'd. That Passage of the Chariot, which bore the Corpse in the Night to the Place of Sepulture, is not more true: *Secuti Pedites Equitesq; magno numero, faces prætulerunt, crucem nemo, quia publicam currus deferebat.* Several Footmen and Horse Men carry'd Flambeaux, No Body carry'd the Cross, because the publick Cross was carry'd by the Chariot. The Thought is false, and as malicious as 'tis, might have been true, if in such Sort of Funeral Pomp, the Cross was wont to be born, and it had been omitted in this. But says *Pere Boubours*, as they are worldly Ceremonies, and in some wise profane, the Church does not concern herself in it. Thus it was not because the Chariot carry'd the publick Cross, that no Cross at all was carry'd at the Cardinal's Funeral. The Cardinal was so good a Churchman, that the Jesuit cannot forgive what is said against him in this Epitaph, which ends thus; *Inter Theologos situs, ingens disputandi Argumentum.* He is buried among the Doctors, and is a good Subject for Disputation; which considering the Good and the Bad that was said of him, is more happily express'd, than Father *Boubours* would have us think it is. 'Tis true, there is a Point in the Doctor and the Disputation; but for the Reason before-mention'd, the mighty Dispute about his good and bad Qualities, and which had the Preheminence, I do not see the great Fault of bringing it into an Epitaph, which was not intended to be a serious one. 'Tis excusable by *Boileau's* Lesson in his Art of Poetry:

'Tis not but that sometimes a dextrous Muse,
May with Advantage a turn'd Sense abuse;
And on a Word may trifle with Address,
But above all, avoid the fond Excess. Soame's Tran.

This fond Excess is what Father *Boubours* censures in those that are always aiming at something *brillant* in a Discourse, and that commonly are not very solicitous about the Sense, if there is any Thing glaring in it. They would shine every where, but they dazle only the Vulgar, who are contented with Appearances. Those who have a right and solid Understanding, are not impos'd upon by them. One of these Dealers in Points, who in his Time was admir'd at the Court of *Savoy*, and who compos'd a *Latin* Panegyrick on *Lewis* the XIII, says, that Prince would infallibly cure *France* of all her Diseases, having for his Mother a Princess

Princess of the House of *Medicis*, being born on the Feast of *St. Cosmas* and *St. Damianus*, both Physicians. *Gallie Medicus a matre Medicæ Cosmæ & Damiano Medicis festo die, insecto regno peperit genitus Spem Salutis.* He adds, that *Lewis* the just being born under *Libra*, had the *Ballance* put into his Hand by his Nativity, and the *Sword* by *Henry the Great*: 'Tis a Wonder he had not bound his Head round with a Fillet, he might have made one of his Crown, and then it had been the compleat Figure of Justice. How many are there, that will think there's a great deal of Wit in the *Ballance* and the *Sword*? and such will doubtless admire the Conceits of an *Italian* Poet, on the Sign *Cancer*, one of the Twelve as well as the *Ballance*. *Saint Francis Xavier* the Missionary being bound for the *East-Indies*, let a Cross fall into the Sea, and a Sea Crab brought it to him again; one may be sure, that there is a great deal of Truth in such a Piece of Poetry. Upon this the *Italian* imagines very finely, that the flaming Zeal which burnt in the Saint's Breast, was the Occasion of the Sun's being in *Cancer*; as that was the Occasion of the Crab's bringing him his Cross again, which with the swallowing up of the Port of Life, are the Beauties of the Poem.

Perde Xaverio in mare
 Il Crocifisso, epiange,
 Quasi che possa il porto
 De la stessa Salute esser absorto.
 Mentre su'l lido ei s'ange,
 Ecco un granchio Marino
 Recargli fra le branche il suo conforto:
 E giusto fu che de l'amor divino
 Fra le beate arsure ond'è si duole
 Non altrove che in granchio s'havesse il sole.

It may be objected, that the different Way of thinking among Nations, makes a Thought seem true in one Language, which looks false in another. Indeed every Nation has a Taste to itself, in Wit as well as in Beauty, in Dress, and every Thing else; but good Sense is the same in all Languages, and what is bad of itself, ought not to pass for good in any Country, among reasonable Men. The Poet, who wrote that shrew'd Answer to Bishop *Burnet's* last History, in a Copy of Verses on a Lady's being kept

in Town by immoderate Rains, has these two extraordinary Thoughts in two Verses.

*But Heaven in Pity weeps while we complain,
Or else our Tears exhal'd drop down in Rain.*

Here is not so much as it seems, nor even scarce to soften the Hyperbole; but the Tears of two or three maudlin Gallants, after being exhal'd by the Sun, and a good Part of the Moisture dissipated in the Exhalation, pour'd down again in such Torrents as to drown the Country for a hundred Miles about. If his Critick on the Bishop's History is as false as this Turn of his Wit, which is very much to be suspected, the Judgement of his Readers will be notably improv'd by him.

I know not, whether Mr. *Dryden* has so soften'd his Hyperbole in the following Verses, as to give it the least Shew of Probability. He is speaking of the Dutches of *Ormond's* passing by Sea to *Ireland*;

*The Land, if not restrain'd, had met your Way,
Project'd out a Neck, and jutt'd to the Sea.*

The *not restrain'd* is all you have to hinder *Ireland's* running out into the Sea to meet her Grace half Way. I very much admir'd this Thought when I met with it first; but I believe there is not enough of *the True* in it, to render it passable with good Judges.

THE Criticks have been very free with *Virgil*, for the Hyperbole in the seventh Book, where he tells us that *Camilla*

*Out strip'd the Winds in Speed upon the Plain,
Flew o'er the Fields, nor hurt the bearded Grain,
She swept the Seas, and as she skim'd along,
Her Flying Feet unbat'h'd on Billows hung. Dryd.*

That is, she touch'd the Ears of Corn with her Feet, without bending them, and walk'd dry shod on the Water, without *It seems*, or *scarce*, or any other softening Word. *Cowley* has imitated this Hyperbole, and tho' he has given us a *Scarce*, made it worse than *Virgil's*.

— *Swifter than the northern Wind,
Scarce could the nimble Motion of his Mind
Outgo his Feet: So strangely would he run,
That Time itself perceiv'd not what was done.
Oft o'er the Lawns and Meadows wou'd he pass,
His Weight unknown, and harmless to the Grass.*
D *Oft*

*Oft o'er the Sands and hollow Dust would trace,
Yet not one Atom trouble or displace.*

Lee has froth'd up his Hyperbole to Frenzy in his *Rival Queens*.

*I've seen him swifter run than starting Hinds,
Nor bent the tender Grass beneath his Feet;
Nay, even the Winds, with all their Stock of Wings,
Have puff'd behind, as wanting Breath to reach him.*

But as to Swiftneſs nothing ſure is comparable to Mr *Pope's War-Horſe in Windſor Foreſt*.

*Th' impatient Courſer pants in every Vein,
And pawing ſeems to beat the diſtant Plain,
Hills, Vales, and Floods appear already croſt,
And e'er he ſtarts a thouſand Steps are loſt.*

This the Critick in the Guardian has extoll'd, as a bold and noble Image, which is indeed no Image at all. For Fancy ſupported by the ſtrongest Hyperbole cannot imagine that a Horſe's Hoof is pawing one End of *Hackney Maſh*, when his Head is at the other, nor that he had croſs'd *Highgate Hill*, when he was at *Holloway*, nor that he made a thouſand Steps, while he was ſtanding ſtill: I do not ſee how *Seems* can ſoften any Thing of all this into Credibility. We may by theſe Paſſages ſee how eaſy it is to ſwell this Figure into Nonſenſe: as Lord *Landſdown* informs us, in his excellent Poem on *Unnatural Flights in Poetry*; the beſt Eſſay in our Tongue, if any Thing can be better than my Lord *Roscommon's*.

*The written Picture ſee applaud or blame,
But as the juſt Proportions are the ſame.
Who driven with ungovernable Fire,
Or void of Art beyond the Bounds aſpire;
Gigantick Forms and monſtrous Births alone
Produce, which Nature ſhock'd diſdains to own.*

Tho' what follows out of *Dryden* is falſe enough, it is much more warrantable than Mr. *Pope's*, or Mr. *Lee's* Hyberboles.

*The low'ring Clouds that dipt themſelves in Rain,
To ſhake their Fleeces on the Earth again.*

Befides, that a Cloud has not much Reſemblance with a Sheep; what do we underſtand by Clouds, but Rain condens'd? and then it is Rain, dipping it ſelf in Rain.

Sir

Sir Richard Blackmore speaks more like a Philosopher as well as a Doctor of Physick;

*Dark Clouds o'er all the black Horizon frown,
And hang their deep Hydropick Bellies down.*

The Clouds have been compar'd to *Fleeces* before, and might have past here, had he not made them dip themselves in Rain. In *Milton* we read it thus.

*Ye Mists and Exhalations, that now rise
From Hill or streaming Lake dusky and grey,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy Skirts with Gold,
Either to deck with Clouds the uncolour'd Sky,
Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling Showers.*

As Mr. *Dryden* mistook his Figure, about the Clouds in this Place; so in his Translation of the Story of *Cinyras* and *Atynha*, he is as much mistaken about the Stars, which he reduces to so many farthing Candles:

*The Stars amaz'd ran backwards from the Sight,
And, shrunk within their Sockets, lost their Light.*

This is not *Ovid's* Thought, which tho' very poorly expressed by a later Translator of *Ovid*, is more faithfully thus;

———— *The Moon retires,
Stars shroud their Heads in Clouds, Night lost her Fires.*

The *Socket* is the most gross Burlesque, and what *Ovid's* one of the Court of *Augustus*, could not have been guilty of. It looks well enough in *Ratcliff*, when he burlesques these celebrated Lines of *Dryden*. *Ind. Emp.*

*All Things were hush'd as Nature's self lay dead,
The Mountains seem to nod their drowsy Head.*

The *Seem* there is a guard to the Hyperbole, and the Image not only passable but pleasing.

*The little Birds in Dreams their Songs repeat,
And sleeping Flowers beneath the Night Dew sweat.
Ev'n Lust and Envy sleep.*

This Thought so full of Figures, is compar'd by *Rymer*, in his excellent Preface to *Rapins* Reflections upon Poetry, with the same Thought in several Authors, antient and modern, and he gives it the Preference; but *Ratcliff* shews us how liable the finest Verses are to Abuse from the Wantonness of Wit.

*All Things were hush'd, as when the Drawers tread
Softly to steal the Key from Master's Head.
The dying Smuffs do twinkle in their Urns,
As 'twere the Socket, not the Candle burns.
The little Foot-Boy snoars upon the Stair;
And greasy Cookmaid sweats in Elbow Chair.
No Coach nor Link was heard.*

Father *Bouhours* observes, that a Thought founded on the Fable where it is establish'd, tho' in Fact impossible and incredible, yet being a known Part of the Fabulous History, it renders it in some Measure possible and credible. Thus *Amphion's* Building the Walls of *Thebes* with the Sound of his Lyre, the Stones dancing into their Places as if they were charm'd by his Musick, is an Hyperbole of the most daring Kind; and yet when we read it in *Prior's* Verses, on a Lady's playing upon the Lute, we are not at all shock'd at it.

*To burning Rome, when frantick Nero play'd,
Had he but heard thy Lute, he soon had found
His Rage eluded, and his Crime atton'd.
Thine, like Amphion's Hand, had rais'd the Stone,
And from Destruction call'd a fairer Town.
Malice to Musick had been forc'd to yield;
Nor could he burn so fast as thou cou'dst build.*

About forty Years ago, *Cowley's* Mistress was cry'd up by half Wits and half Criticks, as the Perfection of gallant Poetry; and yet almost all the Thoughts in those Love-Verses are false, because they are unnatural, Full of Affectation and Point, and aiming rather to shew the Author's Wit, and even Learning, than his Tenderness and Passion, by which only he could reach and move his Mistress's Heart. Let us satisfy our selves with this one Instance of it. He addresseth himself to *Echo*,

*Tir'd with the rough Denials of my Prayer,
From that hard she whom I obey,
I come and find a Nymph much gentler here,
That gives Consent to all I say.
Ah gentle Nymph, who lik'st so well,
In hollow solitary Caves to dwell:
Her Heart being such, into it go,
And do but once from thence answer me so.*

His Mistress must needs imagine, that while he was pointing all these Thoughts, he did not think much of her, and care little for the Wit of the Poem, when there was no more Love in it. Again,

*Complaisant Nymph, who do'st thus kindly share
In Griefs, whose Cause thou do'st not know ;
Had'st thou but Eyes as well as Tongue and Ear,
How much Compassion would'st thou shew !
Thy Flame, whilst living, and a Flower,
Was of less Beauty, and less ravishing Power.
Alas, I might as easily
Paint thee to her, as describe her to thee.*

Never was there an *Alas* thrown away so. Not a Mortal that reads it, will believe *Cowley* was half so much griev'd about his Mistress's Cruelty, as he was pleas'd with his own Fancy, especially in what follows ;

*By Repercussion Beams ingender Fire,
Shapes by Reflection Shapes beget ;
The Voice itself, when stopp'd, does back retire,
And a new Voice is made by it.
Thus Things by Opposition
The Gainers grow. My barren Love alone
Does from her stony Breast rebound,
Producing neither Image, Fire, nor Sound.*

Notwithstanding the *Repercussion*, the *Opposition*, *Shapes* upon *Shapes*, &c. in these five or six Lines the Lady has two or three Words that will put her more in mind of what the Poet drives at, than all the rest of the Poem, and those are *ingender* and *beget*, perhaps a little too strong for a Mistress, who could not understand a Syllable of what he says without a Smack of Philosophy. I take no notice of the Numbers here, because I do not remember that I ever heard Mr. *Cowley* commended for his Versification ; and for a Man who wrote Prose as well as any one, and had as much Wit, to waste so much of it in Prosaick Poetry, is a Matter of Lamentation to all that know his Merit, and respect his Memory, which all Lovers of good Sense and good Learning must do.

Of JUST THOUGHTS.

TO return now to *Pere Bouhours*. Truth, which is otherwise indivisible, is not so in just Thinking. Thoughts are more or less true according as they are conformable to their Object. An entire Conformity is what we call Justness of Thought; that is, as Cloaths are just, according as they fit the Body, and are proportion'd to the Person who is to wear them; so Thoughts are just, when they agree exactly with the Things they represent. *Pejus adhuc quo magis Falsum est & longius petium*; says *Quintilian*, Lib. 8. c. 5. A just Thought is, properly speaking, a Thought that is true on every Side of it, and in whatever Light you look upon it. We have a fine Example of it in *Ausonius's* Epigram upon *Dido*.

*Infelix Dido, nulli bene nupta marito:
Hoc pereunte fugis, hoc fugiente peris.*

Here the playing upon Words is so far from being a Fault, that 'tis extremely beautiful because there's strict Truth in the Thought.

*Unhappy, Dido, was thy Fate
In first and second wedded State.
One Husband caus'd thy Flight by dying,
Thy Death the other caus'd by flying.*

Dido fled to *Africa* from *Tyre*, with her Riches, after her first Husband *Sichæus* was kill'd; and the Poets tell us she kill'd her self, after her second Husband *Æneas* left her. *Chevreau* the Historian translated this Distich of *Ausonius* into *French*: So did the Author of a Poem, entituled *Peinture Poetique*; and so also did *Monf. de la Fosse*, and the famous *Leibnitz* of *Germany*, who shew'd that he understood *French* well by this Translation:

*Quel Mari qu' ait Didon son Malheur la poursuit
Elle fuit quand l'un meurt, & meurt quand l'autre fuit.
Whatever Husband Dido had, ill Fate
Pursu'd her still. When the first dy'd she fled,
And when the other fled she dy'd.*

Every Thing quadrates in this Epigram of *Ausonius*; but as just as the Turns are here, they are by no Means essential

rial to the Justness of Thought, which does not always require so much Symmetry and so much Sporting. 'Tis sufficient that a Thought be true in all the Extent of it, and has the same Face on what Side so ever you regard it. This just Way of Thinkiug is not the Portion of every one; it requires a right Understanding, a sound Judgement, and something of the Genius of *Homer*, whose Thoughts and Words, as *Aristotle* observes, were always proportion'd to the Subject he treats of, and who, for that Reason, is lost to us in the last *English Translation*.

BALZAC, who is not so correct in his Thoughts as *Vouiture*, tho' he is more so in his Elocution and Stile, thinks however very justly sometimes, as, where he says of *Montagne*, *He is a Guide out of the Way, but he leads one into Countries more agreeable than those he promis'd us*. C'est un Guide qui egare, &c. Further, tho' in whatever kind we write, we ought always to think justly, yet we ought to do so more in some Kinds than in others. *Elegy*, for Example, and *Tragedy*, demand more exact Truth than *Epigram* and *Madrigal*. There are in Prose certain comick and merry Subjects, where this Exactness is not so necessary; there are others grave and serious, where 'tis of absolute Necessity: Such are all moral Discourses. Yet there are several Books of Morality, wherein we meet with many false Thoughts. As this for Instance: *All Kinds of Writing please us only from the secret Corruption of our Hearts; when we meet with the sublime, the noble and free Air in a Discourse, the Pleasure arises from our own Vanity, which is fond of Grandeur and Independance*. Can any Thing be more false, than to impute to the Corruption of the Heart, that which is the Effect of good Taste and Discernment? Well written Pieces please Men of Sense, because they are regular, and whatever is perfect in its Kind, generally gives Content. Vanity has no more Share in the Pleasure we take in reading *Virgil* and *Cicero*, than it has in the Pleasure we find in looking on excellent Pictures, or in hearing excellent Musick. The most humble Man is delighted with those Beauties as well as another, if he understands and tastes them. When I read the holy Scripture, which is at the same Time so simple and so sublime, is it the Conceit of my own Dignity, or the Corruption of my Heart, which causes the Delight I take in it? Is it not rather the Simplicity and Majesty of the divine Word, which make an Impression; and may we not in some wise say the same of the great Masters in Poetry and Eloquence? How vain is it to imagine that we love

the Grandour and Facility of their Stile only out of Pride, and a Desire of Independance? The same Author, who has been held in great Admiration, has more such Thoughts as that above-cited. *Every Man endeavours to occupy as much Place as he can in his own Imagination, and all Men push forward and aggrandize themselves only to encrease the Idea they have form'd of themselves in their own Mind. This is the End of all their ambitious Designs.* Alexander and Cæsar had no other View than this in all the Batties they fought; and should one be ask'd why the grand Signior caus'd lately one hundred thousand Men to perish at Candia, one might with Certainty reply, that it was only to add the Title of Conqueror to the interior Image he had of himself. The Grand Signior might besiege Candia, and never once have thought of that interior Image. He was desirous to be Master of a Place, which was commodious for him, or of revenging himself of the Venetians, who had dar'd to declare War against him. He might be willing to augment his Reputation; that is, the Opinion People had of his Power and Greatness. Now the Opinion that is had of us does not reside in our selves, but in the Persons who esteem us, which Reflection relates as much to Alexander and Cæsar as to the Grand Signior. Further, had the Thought been true in Part, it could not be so in the full Extent of it. In Effect, how many Villains, to acquire Esteem, and to raise themselves, have appear'd honest, disinterested and virtuous! They know in their Hearts what they are; they do themselves Justice; and 'tis the least of their Care to occupy as much Place as they can in their own Imagination, to make the Use of a Phrase so new and so elegant. Instead of endeavouring to augment in their own Mind the Opinion they have there form'd of themselves, they think only of making an advantageous Impression on other Mens Minds of that Probity which they have not, and which they do not desire to have. Pascal says, *Men would willingly be Cowards to have the Reputation of being valiant.*

THE above-cited Author again:

WHEN the Ignorant behold the great Libraries, which one may pretty rightly term the Magazine of Mens Fancies, they imagine that a Man would be very happy, or at least very learned, if he knew all that's contain'd in such a huge Heap of Volumes, which they look upon as Treasures of Light. But they judge wrong; suppose all the Contents were united

in one Man's Head, it would not be the better regulated, nor the wiser, 'twou'd all only obscure his Light, and encrease his Confusion. By this way of arguing Ignorance is better than profound Learning; and the more illiterate a Man is, the more his Idea's will be distinct and clear. The Argument according to his Conclusion is just, but the Principle is false. It is not true that the several Parts of Knowledge, which are acquir'd by reading, produce of themselves Confusion and Obscurity. Those ill Effects come only from the ill Disposition of Mens Understandings. One learned Man is an Abyſs of Literature; but an Abyſs may be call'd a *Chaos*, where all Languages and all Sciences are jumbled together, so little methodical and clear is his Understanding. Another learned Man, on the contrary, has in his Head an infinite Number of Species plac'd in good Order, and he discourses clearly upon every one of them. If a Man's Head is good and well temper'd, if he knows the Contents of so many Books, that he might be call'd a living Library, (as *Origen* was) he would not be the more confus'd and obscure in his Discourses, but he might be the more wise and the more regular in his Conduct, if he made a good Use of his Lights.

THESE Examples shew the Weakness of those moral Thoughts which are not true. For I say nothing of those Maxims which have any Thing false in them: such do not deserve the Name of Maxims, whose only End is to regulate the Manners, and be a Guide to Reason. Historical Reflections are of no more Value when they are false. It were to be wish'd, that the Authors of two great Histories of *England*, publish'd in our Time, had understood something of this Matter. Truth, says *Pere Bouhours*, is the Soul of History, and should be the Rule in whatever the Historian writes; but it ought to shine most in his Reflections; and nothing is more irregular than to think falsely on Events which are true. *Plutarch*, who had a right Understanding, condemns the famous Thought of an Historian on the Burning of *Diana's Temple* at *Ephesus*: *We are not to wonder that so magnificent a Building was burnt the very Night that Alexander was born, because the Goddess who assisted his Mother Olympias, was so busy'd about her Midwifery, that she could not attend to put out the Fire.* *Cicero* indeed was mightily pleas'd with this Thought of *Timæus* the Historian, *Concinna ut multa Timæus, qui cum in Historia dixisset, qua nocte natus Alexander esset, eadem*

eadem Dianæ Ephesiæ templum deflagravit: adjunxit, minime id esse mirandum, quod Diana, cum

De Natur. Deor.
Lib. 2.

*in partu Olympiadis adesse voluisset, ab-
jussit domo.* Here's *Plutarch* against
Cicero, and Father *Bouhours* owns he does

not very well understand what *Cicero* meant by it, unless he look'd upon *Timeus's* Thought as the Imagination of a Poet, and not as the Reflection of an Historian, which cannot be, because he commends it as a pretty Thought in his History. *Cicero* naturally lov'd Raillery and Jest, insomuch, that *Quintilian* tells us, he sometimes made very dull ones, and it is probable he was taken with the Pleasantry of the Thought, without examining it further; whereas *Plutarch*, who was serious and critical, consider'd only what it had in it that was false; yet as severe as he was, he could not help falling into as great an Error as he blam'd in *Timeus*, by adding, *The Reflection of the Historian is so cold, that 'twas enough to put out the Fire.* This Thought of *Plutarch* is more false and more cold than that of *Timeus*, and there's no Way of bringing him off, but by saying he had a Mind to divert himself, even in the Place where he was speaking gravely; but I fear this will hardly do; and 'tis a mortifying Circumstance in Criticism, that one of the greatest Criticks of the Antients, as *Plutarch* was, should make such a Blunder himself, when he was censuring another Man for blundering. I have heard it said, that *Kitcat's* Mutton Pies were ordered to be bak'd with *Durfey's* Works under 'em, by the Founder of the Club; and that upon their complaining the Pies were never bak'd enough, *Christopher Kat*, the Pastry-Cook, swore, *Durfey's* Works were so cold, that the Dough could not bake for them; but to say a Thought was so cold, as to put out the Fire of *London*, or even *St. Paul's* Church, has something in it so extravagant, as to shew us Antiquity it self is not infallible. The best Excuse for both *Cicero* and *Plutarch* is, that what pleases one Man does not infallibly please another, as will be prov'd by an Example taken from the Moderns, two Authors of the *French* Academy. *Balzac*, the greatest Master of the *French* Eloquence, could not bear this Saying of *Pompey*, which is quoted with Applause in the *Spectator*, N^o. 507. *It is necessary for me to go, but it is not necessary for me to live.* *Plut.* in *Pomp.* Here's an Appearance of something finely said, cries *Balzac*, which however, if

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narrowly loo'd into, destroys it self, and implies a meer Contradiction; for to go, he must live, and consequently the one is as necessary as the other. The Spectator's Translation of it spoils this Remark, It is necessary for me to sail, and not to go. Now to sail, it was not necessary for him to live; for his Corpse might have been transported in the Ship, as well dead as alive; but to go, it was necessary for him to live. La Motte le Vayer differs directly from Balzac: He thinks Pompey's Saying is excellent, as full of Reason and Sense, as of Resolution and Courage. Pere Bouhours is of the same Opinion; he sees no Contradiction in it, but much of the Sentiments of a true Roman. He declares, that to execute the Orders of the Senate, he values his Life less than his Honour; I am, he would say, indispensably oblig'd to do my Duty, tho' it costs me my Life; and I must not spare it at the Expence of my Honour; 'tis necessary that I obey and embark, as dangerous as it may be in such tempestuous Weather. It is not necessary that I preserve my self, nor that I live. Where's the Contradiction? he has no Regard to any Thing but the proper physical Sense, in saying, To go, he must live, and the one was as necessary as the other; that Sense is the Moral which includes the Obligation and Duty.

ALEXANDER says, in the Quintius Curtius of Vaugelas, j'aime mieux combattre que de vivre, &c. I had rather fight than live; and Titus in the Berenice of Racine;

*Mais il ne s'agit plus de vivre, il faut regner.
The Matter now is not to live, but reign.*

Both these Expressions are like that of Pompey, and no Critick has pretended yet to censure them. And we read in the before-mentioned *Spectator*, that one of the Fathers carry'd this Point so high, as to declare, *He would not tell a Lye, tho' he were sure to gain Heaven by it;* which is Extravagance it self, in Comparison with what Pompey said, and the Thought equally false and daring.

To continue the learned Jesuit's Observations on historical Reflections. If we examine the greatest Part of those that are in certain Histories, such as the *English* ones lately hinted at, we shall find the *False* in them prevail abundantly, such as this Thought in *Strada de Bell. Belg. Dec. 2. Lib. 3.* Historical Reflections;
Adeo non ex vano observatum curæ

esse

esse Deo principum vitam: quasi non magis cordi in homine quam Imperatori in exercitu novissimum mori datum sit. So true it is, that it has not been observ'd in vain, that God takes Care of the Life of Princes; and that it is no less given to a General to die the last in his Army, than to the Heart to die the last in Man. Nothing is more false than that, So true it is, with Respect to the second Proposition; for the Heart dies always the last in Man; but it does not happen always that Generals die the last in their Armies. Witness the great *Gustavus Adolphus*, the great *Turenne*, and the great *Mareschal de Schomberg*, to say nothing of others, who were kill'd among the first in the Battel. The Reflection of a *French* Historian concerning Admiral *Coligny*, the principal Victim at the *Parisian Massacre*, when some of the best Blood in *France* was spilt by the Treachery and Cruelty of the Papists, is as false as that of *Strada's*. *Après que l'Amiral eut receu un coup d'Epée dans le ventre, &c.* After the Admiral had receiv'd his Death's Wound in his Belly, and another athwart his Face, the Murderers endeavour'd to throw him out at the Window; and it was then observ'd that the most intrepid Persons have an Inclination to Life as natural and even as violent as the most timorous, and that Heroes conceal it; or to speak better, rather disguise than sifle it in their Hearts. The Reflection arose from this Incident; the Murderers being about to fling the Admiral out at the Window, his Legs stuck in the Bar; that Heroe, as long as he had the Use of his Senses, expected Death with the utmost Resolution; but when he lost the Use of them, a natural Inclination to Life took hold of him, and he stuck so close to the Window, that the Assassins were at some Trouble to throw him out into the Yard, where the bloody Duke of *Guise*, the Captain of the Murderers, waited for the Body, to triumph over it and insult it. This Thought is far from being solid, and has no Manner of Foundation; for how does the Sticking of the Admiral's Legs in the Window, occasioned by the natural Motion of a Remainder of Spirits, prove that the *Intrepid* resemble the most *Timorous*, with Respect to the Love of Life; and that Heroes are not really Heroes, after they have lost their Senses. or the Use of their Senses? Between which there's a great deal of Difference. To lose the Senses is to become Fool or Madman; to lose the Use of the Senses is to be distemper'd, and in a Coondition, wherein the Functions of the Mind are not free, Be it as it will,

'Tis no Wonder, that when a Man is no more a Man, he shou'd cease to be Brave; and it is ridiculous to reproach Heroes with the Love of Life, at a Time when they have not Reason enough left to defy Death, or rather when the Inclination, which is natural to all Animals for their own Preservation, extinguishes in them all Sentiments of Heroick Virtue. I shou'd as soon accuse them of Cowardice, for not pursuing the Enemy, when they are cover'd with Wounds, and their Blood is streaming from all their Veins, or for suffering themselves to be strip'd and insulted after the Breath is out of their Body.

IN one of the *Spectators*, there's a Reflection on Trade, which I conceive to have something of *the False* in it; *'Tis no wonder an ill-natur'd Man such as S-----t, succeeds in Wit better than a Man of Humanity, as a Person who makes use of indirect Methods is more likely to grow Rich than the fair Trader*; both which I take to be untrue, unless you will suppose it to be impossible for a good natur'd Man to have Wit. If you will allow, that a Man may have Wit and good Nature, and that the good natur'd Man has as much Wit as the ill-natur'd; than it is not True, that the latter will succeed better than the former: On the contrary, his Humanity will add a Grace to his Wit, which will render it more agreeable, and gain him the more Esteem or Success, which you please: Neither is it true, that the Smuggler or the Cheat is more likely to grow more Rich than the fair Trader. For besides that, it is very difficult for the Cheat or the Smuggler to preserve his Credit, which is the Life of Trade, and that indirect Methods are destructive of that Industry, which, tho' more slow, is more sure to acquire Riches. 'Tis a common Observation in Commerce, That the Rogue is generally the Bankrupt, and to use the Tradesman's Proverb on this Occasion, *Honesty is the best Policy*.

IF I wou'd go about to prosecute Father *Bouhours's* Subject, as to the Falseness of Historical Reflections in certain Historians, I might fill Volumes out of *English* Histories, and have large Supplies out of the most renowned Authors. Our Historians do not seem to have been at all sensible of the Justness of Thought in their Reflections. If they have a lively Turn, if they are brilliant, and are pointed, especially if there's a Keeness in them towards a Side; they are then Fine, and it is no Matter whether they are True or False; for their Readers judge in the same Sentiments in which they write, and had it never in
their

their Heads that to be Fine, it is necessary for a Thought to be Just.

THE next Thing Father *Boubours* takes to Task for Falschood of *Thought*, is Preaching, and *Sermons*. there's a Subject which is never to be exhausted. Not from the Nature of it, which is all Truth, but from the Multitude of Sermons, in all Languages, from a Multitude of Preachers, among whom there cou'd not but be an immense Store of Ignorance and Conceit, which are the main Ingredients in the Falschood of a Thought. *Pere Boubours* says very justly, That to give the Word of GOD an Appearance of Fable, is the highest Degree of Corruption: And he complains, that many Preachers endeavour to tickle the Ears of their Auditories, with Conceits and false Thoughts. This was very much in Vogue in King *James* the First's Time, whose true Taste of Learning is much better judg'd of by that, than by his Politicks. Let us see what the Author of the *Spectator* says on this Occasion, N^o. 61. *That learned Monarch was himself a tolerable Punster, and made very few Bishops and Privy Counsellors, that had not sometime or other signaliz'd themselves by a Clinch or a Conundrum; it was, therefore, in this Age, that the Pun appear'd with Pomp and Dignity; it had before been admitted into merry Speeches, and ludicrous Compositions, but was now delivered with great Gravity from the Pulpit, or pronounced in the most solemn Manner at the Council Table: The greatest Authors, in their most serious Works, made frequent use of Puns; the Sermons of Bishop Andrews, and the Tragedies of Shakespear, are full of them; the Sinner was punn'd into Repentance, &c.* I question whether the Raillery is not here a little too strong, or whether a Man's Mind cou'd be affected with the Guilt of his Sins, while the Pun was tickling his Ears. Of this Kind was the known Saying of an eminent Doctor, the rhetorical Quibbler of the last Age, on the *Wages of Sin is Death*. *Poor Wages which a Man can't live by*. The Thought here is of no less Concern than eternal Damnation, and yet one cannot repeat the Reflection upon the terrible Text, without Grimace. That learned Dignitary's Sermons are replete with the like Puns and Conceits: And for that very Quality are reckon'd among the most Eloquent and Polite, tho' they do not want good Qualifications to recommend them: The

Spectator

Spectator N^o. 593. quotes a Saying of Dr. South's, *That a Physician has the Consolation at the Death of a Patient, that he was killed secundum Artem*, which is as False as Uncharitable; for no Physician can have Consolation in killing his Patient; but if his Patient dy'd of a Distemper, he may comfort himself lawfully in having done nothing for him but what was agreeable to his Art in the like Case. Our Critick informs us, *That the Taste in France was much the same as in England, at the same Time, but in his Days it was chang'd, and become more refin'd; the Vogue that Doctor's Sermons are still in, for Pun and Conceit, do not shew a like Refinement of our Taste in General; but in Particular, it is so far chang'd, as to give Disgust to a Reader of good Judgement. The French Critick makes mention of a Preacher, who to prove, that young People dy'd sometimes before old Ones, said John ran faster to the Sepulchre than Peter; the other Disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the Sepulchre.* Another Preacher told his Auditory, *That Women by their Pattins, added to their Stature, which was contrary the Word of God, and gave the Iye to Truth it self.* The two following Thoughts were very much admir'd in the Days of Conceit and Quibble; the one, *the Heart of Man being of a triangular Figure, and the World of a round Figure, it is plain, that all worldly Greatness cannot fill the Heart of Man. Le cœur de l'Homme étant de Figure triangulaire, & le Monde de Figure ronde, il étoit visible que toutes les Grandeurs mondaines ne pouvoient remplir le cœur humain.* Father Bouhours says, he had known, *that Thought to have been very much admir'd.* Dr. Eckard in his *Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy*, mentions this very Thought, "Then comes in the round World, which cannot fill the triangular Heart of Man; whereas every Butcher knows, that the Heart is no more triangular than a Pear." This Conceit as false and silly as it is, was so esteem'd by the Priests abroad and at home, that we find it in *French* and in *English*; and doubtless it is in other Languages; for it wou'd be hard, if the Preachers of those two Nations shou'd have engross'd such a Piece of Wit to themselves. The other Thought spoken of by the *French Critick*, is, *The Hebrews have but one Word to express Life and Death; a Point only makes the Difference: From whence the Preacher concluded, there was but a Point only*

ly between Life and Death. The Mischief of it is, according to *Pere Bouhours*, that the *Hebrews* have no such Word as signifies both Life and Death, and consequently he was guilty of a Falsehood to set off his Thought with a Quibble. Another Preacher said, 'Twas the Incivility of Judas, which caus'd his Damnation; his dipping his Hand in the Dish with his Master. The following Passages are taken out of a Sermon, upon the Passion of our Saviour, preach'd by a famous Abbot, at a Time when the *French* Eloquence was at the Height, about the middle of the Reign of *Louis XIV.* "Our Saviour sweated "Blood in the Garden of *Olives*, because he cou'd not "weep otherwise, God being all Eye; he was silent before *Herod*, because the Lamb loses his Voice at the "Sight of the Wolf; he was naked on the Cross, because "he was fallen into the Hands of Robbers; he had no "Flambeaux, not even the Flambeaux of Heaven at his "Burial, because he condemn'd all Funeral Pomp; and "in fine, he would be bury'd in a Stone Sepulchre, because as dead as he was, he wou'd teach Mankind to "have an Abhorrence for Softness and Effeminacy." Wou'd such Points as these drive a Sinner to Repentance. The Sermon was preach'd at a Nunnery-Grate, and tho' the Nuns did not weep, they cry'd out, *Ah, that's Fine*, all the while the Abbot was quibbling with them. They were wonderfully pleas'd with him, but he did not come off so well on the *Easter Sunday*, when inquiring in his Sermon, why Jesus, after he was rais'd from the Dead, appear'd first to the two *Mary's*; he said gravely, *God wou'd have the Mystery of his Resurrection made publick, and Women coming first to the Knowledge of so imporrant a Matter, the News wou'd soon spread:*

*Thus through a Woman was the Secret known,
Tell us, and in Effect, you tell the Town.*

DRYDEN.

IN *Dr. Echard's* Book before-mention'd, we have a great Number of such Instances, of such Kind of *Pulpit Oratory*; in some of which we find the Sublime of *Nonsense*, and in some the Grimace of *Buffoonry*; as these, *It is Goodness by which we must ascend to Heaven; Goodness is the milky Way to Jupiter's Palace; to strengthen us in our Journey we must not take the Morning Milk, but some Morning Meditations.* Again, *Omnipotent All, thou art only;*

only; because thou art *All*, and because thou only art; as for us, we are not, but we seem to be, and only seem to be because we are not; for we be but *Mites of Entity, and Crumbs of Something*. Further in this *Sublime*, we meet with, "Christ is a Treasury of all Wares and Commodities ----- Good People, What do you lack? What do you buy? Will you buy any Balm of Gilead? Any Eye-salve, any Myrrhe, Aloes, or Cassia? Shall I fit you with a Robe of Righteousness, or with a white Garment? See here! What is it you want? Here is a very choice Armory. Shall I shew you an Helmet of Salvation, a Shield or a Breast-plate of Faith? Or will you please to walk in and see some precious Stones? A Jasper, a Sapphire, or a Chalcedony? Speak, What do you buy?" This is in the high Oratory: In the low you have as follows, out of the same Reverend Author, Master of *Katherine-Hall, Cambridge*; "These Scriptures contain Doctrines, Precepts, Promises, Threatnings, and Histories. Now take these five smooth Stones, and put them into the Scrip of the Heart, and throw them with the Sling of Faith, by the Hand of a strong Resolution, against the Forehead of Sin, and we shall see it, like Goliath, fall before us." Again, in a Prayer, "Our Souls are constantly gaping after thee, O Lord; yea, verily our Souls do gape, even as an Oyster gapeth." It may be objected, that these and a hundred other such Sayings in the Pulpit, were utter'd by Fanaticks and Enthusiasts only; but on the contrary they came from very Orthodox Preachers, some of them Doctors, and some even the King's Chaplains, as particularly *Parson Slip-stocking, Grounds and Occas.* p. 57. is said to have been. I shall only add two Examples more out of that Book, because if we do not get much in Divinity by them, we may be instructed as to Government Spiritual and Temporal; for we do not always meet with better Argument. The Text is, *Sirs, What must I do to be saved?* Here it is that *Episcopacy* has all the Proof that a Thing is capable of, which was overlook'd by all former Divines, *ibid.* p. 76. For, *Sirs, being in the Greek Κόποι, which is to say, in true and strict Translation Lords, what more plain, than that, of old, Episcopacy, was not only the acknowledg'd Government, but that Bishops were so many Peers of the Realm, and so ought to sit in the House of Lords.* As to Temporal Government, there is a Text which knocks down all

Antimonarchical Republican Principles, and establishes the Empires of *Morocco* and *Muscovy*; *Seek first the Kingdom of God*, p. 77. *From whence it is plain, that Monarchy or Kingly Government is most according to the Mind of God*; for it is not said, seek the Parliament of God; seek the Council of State of God; seek the Committee of Safety of God; but it is *seek the Kingdom of God*. I do not think there is any Thing so strong as this in *Filmer, Lestly, &c.* Now that the Author of this Book was Orthodox, one may be sure by his laughing at Mr. Dod, p. 87. because he was a Punster. A Person who was in universal Esteem for his great Piety, Wisdom, Learning and Benevolence. His rallying that excellent Minister's Treatise upon the *Commandments*, shews us that he was not at all tainted with the Principles of Moderation. Neither can he forbear, while he is tickling himself and his Readers with his Witticisms, to fall foul on the very eminent and worthy Mr. *Pool*, Author of the Annotations, whose *Synopsis* has done more Service to the Students in Divinity, than all the Writings of all the Doctors that were graduated in his Time. He is laughing at a Dissenting Minister about the *Commandment of Love*, and then bids him get Mr. *Pool* to enter down this Note, when he comes to St. John, for this will certainly add very much to the *Preciousness of his Name*, very unequal to such Mirth as his. His Description of Dissenting Ministers, confirms us in his Character, p. 133. "I know that they have had their "Bushels of *China* Oranges, their Cordials, Essences, and "Elixirs, and have been rubb'd down with *Holland* of "Ten Shillings an Ell;" by which it appears, that the grave Author did not write his merry Book on the Weaknesses and Errours of the Clergy, out of a Spirit of Fanaticism, but out of pure Resentment, at their corrupting the Eloquence of the Chair, with Quibble, Conceit, Jingle and Fustian. What happy Thought and Expression was that of Dr. *Fuller* in his *Holy State*, speaking of *Jehu*, as a Man of an active Spirit; *For God when he means to shave close, chooses a Razor with a sharp Edge, and never sends a Slug on a Message that requires Haste*; what a Huddle of shocking Idea's, a Barber, a Razor, a Foot-Post, and on what a tremendous Subject? yet to take Offence at this Debasement of those sacred Lectures is reckon'd one of the greatest Proofs of Irreligion and Profaneness. *Pere Boubours* wou'd have the Pulpit Doors shut a-

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gainst such Haranguers, who dishonour the Ministry; I go, says he, to a Sermon to be instructed, to be mov'd; and hear nothing but Trifles, which are fit only to be laugh'd at, and hardly deserve a Place in Drolls and Farces; yet if you do not attend them as constantly, and as seriously, as if a Tillotson or a Fleetwood, was the Preacher, you are a Fanatick or an Atheist, or perhaps both: For my Part, adds the learned French Critick, I can't bear drolling out of Season, nor Arguments which are not to the Purpose; I prefer a plain Proverb, to a Hundred such Strokes of Wit and Drollery; for Proverbs, at least, are not False, and Truth always gives Content.

THREE are good Proverbs in all Languages, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, English, and French; nay, the Indian Languages abound with them, as do the Arabick, as I have been informed by the Learned. Proverbs are pretty much the same in all Tongues, and whatever Tongue they speak, they say nothing but Truth, and commonly hide very good Sense under low Phrases. Mr. Dryden us'd to value himself much on his being Author of a Proverb, as he call'd it,

For Priests of all Religions are the same.

Which is in every one's Mouth, and is either very false, or very trifling. If you give it the Sense he probably intended, it has as much Falsehood in it as Malignity. His Meaning being then, that Priests of all Religions are proud, covetous, vicious, &c. or there is no Poignancy in his Proverb. If he meant only, that there are good and bad Priests of all Religions, 'tis trifling; since it is impossible to be otherwise, there being no Profession perfect among Mankind; and if he meant, that Priests of all Religions are pious, learned, virtuous, &c. the Thought is as false on that Side, as on the other, and therefore is a very silly One, which passes only for the Pleasure which Humane Frailty takes in Malice and Censure. Besides, he misnamed his Verse too; it is not a Proverb but a Saying, what the Learned call a Sentence, and which if it were true, wou'd be a Maxim or Apothegm; which has in it the Truth of a Proverb without its lowness: As in these French Sentences;

Un Homme de bien n'est étranger nulle part.

An honest Man is no where a Stranger.

C'est être heureux, que d'être content de sa Fortune.

'Tis to be happy, to be contented with one's Fortune.

La bonne Fortune est plus difficile à porter que la mauvaise.

Good Fortune is harder to be born than bad.

SENTENCES may be said to be the Proverbs of the better Sort of People, as common Proverbs are the Sentences of the Vulgar. Fortune is frequently introduc'd as a Person in this

Way of Thinking and Speaking: *Fortune does not always consider Merit; Fortune often favours Injustice*: These Phrases are purely Pagan; the Pagans adoring Fortune as a Goddess, who govern'd all according to her Caprice, and who was rarely in accord with Virtue. They paid their Vows to this Divinity, as is observ'd elsewhere, and it is of her profane Authors speak, when they say,

The Favours of Fortune are never pure.

Fortuna nunquam simpliciter indulget.

QUINT. CUR. *Lib. 4.*

Fortunne sports with our Misery without Pity.

Fortuna impotens quales ex humanis malis tibi ipsa ludos facis?

SEN. *Consol. ad Polybium.*

As often as she has a Mind to divert her self, she raises Men of the lowest Condition to the Height of Humane Greatness:

Quales ex humili magna ad Fastigia rerum

Extollit, quoties voluit Fortuna joculari.

JUVEN. *Sat. 3.*

All which is true in the Pagan System; but nothing is more false in the Christian, which allows no other Fortune than Providence, and disowns the fickle Goddess as an idle vain Chimera. Yet as much as it is a Chimera, there is nothing more common among us, than to make a Person of this Shadow both in Prose and Verse, contrary both to Reason and Religion. We learn this irreligious Custom by reading the Antients, and the most celebrated Authors practise it without Scruple: Thus it is said, *Fortune sometimes makes use of our Defects to raise us; Fortuna exalts some Men to little Purpose, if she does not teach them*

them how to behave themselves. Fortune was weary of favouring Charles the Vth, and in the Person of Henry II, repair'd the Injuries she had done Francis I. I pay too much Deference to Custom, says *Pere Bouhours*, and too much respect our Masters, not to approve of these Thoughts; but if I durst speak my Mind, I wou'd say, that such Expressions shou'd be us'd with great Caution, especially in Prose; for the poetical System, being of it self fabulous, and entirely Pagan, the Goddess Fortune may be admitted in it, as well as the Goddess *Diana*, or the Goddess *Minerva*, and our Poets do not err in giving her the same Character which the Idolaters gave her. I believe also, that we may be a little Paganish as to Fortune; when the Subjects we treat of bear any Resemblance to those where we find the Goddess introduc'd as a Deity; I mean such as have no Manner of Relation to our Religion, as Panegyricks, Histories, Discourses purely Moral or Political, Dialogues like those that were written some Years since, by a Man of Wit, Entitled, *Dialogue de la Fortune & du Merite*: But I question, whether Fortune ought to be brought in, when the Subject is purely Christian; and a Sermon, in my Opinion, will not admit of Thoughts which have no Sense but what is Pagan: Such as these, *Fortune takes Pleasure in debasing those that she has rais'd to the Top of her Wheel. Fortune often crosses the Designs of the Great Men of this World, as if she was jealous of the Favours she had herself bestow'd upon them.* These Thoughts can have no Sense but what is Pagan, because they cannot be understood of any Thing else, but the Goddess Fortune: For one cannot say truly, that *Divine Providence lifts People up to the Top of her Wheel, nor that she is jealous of her Favours.* Fortune should be banish'd from the Pulpit, unless she signifies good Success or ill Success, and is not brought in as a Person; for that is to make her a Goddess. One may say, Fortune raises Shepherds to the Throne; Fortune disappoints the best concerted Designs; Fortune favours the Arms of good Princes: But a Preacher ought not to attribute to the Person of Fortune, those Qualities which agree only with the Goddess of the Pagans. What can be more ridiculous than to say, as a Minister of the Gospel of Christ; *The blind Goddess who presides over the Events of Life, and dispenses Happiness and Misery, according to her Caprice*; unless it was to expose the Folly of Paganism. There are Ways of softning

softning the Expression of Fortune, if the Preacher or the Writer thinks 'twill be of Advantage to him to make use of the Term; as thus in the Works of an ingenious Author; *Fortune, or to speak more like a Christian, Providence distributes the Parts that ev'ry one are to act on the great Stage of the World.* The same Rule is to be the Guide of the Historian in Ecclesiastical History, as of the Preacher in his Sermons. I shou'd not have said, as a certain Author does in his History of the Religious War in *Bohemia*, speaking of *Zisca*, the famous Leader of the *Hussites*, who led their Armies, and obtain'd Victories, after he had lost his Sight; *As if Fortune, who is blind her self, took Pleasure in favouring one that was blind*, which seems to me to be as much against good Sense, as Religion. I shou'd rather say with *Cicero*, *Non solum ipsa Fortuna ceca est, sed eos etiam plerumque efficit cecos quos complexa est.* Fortune is not only blind her self, but she very often makes those blind whom she embraces. Indeed there's hardly any Thing more shocking, than to find this Phantom, Fortune, made use of in Discourses of Piety, especially when the Part she acts there is unworthy of Divine Wisdom. I cou'd much better bear what is said by a Gentleman in the Memoirs of his Life; *The Unfortunate are not always so, and even Fortune, by her Inconstancy teaches us, that the Unhappy are to hope, and Happy to fear;* and what we read in a Comical History; *If I am nothing more than an unfortunate Comedian, 'tis doubtless because Fortune wou'd be reveng'd of Nature, who was for making something of me without her Consent; or if you will, because Nature sometimes takes Delight in favouring those to whom Fortune has taken an Aversion.*

WE so often meet with Fortune in our Country Sermons, that what Father *Bouhours* has said against using the Word in the Pagan Sense, is very instructing. One wou'd think the Description is often taken from her Picture on the Walls of Inns, and Ale-houses, where her Wheel exposes the Person on the Top, as well as at the Bottom, to the Mirth of the Company. The last Duke of *Buckingham's* Verses upon her, will teach both Preachers and Writers how to behave, with Regard to this imaginary Deity, better than all the *French Jesuit's* Lessons.

*Fortune made up of Toys and Impudence,
Thou common Jade, that hast not common Sense!*

But

*But fond of Business insolently dares
 Pretend to rule and spoil the World's Affairs.
 She flutt'ring up and down her Favours throws
 On the next met, not minding what she does,
 Nor why, nor whom she helps, or injures knows.
 Sometime she Smiles, than like a Fury raves,
 And seldom truly loves but Fools or Knaves.
 Let her love whom she please, I scorn to woe her,
 While she stays with me, I'll be civil to her.
 But if she offer once to move her Wings,
 I'll fling her back all her vain gewgaw Things;
 And arm'd with Virtue will more glorious stand,
 Than if the Silt still bow'd at my Command.
 I'll marry Honesty, tho' ne'er so poor,
 Rather than follow such a blind dull Whore.*

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FATHER Bouhours does not forget the Errours in Thought against Truth in Epistles Dedicatory, one of the most copious Subjects in the World for Reflection on irregular and extravagant Thinking. No Authors have err'd more in this than the *English* Poets: Their Patrons have suffer'd under so much Flattery, that 'tis not easy to determine whose Modesty has been most put it; the Poets to say so many fulsome Things, or the Patrons to read them. Such Thoughts must necessarily be false, and of that wretched Kind of Falsehood, which in plain *English* is call'd Lying; for the Poet often knows his Heroe to be a Scoundrel, and the Patron receives the Man for a Wit, whom he also knows to be a Blockhead, or a Coxcomb. What the *Tatler* speaks in Merriment, may be taken seriously with Respect to the Dedications of the Poets, N^o. 214. *That antient Lyrick, Mr. Dursley, some Years ago writ a Dedication to a certain Lord, in which he celebrated him for the greatest Poet and Critick of that Age, upon a Misinformation in Dyer's Letter, that his noble Patron was made Lord Chamberlain.* The learned French Critick generally makes Choice of Authors of Eminence for his Examples, that the Instruction may be the more sure; for if such Writers fall into such Mistakes, how careful ought the Men of Mediocrity to be if they can't forbear writing. A great Author in *France*, who treated of *Cæsar's* Conquests, made no Difficulty of telling a Prince to whom he dedicated his Book; *See here the Conqueror of the Gauls,*

Epistles Dedicatory.

who is come to do you Homage. And another writing of *Hypolitus*, or rather *Monsieur Hypolite* as *Dryden* calls him, tells his Patron in his Dedication, *Hypolitus leaves the inmost Recesses of the Groves, on purpose to make his Court to you*; nothing can be falser than this. 'Tis a Jest to confound the Book that is dedicated with the Hero whom it treats of, and make them the same Thing. Mr. *Rosce* is guilty of this Fault, in the Dedication of the *Lady Jane Gray*, a Tragedy, to her Royal Highness; *A Princess of the same Royal Blood, to whom you are so closely and so happily ally'd, presumes to throw her self at the Feet of your Royal Highness*: Here the *Lady Jane*, and the Tragedy are confounded; and till this Criticism of *Pere Bouhours* comes to be known, I doubt not that Passage, and a hundred such Passages in the Dedications of our most renowned Poets, will pass for some of the most shining Examples of *English* Eloquence.

THE very learned and polite Dr. *Burnet*, in the Dedication of the *Theory of the Earth*, begins his Address to the King thus; *New found Lands and Countries accrue to the Prince whose Subject makes the first Discovery, and having retrieved a World that had been lost for some Thousands of Years out of the Memory of Man, and the Records of Time; I thought it my Duty to lay it at your Majesty's Feet.* This Thought is very Fine and Just, if you look on it as a just Theory, as which the Author presents it to the King; for tho' he does not throw the Globe at his Majesty's Feet; yet he lays there the Description of it, and such a Description as has triumph'd over the Cavils and Criticisms of other Theorists and Philosophers; and as much as I respect the Names of *Woodward*, *Keil*, *Whiston*, who have objected against Dr. *Burnet's* Theory; I am satisfy'd his beautiful Imagination, and sublime Style, will preserve that Work, when all other Theories, and Criticisms upon Theories, shall be as much in the State of Oblivion as the Chaos out of which the eloquent Doctor raises the fair Creation.

O pectus ingens! Oh animum gravem,
Mundi capacem! si bonus auguror,
Te, nostra quo tellus superbit,
Accipiet renovata Civem.

The last Lines of Mr. *Addison's* excellent Ode, on the great Author, which I find thus translated before the Theory.

Oh,

Oh, say, thou great, thou sacred Name,
 What Scenes thy thoughtful Breast employ,
 Capacious as that mighty Frame,
 You raise with Ease, with Ease destroy.
 Each World shall boast thy Fame; and you,
 Who charm'd the Old, shou'd grace the New.

Unless the Philosophers cou'd have settled the Matter better among themselves, and not have left it all guess Work, as they have plainly done, they might have spar'd Dr. Burnet's Theory; which if not literally True in Fact, is most beautiful in Imagination, and we cannot say so much of the Works of his Antagonists, tho' more ornamented with Technical Cant, and Philosophical Phrases.

To return to Father *Bouhours*. There is one Way of confounding the Heroe with the Book which speaks of him in a Dedication, and that is when the Author, by a Kind of Fiction, makes his Heroe or Heroine speak instead of speaking himself, as one of the *French* Poets has wittily done in the Dedication of a Play of his.

VOITURE has confounded the Heroe with the Book, and taken the one for the other in two of his Letters: As in that to the Duke *De Bellegarde*, when he sent him *Amadis de Gaul*; "My Lord, there is such a Confusion now
 "in History, that I thought I might venture to send you
 "some Fables; and being in a Place where your Intention
 "is only to unbend your Mind, you may as well afford
 "*Amadis* some of your Time, as the Gentlemen of the
 "Country. I hope he will divert you in your Solitude,
 "by telling you agreeably his Adventures, which will
 "without doubt, be the best in the World, till you please
 "to let us know your own." In the Title, the Book *Amadis* is only intended, in the Letter he speaks of *Amadis de Gaul* himself. He does the same in the before-mention'd Letter to *Madam de Saintot*, when he sent her the *Orlando Furioso* of *Ariosto*; *This Madam* is doubtless the fairest Adventure which ever happen'd to Orlando: When he alone defended the Crown of *Charlemaine*, and wrested Scepters out of the Hands of Kings, it was not so glorious for him as at this Time, when he has the Honour to kiss your Hands.

If *Voiture* forgets himself a little here, we must consider, that he is playing with his Subject, and that Letters of Gallantry do not require such severe Truth as Epistles

bles Dedicatory, which are of themselves grave and serious.

THERE has been much said in *France*, within these forty or fifty Years, about *Le Cœur*, and *l'Esprit*, the *Heart* and the *Mind* occasion'd by this Expression, *Le Cœur est plus ingenieux que l'Esprit*, in an eminent Author. It became a Topick in all polite Conversation; the *Heart* and the *Mind* were play'd against one another, and at last a Book appear'd call'd *Le Demele du Cœur & de l'Esprit*, A Dispute between the Heart and the Mind; nay the Preachers had it up in their Pulpits, and the *Heart* and the *Mind* was very often one of the Divisions or Subdivisions of their Discourses. *Voiture* was the first that oppos'd them one to the other, in a Letter to the Marchioness de *Sablé*. "My Letters are written with so much Affection, that if you take them right, you will value them more than those you again demand of me; the latter came from my Mind only, the former from my Heart." By *Mind* here the *French* intend Understanding; and then the Saying is no more, than that Mens Passions are too strong for their Reason; their Heart is too hard for their Understanding. The Author of *Reflexions Morales*, refines upon *Voiture*, where he says; *The Mind is always a Bubble to the Heart*; that every one speaks well of his Heart, but no body dares say so much of his Mind; that the Mind cannot long act the Part of the Heart; which Expressions are of the Nature of Paradoxes, true and false at the same Time, according to the different Lights they are taken in. For, may I so say, if you look on the Rind of the Thought, and go according to the Letter, it is false, that the Heart has more Understanding, than the Understanding itself, or the Mind, which you please; but if you go to the Bottom of the Matter, and not amusing your self about the Words come to the Sense, you will find it true, That a Person, who is in Love, has more Views, more Experience, and more Address to obtain his Ends, in what relates to his Passion, than another perhaps more witty and able has, who is not in Love. Two learned Men in *France*, Monsieur *Costar*, and Monsieur *Girac*, had a Dispute about the Truth or Falschood of this Expression; *Je vous ay sauve la vie, & je viens de mourir pour vous*. 'Twas said by a *Persian* Knight, who met with a *Scythian* Woman in Battle, and dismounted her. Finding the Enemy to be young and fair, he gave her Life and Liberty; but

but as soon as she was out of his Sight, he became passionately in Love with her. The *Scythian* Heroine disdain-
 ing his Passion, he fell into Despair and dy'd of it ; but
 before his Death wrote to her, who had been the Cause of
 it, *Je vous ay sauvé, &c. I sav'd your Life, and I dyed for*
you. 'Twas said *I dy'd for you*, was not true, because to
 say as much he must be alive, and if he was really dead,
 he could not say it. To excuse it, 'twas urg'd, the Knight
 might perhaps send the Letter before he dy'd, and order
 Matters so, that she should not receive it till after he was
 dead. *Girac* was of that Opinion ; but *Cestiar* maintain'd,
 that the Words of the *Persian* Billet were not true, whe-
 ther the Billet came to the fair *Scythian* before or after he
 dy'd : The Words could not be true at the Time they were
 written, since the *Persian* was not dead when he wrote
I dy'd for you. *Costar* allow'd what Madam *Desfoges* said
 of a Lover swooning away in a Fit of Love ; *I shall dye,*
I am dying, I am dead, as is said in her Sonnet, for that
 in the Transport he might believe, and say so, when really
 he was not dead. The Story and the Saying of the *Per-*
sian is in *Ctesias*, a *Greek* Author, mention'd by *Demetrius*
Phalereus, who was of *Girac's* Opinion, that the Thought
 is warrantable, and that he made the *Persian* Knight
 say, *I dy'd for you*, because it had more Force and Em-
 phasis than if he had said simply, *I am dying*, or *I shall*
dye for you. Things are more evident according to *Deme-*
trius, and make a stronger Impression on the Mind, when
 they are accomplish'd, than when they are accomplishing,
 or are to be accomplish'd ; wherefore the Thought is false
 taken literally, and in the Severity of the Terms ; but it is
 not so, if we understand it as *I am dying* or *I shall dye*,
 and the Falsity, if there's any in it, is only in the Expres-
 sion or in the Turn that is given it, to render it more clear
 and lively. Yet it must be own'd, it had been more na-
 tural for the *Persian* to have said, *I am dying for you*, and
 probably he would have said so himself ; but *Ctesias* made
 him say so for the Eloquence of the Expression. That
 Historian was no great Lover of Simplicity, and *Deme-*
trius himself calls him a *Poet*, not only on Account of the
Fables of which his History is full, but on Account of
 his florid and poetical Stile. To conclude, Reason is of
 her self an Enemy to Falsehood, and those that would
 think justly, ought to imitate great Painters, who in all
 their Works give the first Place to Truth, or rather follow
 Nature,

Nature, which is the principal Rule to all Comparisons. good Painters. Thence it is that Comparisons well chosen and drawn from Nature, are the Ground-work of the most reasonable Thoughts, such as these.

Les Personnes connoissantes, &c. Grateful Persons are like fertile Lands, which always pay back more than they receive. Les Actions des Princes, &c. The Actions of Princes are like great Rivers ; the Source of which few know, but every Body sees the Course of them.

Seneca, who does not always think justly when he follows his own Genius, is just and correct in his Thoughts when he copies after Nature, and no Comparisons are finer than his. 'Tis very easy to go out of the Way in comparing one Thing with another. The most able Writers are sometimes mistaken, as was Cardinal *Pallavicini* in his Dedication of a Book, entitl'd, *Considerazioni sopra l' arte dello stile e del Dialogo. Considerations on the Art of Style and Dialogue*, to Monsignor *Rinuccini*, Archbishop of *Fermo*. *Pallavicini* was then Jesuit only, and he praises that Prelate for the several Treatises he had written, concerning the Episcopal Functions, comparing him to a Magician, by saying, that he has treated such dry austere Matters with so much Wit, so much Politeness, so much Eloquence, that there's somewhat more surprising in them, than those delightful Gardens, which rise out of frightful and barren Rocks, by the powerful Spells of Magick. *Il sentir materie così aride, così austere, così digiune, trattate con tanta copia di pellegrini concetti, con tanta soavità di stile, con tanta Lautezza d'Ornamenti e di figure, summi oggetto di più alto stupore che non sarebbono i deliziosi giardini fabricati sugli ermi scogli dall' arte de negromanti.* Does he not say, without thinking of it, that the Archbishop's Writings had nothing solid in them, that they were all Shew and no Substance, like enchanted Gardens, which do indeed dazle and delight the Eye, but are all Delusion, and what is least real in them, pleases most. The Duke of *Rockfaucault*, who thought so justly and judg'd so rightly, having read a Book, which some Body had presented him, full of Subtlety, and false Lustre ; said, 'twas like those Palaces built by the Power of Magick Charms in the Air, which vanish in Smoak in the Instant that they charm you. My Lord *Lansdown* in his Poem upon unnatural Flights in Poetry,

Thus

*Thus forcing Truth with such prepos't'rous Praise,
Our Character we lessen, when we 'd raise.
Like Castles built by Magick Art in Air,
That vanish at Approach, such Thoughts appear.
But rais'd on Truth by some judicious Hand,
As on a Rock they shall for Ages stand.*

This Thought is beautifully turn'd in the Spectator, No. 413. "Our Souls are at present delightfully lost, "and bewilder'd in a pleasing Delusion; and we walk about "like the enchanted Heroe of a Romance, who sees beautiful Castles, Woods, and Meadows, and at the same "Time hears the Warbling of Birds, and the Purling of "Streams; but upon the finishing of some secret Spell, "the fantastick Scene breaks up, and the disconsolate "Knight finds himself on a barren Heath, or in a solitary "Desart." The Duke of *Rockfaucault's* Thought is as true as Cardinal *Pallavicini's*, is false; which Falschood ought carefully to be avoided in Comparisons. Nothing must be attributed to Nature, which does not agree with her, as those Orators did, or rather those Corrupters of Eloquence, mention'd by *Quintilian*, who said as something very fine, that great Rivers were navigable at their Rise, and great Trees bore Fruit, as soon as they were planted; *Quod quidem genus a quibusdam declamatoria maxime licentia corruptum est: nam & falsis utuntur: magnorum fluminum navigabiles fontes sunt; & generosioris arboris statim planta cum fractu est.* Lib. 8. c. 4. As false as *Pallavicini's* Thought is, the Subject of his Book is to correct others that so think and write. He accuses several Authors of the Fault he is himself guilty of, and among others *Tasso*, who before he describes the last Battle between the Infidels and the Christians; says

E senza velo
Volsse mirar l'opre grandi il cielo.

*And without Cloud, Heaven his redoubled Light,
Bent down to see this Field, this Fray, this Fright.*

FAIRF.

FOR we know, says *Pallavicini*, that the material Heaven has no Eyes to see, nor Soul to will, and that its Inhabitants, if it is spoken of them, see though the thickest Clouds, what Mortals do upon Earth.

He also criticizes on a certain Poet of his Time, who in Praise of a Sculptor, that had made a fine Statue of a Goddess,

Goddeſs, ſaid, he was himſelf a God, becauſe none but a God cou'd give Life to Marble.

Tu pur Dio ſei ;

Che Dio ſole, chi puo dar Vita a i marmi.

The Sophiſm, according to *Pallavicini*, conſiſts in taking that in a proper Senſe, which is generally taken in a metaphorical one only, as is the Power attributed to Sculptors of giving Life to Marble. This Power, in the proper Senſe, is one Effect and Mark of that which is divine ; ſuch a Power as is aſcrib'd to *Jupiter*, when he turn'd *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha's* Stones into Men, which is not true, and cannot be ſaid of Sculptors but in a metaphorical Senſe, as they give their Statues the Likeneſs of the Life.

Is it not ſtrange that ſo exact and judicious a Critick as this, ſhou'd ſo groſſly err himſelf in his comparing the Archbiſhop's Diſcourſes of Episcopical Functions to Caſtles in the Air, when he wou'd commend them for their Solidity as well as Beauty. But ſo it is. The Wiſe have their dark Intervals, as Madmen have their Lucid ; and as to Language and Morals, thoſe that know the Rules the beſt, do not always beſt obſerve them. It often happens that Philoſophers are guilty of Sophiſms, and Teachers of Morality, the moſt negligent of their Morals. What fine Lectures of *Oeconomy*, *Diſcretion*, *Piety*, &c. had we given us in certain Papers, which had deſervedly the greateſt Run of any that had ever been publiſh'd till then, and yet the Town knew full well that Precept and Example did not go together. May we not imagine, whatever Father *Bouhours* ſays of the Solidity and Beauty of *Pallavicini's* Subject, that had a Diſcourſe of the Grandeur of modern Episcopacy lain in the Way of Biſhop *Timothy* and Biſhop *Titus* ; ſuch Episcopacy I mean as that of *Munſter*, *Toledo*, *Rheims*, *Paris*, &c. they wou'd have thought it all Romance, and every whit as extravagant as Caſtles in the Air.

ALL Men are liable to Miſtakes and Lapses, in the Manner of Thinking ; but it is incumbent on ſuch as write to avoid them as much as poſſible, and to ſtudy the Truth, which is only amiable, in all Things. Every one loves the Truth ; and when we read what is true, it is not the Book nor the Author that makes us think it is ſo, but ſomething we have in our ſelves ſuperiour to the Body and all ſenſible

Miſtakes and
Negligence.

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sible Light, an Impression or Reflection of the eternal Light of Truth. One of the greatest Wits of the last Age assures us, when a natural Discourse paints a Passion, we feel in our selves the Truth of what we understand, which was there without our knowing it; and we are dispos'd to love the Author by whom we felt it, and look upon it as something he had shewn us of our own, and not his. A fine Thought, if it is not spun too finely.

IT is not sufficient towards right Thinking, that there shou'd be nothing *Trivial Thoughts.* false in a Thought. Thoughts are sometimes trivial, by the Author's taking too much Care to avoid Falsehood. Cicero's Saying of Crassus, which has been before quoted, relates to this, *Sententiæ Crassi tam integre*, &c. After he had said Crassus's Thoughts are *so sound, so true*; he adds, *so new, so uncommon*; that is, besides the Truth in them, which is always pleasing, there must be something which strikes and surprizes; not that all ingenious Thoughts ought to be as new as were those of Crassus. It wou'd be a hard Matter to say nothing but what's new. 'Tis sufficient that Thoughts, in all Writings witty and ingenious, shou'd not be worn out; that if the Invention be not entirely new, the Manner of Expression be so, and the Turn that's given it be uncommon; or if such a Turn be wanting, there must be something in its Place, which raises both Admiration and Delight. Most of our Poetry has lately been made up of common Thoughts, without any more Turn than Rhime and Numbers can give them. Our Satyrs, Panegyricks, Epistles, and other Poems, are eternal common Place; and how can it be otherwise? Genius being in a great Measure lost, the Poets must trade on other Mens Stocks, having little of their own.

HERE Father Bouhours ends his first Dialogue, to which the Reader will observe we have added much out of *English* Authors, and shall not only make use of *English* Authors in the following Parts, but of other *French* Writers, besides the learned Jesuit, whose Book is the Foundation of our Work. In this Chapter he has warn'd us not to confound the Pagan and Christian Divinity, or one System in Theology with another; for that must necessarily be contrary to right Thinking. I have not met with this Kind of Falsehood so much, as in a Play of *Southern's*, which was usher'd into the World by *Dryden*, then *Poet Laureat*. The

Scene is in *Persia*, after it had been subjected to the *Saracens*, and *Haly*, one of *Mahomet's* Disciples, had establish'd his Religion there, which has the heathen Deities in more Abhorrence than perhaps any other System has, except our own. But *Begona*, the *Sophi's* Mother, swears, as they us'd to do in the Reign of *Abasuerus* and *Queen Esther*,

By the Sun and all the Stars.

The Princess *Semantke* swears also, like an antique *Persian*,

By the bright Throne of Cyrus.

Seliman the *Sophi*, like a good *Mahometan*, swears,

By Haly's Soul 'twas Conduct for a God.

Another Oath of his is,

By Mars the single Virtue of this Arm

There he's a downright Pagan, and at last he has somewhat of mongrel Christianity in him :

She is, by Hell she is.

I do not think Mr. *Southern* is so much accountable for these Faults as the *Laureat* Mr. *Dryden*, by whose *Pen* the Poet tells the Duke of *Richmond* he was secur'd from Criticism ; but that's a very small Security ; and the *Guardian*, N^o. 110. contains so many Criticisms on *Dryden's* own Plays, that *Southern* must defend himself as well as he can. The Critick in that Paper rallies *Muley Moleck* in *Don Sebastian*, for taking *Ovid* into his Favour, and talking of *Gorgon's Face*, *Hydra's Head*, *Thebes*, *Bacchus born in Thunder*, &c. tho' the Pagan System and Learning were certainly much better known to the *Moors* in *Barbary*, which had been a *Roman Province*, than to the *Persick Saracens*. The *Sophi* says,

Like Billores at the angry Neptune's Frown.

And his Mother *Begona* is very well acquainted with the *Roman History* :

Then whither would your Rage ?

Like Tullia, triumph o'er a Parent's Wounds.

But what the *Sophy* speaks elsewhere, shews us that all Climates are alike ; and *April Showers* bring forth *May Flowers* alike at *London* and *Ispahan*.

She,

She, who like April Months still wept and shone.

And then,

*Hot scalding Bubbles of descending Lust,
As Jupiter rain'd down on Danae.*

Rowe, in his *Royal Convert*, adds the Roman God Hymen to Friga, Thor, and Tuisco, Saxon Deities:

Hymen shall join two Hearts.

And deprives poor Friga of her Divinity, to set up the Roman Goddess Venus:

When Venus and the coming Spring invite.

Artaxerxes the Persian too, in Mr. Rowe's *Ambitious Step-mother*, pays Homage to the same Deity, never heard of in Persia:

*From thee, as from the Cyprian Queen of Love,
Ambrosial Odours flow.*

Tho' Mr. Rowe has made these Slips, they are not mention'd to lessen the Reputation he has justly acquir'd by his Tragedies, which are not inferiour to the best of the Moderns: But to shew that our *English* Poets have taken too little Care of thinking justly, provided they cou'd think finely. Sir John Denham, in his Tragedy of the *Sophy*, makes the King of Persia say,

*Welcome, my Son, as welcome to thy Father,
As Phœbus was to Jove. ———*

Again,

The Persians still adore the rising Sun.

Which is false; for the *Persians* then were *Mahometans*, of the rigid Sect of *Haly*, utter Enemies to all Kinds of Idolatry. The old *Persians* did worship the *Sun*; but the *Persians* under the *Sophies* never did, and tho' it is metaphorically spoken, it still renders it false. That the Fault we are treating of is not so small as may be generally imagin'd, appears by what the Writer of the *Critical Letter* says to the *Guardian*, N^o. 110. "Our Tragedy Writers have been notoriously defective in giving proper Sentiments to the Persons they introduce; nothing is more common, than to hear an Heathen talking of Angels and Devils; the Joys of Heaven, and the Pains of Hell. Dryden is in-

" deed generally wrong in his Sentiments. I might shew
 " several Faults of that Kind in *most of his Plays*, parti-
 " cularly the celebrated *Aurengzebe*. The Impropriety
 " of Thought in the Speeches of the great *Mogul* and his
 " Empress, has been generally censur'd. Take the Sen-
 " timents out of the shining Dress of Words, and they
 " would be too coarse for a Scene at *Billingsgate*." That
 we may take this Gentleman's Word, will be seen by the
 Character the *Guardian* gives his Criticisms; *They are very*
just and curious, which is not true if taken in the general.
 Can there be any Thing more ridiculous than this Critick's
 censuring *Dryden*, for making the *Musli* of *Africa* speak
 of Cardinal *Ximenes*, whom he will not allow that the
 Moor cou'd have heard of? His Words are: *Dryden seems*
to think he may make every Person in his Play know as
much as himself. Now it happens that this same *Musli*
 must have known *Ximenes* much better than *Dryden* cou'd:
 That Cardinal having been at the Head of a Christian Ar-
 my in *Africa* but twenty Years before *Don Sebastian's* Ex-
 pedition thither, at what Time that Moorish Priest is sup-
 pos'd to have liv'd. *Ximenes* conquer'd the City of *Oran*,
 which is to this Day in *Spanish* Hands; and it was that
 very Conquest which flatter'd *Don Sebastian*, King of *Por-*
tugal, with Hopes of Success. Yet the *Musli* cou'd ne-
 ver have heard of the Man's Name. *So very just and cu-*
rious, according to the *Guardian*, are the Critick's Re-
 marks. *Wolfey*, another Cardinal that cou'd not be known
 to the Moor, was contemporary with *Ximenes*; and a Sort of
 Favourite to the Emperor *Charles V.* who had also been in
Africa, and a Candidate for the Papacy; yet the Pope of
Barbary, who liv'd on the other Side of the Water only,
 cou'd not possibly have heard of his Name, if the Critick's
 Remarks are *curious* and *just*. I cannot help taking No-
 tice, that the Criticisms in the *Tatlers*, *Guardians*, *Specta-*
tors are a little too common and superficial, and not always
 just. Those on *Milton* are rather a Collection of the
 Beauties in the *Paradise Lost*, than an exact Criticism on
 the Mechanism of the Poem. Of the same Kind are the
 Quotations out of other Poems; and it is surely most Praise-
 worthy, that several of those Poems were written by the
 Friends of the Writers of those Papers, and very often of
 the Printers. However, in other Speculations they are the
 most polite and entertaining of any modern Pieces, perhaps
 in any modern Language. With this high and just Opini-
 on

nion of those Authors, I must be so free as to observe, That there is too much Artifice in their Remarks on Writers and their Writings. They seldom meddle with any whose Reputation is not well establish'd. Contrary to the *Spectator's* Observation, N^o. 291. *One great Mark by which you may discover a Critick, who has neither Taste nor Learning, is this, that he seldom ventures to praise any Passage in an Author which has not been before receiv'd.* Whoever is acquainted with the *Tatlers*, *Guardians*, and *Spectators*, need not be told, that most of the Passages which are prais'd in those Papers, were well known before to Men of Taste, tho' they were not become so common as they have been since. Among other Instances of good Policy and good Breeding, is what the *Spectator* says of P--'s *Art of Criticism*, N^o. 255, a *Master-piece in its Kind*, which contains *what is uncommon*. Now if there is one Remark in it which is new and of Importance, I will for the sake of that subscribe to it as a *Master-piece*, whatever Mr. *Dennis* has so judicially said to the contrary. The Versification is good, and Rules told in Verse succeed better than when they are deliver'd in Prose. But to say any of those Rules are uncommon, and what was not known before, is to say the very Thing in which they are egregiously deficient. The Poets and Criticks of our Time, for several Years together, form'd Cabals and Societies to support each other's Reputation. They seem'd to incorporate themselves, and allow'd none to deal in Criticism or Poetry that were not free of their Company. They prais'd one another without Measure, in publick at least, and tost the Feather from one to t'other, as People do at Shuttlecock. This was the surest Way to keep their Ground; but it was a sure Way also to pass false Thoughts for true, and Vogue for Merit, when no Body's Word was to be taken but their own. I cou'd explain this by very pleasant Circumstances, were it not to betray Conversation, and disturb the Ashes of the Dead.



PART II.

*That the Justness of a THOUGHT
is not of it self sufficient to ren-
der it good.*

Justness of
Thought not
sufficient.



TRUTH is not of it self enough in the fine Way of Thinking; something extraordinary must be added to strike and please the Mind. Truth is to Thought what the Foundation is to a Building; it supports and renders it solid: But a Building that is solid only, will have nothing in it to give Pleasure to such as understand Architecture. Besides Solidity there must be Grandeur, Beauty, and even Delicacy, or one cannot say the House is well built. 'Tis the same in Thoughts: Truth, which pleases so much every where else without Ornament, requires it here. This Ornament is sometimes nothing else but a new Turn that is given to Things. *Death spares no Body.* The Thought is true, and too true to our Misfortune; but it is a very simple one, and a very common one: Yet as *Horace* and *Malherb* have turn'd it, 'tis striking and fine.

Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque Turres.

HOR. Lib. i. Od. iv.

*Pale Death, with equal Foot, kicks down
The Peasants Cors and Palaces of Kings.*

Malherb gives it another Turn:

Le Pauvre en sa Cabane ou le Chaume le couvre
Est sujet a ses Loix,
Et la Garde qui veille aux barrieres du Louvre
N'en defend pas nos Roix.

The

*The poor Man in his hawmy Cot
Is subject to his Taxes;
Nor can the Guards, who wait
At Whitehall Gate,
From Death defend our Kings.*

Horace's Thought is more figurative and more lively, according to *Pere Bouhours*; *Malherb's* more natural and more fine; and I think the *French* preferable to the *Latin*.

MEN of the best Taste, delight most in Thoughts that have Elevation and Sublime Thoughts. Sublimity. Grandeur in a Thought is what transports and ravishes, provided it is agreeable to the Subject; for it is a standing Rule to think as the Subject requires; and nothing is more out of Reason, than to have sublime Thoughts on a Subject which demands ordinary Ones: 'Tis better to have ordinary Thoughts on a Subject which demands sublime Ones. *Longinus* says, on the Elevation of Thought, That it does not persuade, but transport. *Non ad persuasionem, sed ad stuporem rapiunt Grandia.* *Pere Bouhours* makes use of the *Latin* Version, and not of the original *Greek*. *Quintilian* says of the Unreasonableness of using sublime Thoughts on a Subject which requires only ordinary Ones; *A sermone tenui sublime discordat, fitque corruptum quia in plano tumet.* The sublime does not agree with, but corrupt it by swelling it too much, *Lib. 8. c. 3.* *Longinus* mentions a Saying of *Timeus*, who in praising *Alexander* has this Expression: *He conquer'd all Asia, in much less Time than Hercules took to make his Panegyrick on the Athenians;* which is not so bad as what *Balzac* said in his Letter to *La Motte Aigron*, *Je meurs, &c. I wish I may dye, if the least Part of the Discourse you shew'd me, is not worth more than all the Dutch have done, excepting the Prince of Orange's Victories.* *Longinus* accuses *Timeus* for the Puerility and Meanness of the Comparison between the King of *Macedon* and a *Sophist*, and between the Conquest of *Asia* and an Oration; but there is however more Proportion between an illustrious Conqueror, and a famous Orator; between the Effect of Heroick Virtue, and a Master-piece of Eloquence, than between the least part of a small Discourse, and all that a wise and happy Nation had done: For excepting the Prince of *Orange's* Victories, since *Balzac* will have them excepted, to what Height has the Republick

publick of *Holland* carry'd their Power by Sea and Land, maugre all the Force and Politicks of *Spain*!

HOWEVER, the Thought of *Timeus*, which *Longinus* condemns, is vicious, because *Isocrates's* Panegyrick had no manner of Relation to *Alexander's* Victories.

Hermogenes has establish'd several Orders and Degrees of noble and majestic Thoughts, as he calls them.

The first Order is of those that have Relation to the Gods, and express something Divine. Thus according to this Rhetorician's Doctrine,

there's a great Deal of Dignity in the Saying of the Greek Father, *That Christianity is an Imitation of the Divine Life*; and of a Latin Father; *That to love One's Enemies, is to revenge One's self like God*; than which nothing can be said more fine and more grand. *Cicero* says something like it, *Homines ad Deos nulla re propius accedunt quam Salute hominibus danda*: Orat. pro Ligar. *Mankind never approach so near to the Gods in any Thing, as in giving Life to Men*. Of the same Kind is the Thought of *Valerius Paterculus* upon *Cato*, Lib. 1. *Homo Virtuti simillimus, per omnia Ingenio Diis quam Hominibus propior, qui nunquam recte fecit ut facere videretur*. A Man very nearly resembling Virtue it self, his Soul in all Things more like Gods than Men, who never did a good Thing, that he might be seen to do to do it. Of the same Kind also is the Thought of *Seneca*, upon Fortune's using the Virtuous ill: *Si magnus Vir cecidit, magnus jacuit: Non magis illum putes contemni, quam cumedium sacrarum ruine calcantur; quas religiosi æque ac stantes adorant*. Consolat ad Helviam. If a great Man falls, His Fall does not lessen his Greatness; we have the same Regard for him, as for those demolish'd Temples, the Ruins of which, religious Men revere and adore. In this Order, must be rank'd the famous Thought of *Sannazarius* on the City of *Venice*. The Poet feigns, that *Neptune* rising above the Waters in the *Adriatick* Sea, and giving Law to the Ocean, addresses himself to *Jupiter*, by Way of Insult; *Boast now as much as you please of your Capitol, and the renown'd Walls of your Mars: If you prefer Tyber to the Sea, behold this City, and you will then say, that City was built by Men, and this by Gods*.

*Si Pelago Tybrim præfers urbem aspice utramque :
Illam homines dices, hanc possuisse Deos.*

THE Nobleness of Thought, as *Hermogenes* teaches, arises also from the Nature of the Things, which are human, indeed, but pass among Mankind for great and illustrious, as Power, Generosity, Wisdom, Valour, Victories and Triumphs. *You have receiv'd nothing from Fortune*, said *Cicero* to *Cæsar*, greater than the Power of preserving the Lives of an infinite Number of Persons, and nothing better of Nature than the Will to do it. *Nil habet nec Fortuna tua majus quam ut possis : Nec Natura tua melius quam ut velis conservare quam plurimos.* Orat. pro *Ligar*. 'Twas spoken like a God, and human Wit cannot extend farther. All the waste of Eloquence in the French Panegyricks on *Lewis XIV*, are Chaff in Comparisons of this solid and beautiful Thought. *Velleius Paterculus*, in whose History, some Criticks think, there are many Things more piquant than in *Livy*, says of the Roman Orator : *Omnia incrementa sua sibi debuit Vir ingenio maximus, qui efficit ne quorum arma vicerimus, eorum ingenio vinceremur.* He ow'd his Elevation to himself only, and his Genius hinder'd the conquer'd Nations having as much Advantage over the Romans as to Wit, as the Romans had over them as to Valour. *Seneca* the elder, said something still more magnificent of *Cicero*; *Illud Ingenium quod solum Populus Romanus par imperio suo habuit : Controvers.* Lib. 1. He was the only Roman whose Wit was equal to the Empire. The Virtue of *Cato*, gave Occasion to many fine Thoughts in the Writings of the Antients.

Secretosque pios, his dantem jura Catonem. Æneid. 8vo.
Apart from these, the happy Souls he draws,
And Cato's holy Ghost dispensing Laws.

Holy Shade had probably been better, considering how that other Term is appropriated in the Christian System. *Horace* says of *Cato* :

*Et cuncta terrarum Subacta
Præter atrocem animum Catonis.*

The whole World but Cato's Soul,
Fierce and untameable, is subdu'd.

Virgil and *Horace's* Thoughts are in the main equally noble; for it is as glorious to be at the Head of honest Men, giving them Laws, as to be the only Man that refus'd to submit to the Conqueror of the World. But if we judge by Appearance, there is more Elevation, and more Majesty in *Horace's* Thought than in *Virgil's*. I will not pretend to determine, whether they both speak of the same *Cato*. 'Tis certain, *Horace* means *Cato of Utica*, and so probably does *Virgil*, because in the preceeding Verse he mentions *Catiline*, which could have no Relation to *Cato the Elder*.

A N antient Poet, a great Imitator of *Virgil*, has a very noble Thought upon *Hannibal*, whom 'twas propos'd to attack while was at a Feast: *You will deceive your self*, said a Citizen of *Capua* to the young Man who had form'd so bold a Design, *If you think to find Hannibal at Table disarm'd, the Majesty with which he's cloath'd, and which never leaves him; The Majesty he has acquir'd by so many Battles and Victories, will stand him instead of a Shield and a Sword; if thou dost approach him, thou wilt be surpris'd to see around him the Battles of Cannæ, Trebia, and Thrasymene, with the Ghost of the great Paulus.* Wonderfully grand. *Fallit te mensas inter quod credis inermem, Tot bellis quæsitâ Viro, tot cædibus armat Majestas æterna ducem: Si admoveris Ora Cannas & Trebiam ante oculos, Trasymenæque busta, Et Pauli stare ingentem miraberis Umbram.* Sil. Ital.

ONE of the most celebrated French Orator's of the last Age, made use of the same Thought in a large Poem, speaking of the great Prince of *Conde's* never being alone in the most solitary Walks of *Chantilly*: The Images of *Rocroy, Lens, Friburgh, Nerlinguen, Senef*, present themselves every where before you, and you fancy you see the Ghosts of the Generals of the Armies you have routed. Another Poet speaking of the Battle of *Tolhuys*, after the Passage of the Rhine says;

Qua ruis, exanimis fugiunt sine vulnere turmæ
Multa Oculis Norlingua & Lentia multa recurfat.

The Enemies flew away half dead at his Approach without a Wound: They had NORLINGUEN and FRIBURGH, ever before their Eyes. In the Poem *St. Louis*, the Poet, speaking of two Bodies of the Army sent from *Greece*, says: One would have thought, they had descended from

from those antient Greeks, who made themselves Masters of Asia, and obtained these famous Victories of *Thermopila* and *Arbela*:

De ces Peres fameux les Noms & la Memoire,
Qui combattent encore, & regnent dans l' Histoire,
Leur inspirent un air de gloire & de Valeur:
Leur remettent *Athene* & *Sparte* dans le cœur;
Et pour mot au marcher, par leur rang & leur Files,
On n' entend resonner qu' *Arbelle* & *Thermopiles*.

*The Names and Memory of those famous Fathers,
Who combat still and reign in History,
Inspir'd them with an Air of Glory and of Valour:
Athens and Sparta in their Souls reviv'd,
And when they march'd, the Word thro' all their Ranks,
Was still Arbela and Thermopilæ.*

Quintilian says, *Cæsar* has so much Vehemence in his Writing, so much Vivacity, so much Fire, that he seems to speak with the same Air, and the same Strength, with which he fought, *Tanta in eo vis est, id acumen, ea concitatio, ut illum eodem animo videatur dixisse quo bellavit*, Lib. x. c. i. *Cæsar* had an admirable Talent for Eloquence; but it is said of him, he had rather conquer Men than persuade them, and that he conquer'd only to have the Glory of pardoning. *Cicero* speaks more nobly, 'Tis not necessary to have the Alps for a Defence against the Gauls, nor the Rhine against the Germans: If the Mountains were level'd, and the deepest Rivers dry'd up, Italy would have nothing to fear. The glorious Actions, and the Victories of *Cæsar*, would defend her better than all the Ramparts with which Nature has fortify'd her. *Perfecit ille ut si montes resedissent, amnes exaruisissent, non Naturæ præsidio, sed Victoria sua rebusque gestis Italiam munitam haberemus*. Con. Piso. *Velleius Paterculus* says of *Pompey*, *Ut primum ex Africa, iterum ex Europa, tertio ex Asia triumpharet, & quot Partes terrarum Orbis sunt, totidem faceret monumenta Victoriæ suæ*; He triumphed first in Africa, then in Europe, then in Asia, as if he was to have as many Monuments of his Victories as there are Parts of the World. *Valer. Max.* speaking of *Pompey's* Reception of *Tigranes* King of Armenia, after he had routed him, says: *In pristinum Fortunæ habitum restituit: æque pulchrum esse judicans, & vincere Reges & facere*; He restor'd him to his former Fortune, reckoning it as glorious to make

make Kings, as to conquer them. Mutian in Tacitus prefers the Giving an Empire to the Obtaining of one, the making *Vespasian* Emperor, to taking the Empire himself: But 'tis rather the Sentiment of the Historian than of the Heroe.

T H E R E are many noble Thoughts in Mr. Rowe's *Tamerlane*, one of the best Tragedies that ever was written, ancient or modern. The King speaks,

Oh, Axalla !

*Could I forget I am a Man, as thou art,
Would not the Winter's Cold, or Summer's Heat,
Sickness or Thirst, and Hunger, all the Train
Of Nature's clamorous Appetites, asserting
An equal Right in Kings and common Men,
Reprove me daily ! No, If I boast of ought,
Be it to have been Heaven's happy Instrument ;
The Means of Good to All my Fellow Creatures,
This is a King's best Praise.*

Every one knows Mr. Rowe drew the Picture of King *William*, of ever glorious Memory, in his *Tamerlane*. And how agreeable are the Sentiments to the Character ? *Tamerlane* to *Bajazet* :

—— *Why slept the Thunder,
That should have arm'd thy Idol Deity,
And given thee Pow'r, ere yester Sun was set,
To shake the Soul of Tamerlane ! Hadst thou an Arm
To make thee fear'd, thou shou'dst have prov'd it on me,
Amidst the Sweat and Blood of yonder Field,
When, thro' the Tumult of the War I sought thee,
Fenc'd in with Nations.*

Of this Kind is the Comparifon in his *Ulyffes* :

—— *So the Eagle,
That bears the Thunder of our Grandfire Jove,
With Joy beholds his hardy youthful Offspring
Forsake the Nest to try his tender Pinions
In the wide untract Air, till bolder grown,
Now like a Whirlwind, on the Shepherd's Fold,
He darts precipitate, and gripes the Prey ;
Or fixing on some Dragon's scaly Hide,
Eager of Combat, and his future Feast,*

Bears

*Bears him aloft reluctant, and in vain
Writhing his spiry Tail.*

This Comparison is not so improper as those are, which are made in the Height of Passion. *Ulysses's* Joy is sedate and contemplative, capable of simulating the Courage of his Son with that of the Eagle's young One. But Similes made in the Height of Grief, when the Soul is in a State of Distraction, and sensible of Nothing but the Subject of its Sorrow, are unnatural and monstrous. The Duke of *Buckingham* has effectually expos'd this Folly in the *Rehearsal*:

*So Boar and Sow, when any Storm is nigh,
Snuff up and smell it, &c.*

Mr. *Rowe* had laugh'd at it often in Mr. *Bayes*, and yet he is extremely guilty of it himself: *Lavinia*, in the *Fair Penitent*, in the Bitterness of Distress goes off with a Simile and a Rhime:

*So when the Merchant sees his Vessel lost,
Tho' richly freighted, &c.*

Rodogune, in the *Royal Convert*, in the utmost Impatience of Soul:

So if by Chance the Eagle's noble Offspring.

Dumont, *Jane Shore's* Husband, speaking in an Extream of Tenderness to his Wife:

So when the Spring renews the flow'ry Field,

There wou'd be no End of it to repeat what we meet with of this Kind in other *English* Tragedies, where very fine Thoughts are lost for want of Judgement in the Use of them. Either Mr. *Dryden* has done *Virgil* great Wrong in his Translation, or Mr. *Rowe's* Eagle is much superiour to *Virgil's*:

*So sleeps the yellow Eagle from on high,
And bears a speckled Serpent thro' the Sky,
Fastning his crooked Talons on the Prey,
The Prisoner hisses thro' the liquid Way;
Resists the Royal Hawk, and tho' oppress'd,
She fights in Volumes, and erects her Crest;*

Twin'd

*Twin'd to her Foe, she stiffens ev'ry Scale,
And shoots her forky Tongue, and whisks her threat-
ning Tail.*

The yellow Eagle ; the speckled Serpent ; the kissing and
the whisking are not like,

*Now like a Whirlwind on the Shepherd's Fold,
He darts precipitate, &c.*

One can never enough admire this noble Thought in Milton :

*Then crown'd again, their golden Harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their Side
Like Quivers hung, and with Preamble sweet
Of charming Symphony they introduce
The sacred Song, and waken Raptures high,
No One exempt, no Voice, but well could joyn,
Melodious Part, such Concord is in Heaven.*

Shakespear often thinks very nobly, as in Henry Vth :

*This is the State of Man, to Day he puts forth
The tender Leaves of Hopes ; to Morrow blossoms
And bears his blushing Honours thick upon him :
The third Day comes a Frost, a killing Frost,
And when he thinks, good easy Man, full surely,
His Greatness is a ripning, nips his Root,
And then he falls as I do.*

This of Dryden agrees with the Subject :

*Thus born alike from Virtue, first began
The Difference that distinguish'd Man from Man ;
He claim'd no Title from Descent of Blood,
But that which made him Noble, made him Good.
Warm'd with more Particles of Heavenly Flame,
He wing'd his upward Flight, and soar'd to Fame.*

Milton is so full of noble Thoughts that we can not look
into his *Paradise Lost* without meeting them. How noble
and how lovely is his Image of the Creation ?

—— I saw the Birth
Of Nature, from the unapparent Deep.
I saw, when, at his Word, this formless Mass,
The World's material Mould, came to a Heap.
Confusion heard his Voice.

Milton,

Milton, tho' he had little Benefit of the *Sun*, being blind, yet he never speaks of that great Luminary but with a Sort of Transport, as if the Loss of it had endear'd it to him still the more, and the Remembrance of what it was, still living in his Soul, had improv'd his Idea's of it by frequent Contemplation :

*Then of Celestial Bodies, first the Sun,
A mighty Sphere he fram'd: unlightsome first,
Tho' of etherial Mold. He form'd the Moon
Globose, and every Magnitude of Stars:
Of Light by far the greater Part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudy Shrine, and plac'd
In the Sun's Orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid Light, firm to retain
Her gather'd Beams. Great Palace now of Light!
Hither, as to their Fountain, other Stars
Repairing in their Golden Urns drew Light:
And hence the Morning Planet gilds her Horns!
First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen,
Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round,
Invested with bright Rays.*

Let us run thro' all Antiquity, and see if we can find such a noble Image as this:

*Hither, as to their Fountain, other Stars
Repairing, in their Golden Urns drew Light:
And hence the Morning Planet gilds her Horns.*

In another Place:

Oh, Sun of this great World, both Eye and Soul.

Again,

*Oh, thou! that with surpassing Glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole Dominion like the God
Of this great World, at whose Sight all the Stars
Hide their diminish'd Heads.*

Again,

*The Golden Sun in Splendour likest Heaven,
Alas! the vulgar Constellations thick,
That from his Lordly Eye keep Distance due,
Dispence Light from far. They as they move
Their starry Dance, in Numbers that compute*

Days,

*Days, Months, and Years, tow'rds his all-cheering
Lamp.*

*Turn swift their various Motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetick Beams that gently warm
The Universe.*

HOW GREAT and how New are all these Thoughts on a Subject the most common, because the most visible of of any under the *Sun*? Whose Glories have been a Temptation to many a Muse to singe her Wings in his *Etherial Fire*. *Milton* always maintains the Majesty of Thought on so majestick a Subject. *Cowley* in the following Verses begins well, but does not keep on so

*Mark how the lusty Sun salutes the Spring,
And gently kisses every Thing:
His loving Beams unlock each maiden Flow'r,
Search all the Treasure, all the Sweets devour.
Then on the Earth with Bridegroom Heat,
He does still new Flowers beget.*

Is not this trifling, in Comparifon with *Milton's* Thoughts; and how different is this Image from that even of the Devil lying on the burning Lake! Book I.

*Thus Satan talking to his nearest Mate,
With Head uplift above the Wave, and Eyes
That sparkling blaz'd, his other Parts beside
Prone on the Flood extended, long and large,
Lay floating many a Rood —————
Forthwith upright he reers from off the Pool
His mighty Stature, on each Hand the Flames
Driv'n backwards, slope their pointing Spires and rowl'd
In Billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid Vale,
Then with expanded Wings he steers his Flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air,
That feels unusual Weight, till on dry Land
He lights, if it were Land that ever burn'd
With solid as the Lake with liquid Fire.*

IN the Beginning of the Fourth Book of *Tasso's* *Gierusalemme*, the Devil holds a Synod, as *Satan* in the *Pandemonium*, Book I. of *Paradise Lost*:

Tasso:

*About their Prince each took his wonted Seat,
On Thrones red hot ibuilt of burning Brass,
Pluto in middest heav'd his Trident great,
Of rusty Iron huge that forged was,
The Rocks on which the Salt Sea Billows beat,
And Atlas top the Clouds in Height that pass
Compar'd to his huge Person, Mole-hills be,
So his rough Front, his Horns so list'd be.*

FAIRF.

He makes a true Devil of him, with Horns and a rusty Iron Prong. Let us now see

Milton:

—— He above the Rest,
In Shape and Gesture proudly Eminent,
Stood like a Tower. His Form had yet not lost
All her original Brightness, nor appear'd
Less than Archangel ruin'd, and th' Excess
Of Glory obscured. As when the Sun new risen,
Looks thro' the horizontal misty Air,
Shorn of his Beams.

Tasso again:

*The Tyrant proud frown'd from his lofty Cell,
And with his Looks made all his Monsters tremble;
His Eyes that full of Rage and Venom swell,
Two Beacons seem, that Men to Arms assemble;
His feltred Locks that on his Bosom fell,
On rugged Mountains, Briers and Thorns resemble.
His foaming Mouth, that foamed clotted Blood,
Gap'd like a Whirl-pool Tide in Stygian Flood.*

FAIRF.

Milton:

*Above them all th' Arch-angel, but his Face,
Deep scars of Thunder had intrench'd, and Care
Sate on his faded Cheek, but under Brows
Of dauntless Courage, and considerate Pride,
Waiting Revenge.*

Tasso:

Tasso:

— Of the inferiour Devils,
 With ugly Paws some trample on the Green;
 Some gnaw the Snakes that on their Shoulders crawl,
 And some their forky Tails stretch forth on high,
 And tear the twinkling Stars from trembling Sky.

To say nothing of the trampling on the Green, and twinkling Stars, how short does this Image come of Milton's:

Millions of Spirits for his Fault amerc'd
 Of Heav'n, and from eternal Splendors flung
 For his Revolt.
 Their Glory wither'd, as when Heaven's Fire,
 Hath scath'd the Forest Oaks, or Mountains Pines,
 With singed Top, their stately Growth tho' bare
 Stands on the blasted Heath.

FATHER Boubours mentions Tasso's Thought on Lucifer's Speech to the Devils, in favour of the *Sarasin* Army, where he puts them in Mind of the Battel, they had had with the Hosts of Heaven:

Fummo (io no'l nego) in quel conflitto vinti
 Pur non manco Virtute al grand pensiero
 Hebbero i piu felici allor Vittoria,
 Rimase a noi d' invitto ardir la Gloria.

I grant we fell on the *Phlegrean* Green,
 Yet good our Cause was, tho' our Fortune nought.
 For Chance assisteth oft th' ignobler Part;
 We lost the Field, yet lost we not our Heart.

Thus Satan in the *Paradise Lost*:

His utmost Pow'r, with adverse Pow'r oppos'd,
 In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heaven,
 And shock his Throne, What tho' the Field be lost!
 All is not lost, th' unconquerable Will,
 And study of Revenge, immortal Hate,
 And Courage never to submit or yield,
 And what is else not to be overcome.
 That Glory never shall, his Wrath or Might
 Extort from me, to bow and sue for Grace,
 With suppliant Knee, and deify his Pow'r,
 Who from the Terrour of this Arm so late,
 Doubred his Empire.

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THE French Jesuit commends *Tasso* for an infinite Number of sublime Thoughts, which in Comparison with *Milton's* are of no more Value than *Tinsel* compar'd with Gold, as *Boileau* calls it the *Clinquant de Tasso* & l'Or de *Virgil*. If *Virgil's* Gold is so much preferable to *Tasso's* Tinsel, what must *Milton's* be, who for the Sublime excels *Virgil* more than *Virgil* excels *Tasso*. The Death of *Argantes* in the Opinion of Father *Boubours* is as nobly Thought; as that of *Pluto* about his War in Heaven:

Impatiente, inefforabil, fero,
Ne l' Arme infaticabile & invitto,
D' ogni Dio sprezzator, e che ripone,
Ne la Spada, sua legge e sua ragione.

*Inexorable, impatient and fierce,
Invincible in Arms, and indefatigable,
Heaven he defies, and places in his Sword,
The Reason and the Law.*

Argantes was kill'd by *Tancred*, whom he threatens as he's dying, and wou'd appear to be the Conqueror:

E vuol morendo, anco parer non vinto.

He wou'd not only seem not to be vanquish'd, but to be the Victor; as the General of the *Samnites*, who according to *Velleius Paterculus*, look'd more like a Conqueror than a dying Man, *Telesinus semianimis repertus est, victoris magis quam morientis vultum præferens*. *Tasso* has a Saying still more bold of another *Saracen*:

E morto anco minaccia.

Dead as he is, the Barbarian threatens the Christians, that is a threatenng Air remain'd on his Countenance: *Florus* says much the same of those brave Soldiers, who did not lose Hold of their Enemies after their Death, nor let their Swords drop out of their Hands; *Quidam hostibus suis immortui; omnium in manibus enses & relictæ in vultibus minæ*. Thus also *Salust* of *Catiline*: *Catilina longè a suis inter hostium cadavera repertus est; paululum etiam spirans, ferociamque animi quam habuerat vivus, in vultu retinens*. That his Corpse was found far in among the Enemy. The Breath not quite out of his Body, and there appear'd in his Look the same Pierceness of Soul as when he was living.

I cannot part with *Tasso* without comparing an Image of his with one of *Spencer's*, on a like Occasion.

Tasso. High on the Soldan's Helm enamel'd laid
An hideous Dragon arm'd with many a Scale,
With Iron Paws, and leathern Wings display'd,
Which twisted on a Knot her forked Tail;
With tripple Tongue, it seem'd she hift and braid;
About her Jaws the Froth and Venom trail;
And as she stirr'd, and as his Foes her bit,
So Flames to cast, and Fires she seem'd to spit.

Spencer. His haughty Helmet horrid all with Gold,
Both glorious Brightness and great Terrour bred,
For all the Crest, a Dragon did enfold,
With greedy Paws, and over all did spread
His golden Wings, his dreadful hideous Head,
Close couched on the Bever seem'd to throw
From flaming Mouth bright Sparkles fiery red,
That sudden Horrour to faint Hearts did shew,
And scaly Tail was stretch'd a down his Back full
Low.

Spencer again, very nobly;

Is this the Joy of Arms! Be these the Parts
Of glorious Knighthood, after Blood to thirst,
And not regard due Right and just Deserts,
Vain is the Vaunt, and Victory unjust.

A Spanish Author speaking of the Death of the Duke de Bourbon, who was kill'd before Rome, writes thus, *Aunque le quito el ser pero un solo punto non le pudo quitar la magnanimidad y vigor en tanto que el cuerpo tenio sentimiento*: His Courage did not leave him a Moment; his Soul was still firm, still intrepid, as long as there was any Warmth and Sense left in his Body. A French Poet said of his Country Men:

Animoque supersunt
Jam prope post animam

Their Courage does almost outlive them. The playing upon *Animo* and *Animam* has there a happy Effect, it being natural and unaffected. *Florus* did not give the Gauls, or old French, so good a Character, *Sicut primus impetus eis major quam virorum est, ita sequens minor quam semina-*
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man: They are at first more than Men in Battel, but afterwards less than Women.

I have inserted the Original of *Tasso*, when Father *Bouhours* has done it, where I have quoted him my self, I make use of *Fairfax's* Translation, which is fine in some Places, notwithstanding the Numbers and Language are a little antique, and he very often does Injustice to his Author, as here :

*I gradi primi,
Piu meritar che conseguir desio ;
Ne, pur che me la mia virtu sublimi,
Di scettri altezza invidiar degg' io.*

*Honours acquir'd by Merit, I desire,
To Greatness only by Desert aspire ;
And if by virtuous Actions I can rise,
Scepters and Crowns without them I despise.*

Fairfax :

*Degrees, quoth he, of Honours high to hold,
I would them first deserve and then desire,
And were my Valour such as you have told,
Would I for that to higher Place aspire.*

'Twas said of King William :

*— He thought it more Renown
To merit than possess a Crown.*

Mr. Prior, of the same great King in his Carm. Sec.

*Firm by his Side, unspotted Honour stood,
Pleas'd to confess Him, not so Great as Good ;
His Head with brighter Beams fair Virtue deck'd,
Than those, which all his num'rous Crowns reflect :
Establish'd Freedom clap'd her joyful Wings,
Proclaim'd the First of Men, and Best of Kings.*

The same Poet, in Verses presented to his Majesty in Holland :

*Your sacred Aid religious Monarchs own,
When first they merit, then ascend the Throne :
But Tyrants dread you, lest your just Decree,
Transfer the Pow'r and set the People free.*

Cou'd one have imagin'd that a Man, who thought so justly, wou'd have been a Tool to a Ministry, who were Tools to those very Tyrants!

THE following Verses of a *French* Poet, are probably copy'd from *Tasso's*. The Author introduces the Prince of *Conde* speaking of himself very handsome Things, with a true *French* Air, which I wonder Father *Bouhours* took so much Pleasure in.

J'ay le Cœur comme le Naissance,
J'ay porte dans les Yeux un feu vif & brillant;
J'ay de la Foy, de la Constance,
Je suis prompt, je suis fier, genereux & vaillant.
Rien n'est comparable a ma Gloire:
Le plus fameux Heros qu' on vante dans l' Histoire,
Ne me le sçauroit disputer.
Si je n'ay pas une couronne,
C'est la Fortune, qui la donne;
Il suffit de la meriter.

*My Courage like my Birth is Great;
I carry Fire and Lustre in my Eyes,
Faithful I am and Constant,
Active, Generous and Valliant.
Nothing is comparable to my Glory.
Heroes in History most renown'd,
Cannot dispute the Prize with me.
If I have not a Crown,
'Tis Fortune's Gift; enough that I deserve it.*

Much better is what *Christina* Queen of *Sweden* said in a Letter she wrote to the King of *Poland*, after raising the Siege of *Vienna*. *Io non le invidio il suo regno, ne quati tesori e speglie ella s' aquisto: io invidio solo a V. M. le sue fatiche, e li suoi pericoli: io invidio il bel titolo di Liberatore della Christianita, il gusto di dare ogni hora la vita e la liberta a tanti sfortunati de gl' amici e nemici, i quali devono a lei o la liberta o la vita loro.* "I don't
"envy you your Kingdom, nor the Treasures nor Spoils
"you have taken. I envy only your Majesty's Fatigues
"and Perils. I envy you the glorious Title of Deliverer
"of Christendom. I envy you the Pleasure of having
"given Life and Liberty to many miserable People both
"Friends and Enemies, who owe to you both Liberty
"and Life." *Tasso* thinks very finely in the Fifth Book,
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where *Rinaldo* having kill'd Prince *Gernando* in a Duel, is threatned to be try'd for it; instead of submitting to Military Discipline, and the Orders of the General, he vindicates the Action and smiles at their Menaces:

Sorrise alhor *Rinaldo*, e con un volto

In cui tra'l riso lampeggiò lo sdegno,

Difenda sua ragion ne céppi involto,

Chi servo e, disse, o d' after servo e degno

Libero e nacqui, e vissi, emorro sciolto:

Pria che man porga o piede a laccio indegno

Usa a la spada e questa destra & usa

A le palme, e vil nodo ella ricusa.

With that a bitter Smile, well might you see,

Rinaldo cast with Scorn and high Disdain;

Let them in Fetters plead their Cause, quoth he,

That are base Peasants born of servile Stain,

I was free born, I live and will dye free

Before these Feet be fetter'd in a Chain,

These Hands were made to shake sharp Spears and Swords,

Not to be ty'd in Gyves and twisted Cords.

FAIRF.

THE *Italian* is more nobly express'd than the *English*, but the alternate Jingle of the *Stanza-Rhime* seems to take away much of the Nobleness of Thought. It is great pity *Spencer* fell into that Way of Versifying, and very odd, that after it had been so generally and justly condemn'd, a Poet in our Time shou'd think to acquire Merit by imitating it. The Ruff and the Fardingale might as well be reviv'd in Dress, as the long Stanza in Poetry, where the Sense is fetter'd up in eight or ten Lines more than *Rinaldo's* Hands and Feet were like to be. A Man of great Note, who was extreamly desirous to see a new Version of *Ariosto* a few Years ago, oblig'd the Person he wou'd have put upon it to imitate the Stanza of *Spencer*, which the Translator was so soon weary of, that he gave off after two or three Stanza's; and whoever will make the same Tryal, will as soon give over, if he has any Ear and Genius. 'Twas finely said of *Armida* to *Godfrey* when she implor'd Succour of him:

Tu cui concessè il Cielo e dielti in fato

Voler il giusto, e poter ciò che vuoi.

Thou who dost all thou wishest, at thy Will,

And never willest ought but what is Right.

G 3

A Thought

A Thought like this is in the Panegyrick on Saint *Louis*. True Greatness does not consist in doing what one wou'd, but in willing what one ought. *La vraie grandeur ne consiste pas a faire tout ce que l'on veut, mais a vouloir tout ce que l'on doit.* One of the *Soldan's* Ambassadors, who were sent to put him off from the Siege of *Jerusalem*, has a noble Thought in *Tasso*:

E se ben acquistar puoi novi imperi:
Acquistar nova gloria indarno speri.

*And tho' new Realms you may to Thralldom bring,
No higher can your Praise your Glory spring.*

'Tis nobly said of *Godfrey* to *Altamor*, who yielded himself a Prisoner to him in the Battel, and offer'd him all the Gold in his Kingdom, and all his Wife's Jewels for a Ransom:

Cio che ti vien da l' Indiche maremmè.
Habbiti pure, e cio che Persia accoglie;
Che de la vita altrui prezzo non cerco;
Guereggio in Asia, e non vi cambio o merco.

*God shield, quoth Godfrey, that my noble Mind
Should Praise, and Virtue so by Profit measure,
All that thou hast from Persia and from Ind;
Enjoy it still, therein I take no Pleasure.*

*I set no Rent on Life, no Price on Blood,
I fight, and sell not War for Gold or Good.*

This Thought is taken from One in *Quintus Curtius*, upon *Parmenio's* advising *Alexander* to accept of some advantageous Offers made him by *Darius*; *Me non mercatorem memini esse sed Regem.* "I don't remember that I ever
" was a Merchant, I am a King." *Quintus Curtius* makes him say in the same Place, "He was not us'd to
" attack Prisoners and Women, but those that had their
" Arms in their Hands, and were able to defend them-
" selves." *Tasso* has stolen that Thought also, in making *Rinaldo* say:

Difesa e qui l' esser de l' arme ignudo,
Sol contra il ferro, il nobil fero adopra,
E sdegno negli inerme esser feroce.

*He scorns to strike his Foe, that flies or falls,
To wreak his Ire, and spend his Force in Vain,
Upon their fearful Backs that fled, he scorns,*

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more faithfully thus :

*He only fights with those he finds in Arms ;
He scorns to exercise his martial Rage
On those that can't defend themselves against it.*

Tho' these Thoughts seem to be borrow'd of the Antients, yet it is probable enough, that the modern Poets might think as the Antients did, without knowing it ; but 'tis certain some Thoughts of the Moderns are downright Thefts from the Antients, as this of *Janus Vitalis* on the Ruins of old *Rome*.

*Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque Saxa,
Obrutaque horrenti vasta Theatra situ ;
Hæc sunt Roma : viden', velut ipsa cadavera tantæ
Urbis adhuc spirent imperiosa minas.*

*Behold those Heaps of Stones, those Walls in Ruins,
And Amphitheatres demolish'd ; there
Is all that's left of Rome. Behold the Carcase
Of that proud City, ruin'd as she lies,
Imperial in her Look, and full of Threats.*

FATHER *Bouhours* will have it, that this Thought is taken from what *Sulpitius* wrote to *Cicero*, on the Death of his Daughter; for after having said, that coming back from *Asia*, and sailing towards *Italy* he saw *Egina*, *Megara*, *Pyrea* and *Corinth*, formerly flourishing Cities, and then in Ruins; he adds, (upon which this Thought came into my Mind) " Shall we poor mortal Creatures, who
" at one View, behold the Carcasses of so many Cities, be
" inconsolable at the Death of one of us, whose Life is
" so far short of the Being of a City. Hem nos homun-
" culi indignamur, si quis nostrum interiit, quorum vita
" brevior esse debet, cum uno loco tot oppidorum cadavera
" projecta jaceant?" *Tasso's* Thought upon *Carthage*, is still a plainer Theft than *Janus Vitalis*:

*Giace l' alta Cartago : a pena i fegni
De l' alte sue ruine il lido serba :
Muoiono le Citta, muoiono i regni.
Copre i fasti e le pompe arene & herba ;
Et l' huom d' esser mortal par che si sdegni.*

Great Carthage now, in Ashes low doth lye,
 Her Ruins poor, the Herbs in height scant pass;
 So Cities fall, so perish Kingdoms high,
 Their Pride and Pomp lye hid in Sand and Grass:
 Then why should mortal Man repine to dye,
 Whose Life is Air, Breath, Wind, and Body Glass!

FAIRF.

Perhaps Tasso had also this of Lucan in View:

—— Jam tota teguntur
 Pergama dumetis; etiam periere ruinae.

Now blasted Mossy Trunks with Branches sear,
 Brambles and Weeds, a loathsome Forrest rear;
 All rude, all waste, and desolate 'tis laid,
 And even the ruin'd Ruins are decay'd.

ROWE.

WE cannot but suppose the like Thoughts will be ever
 born of the like Subjects, and that all Authors who think
 alike, do not always steal from one another. 'Tis said to
 a Traveller in a Latin Epigram:

Qui Romam in media quæris novus advena Roma.
 Rome in the midst of Rome, new Comers seek.

As in Janus Vitalis:

Et Romæ in Roma nil reperis media.

Nothing of Rome, in midst of Rome you find,

Do not these Thoughts seem to be borrow'd from *Florus*;
 "Ita Ruinas ipsas urbium diruit, ut hodie Samnium in
 " ipsa Samnio requiratur, nec facile appareat materia qua-
 " tuor & viginti triumphorum. The Roman People so
 " destroy'd the very Ruins of Cities, that Samnium was
 " sought in Samnium itself:" And is not this copy'd from
Seneca? "*Lugdunum*, quod ostendebatur in Gallia quæri-
 " tur; We seek for Lions in Gaul:" And that from *Cicero*,
 " Ætneus ager sic erat deformis atque horridus, ut in u-
 " berrima Siciliæ parte Siciliam quæreremus. Cicero re-
 " proaches *Verres* with having made Sicily so desolate,
 " that it was sought for in the most fruitful Parts of it."
 The Thought is the same every where, and I rather think
 that every Author had it in his own Imagination, than
 that they stole it from one another; if they did, *Virgil* ex-
 cells them all:

Et

Et Campos ubi Troja fuit.

And Fields where once was Troy.

THERE was nothing at all left of *Troy*, but the Place where it stood. This goes farther than *Lucans*, *Periere Ruinae*, *Ruin'd Ruins*; or that other Poet, who speaks of its Ashes. By *Fields where once was Troy*, we have no Idea of so much as Ruins left, no Ashes which are at least the Remains of a burnt City. The Place only where *Troy* stood, is what comes into Imagination. The following Verses of *Girolamo Preti*, are admirable and worthy of all the Greatness of *Rome*.

Qui fu quella di Imperio antica sede,
Temuta in pace e trionfante in Guerra:
Fu; perch' altro che il loco hor non si vide.
Quella che Roma fu, giace sotterra.
Queste cui l'herba copre e calca il piede
Fur moli al ciel vicine, ed hor son terra,
Roma che'l mondo vinse al tempo cede,
Che i piani inalza, e che l' altezza alterra
Roma in Roma non e. Vulcano e Marte
La Grandezza di Roma a Roma han tolta.
Struggendo l'opre e di Natura e di Arte.
Volto flossopra il mondo, e'n polve e volta:
E fra queste ruine a terra sparte
In se stessa cadeo morta e sepolta.

*The Capital of Rome's vast Empire Here
Once stood, whom all the World in Peace did fear,
In War triumphant. We can only say
She was. For now the City's swept away.
That Rome, that once was so renown'd, is now
Bury'd in Earth, and wants like Earth the Plow.
The Heaps of Stone which under Grass now lie,
Once lifted their proud Heads and reach'd the Sky;
They're moulder'd now to Earth; victorious Rome
Did Time with all Things else to Ruin doom.
Time lifts the Low, the Lofty she'l debase,
Rome has no more in Rome itself a Place.
Vulcan and Mars had in her Fate their Part,
Wasting the Works of Nature and of Art.
The World's in waste, and Rome is sa'n at last,
To Dust and Ashes from her Greatness cast.
Daily her scatter'd Ruins we walk o'er,
She's bury'd in her self, and has a Place no more.*

Mr.

Mr. Addison, who spent a great Part of his Life in the Study of the Classics, and made great Use of them in his Writings, says of the *English Ships* bombarding the maritime Ports of France;

*Now does the Sailor from the neighbouring Main,
Look after Gallick Towns and Ports in vain;
No more his wonted Marks he can descry,
But sees a long unmeasur'd Ruin lye,
Whilst pointing to the naked Coast he shews
His wond'ring Mates where Towns and Steeples rose;
Where crowded Citizens he lately view'd,
And singles out the Place where once St. Maloe's stood.*

Preti's Thought is noble, and even magnificent, but that simple one of *Virgil* is more fine and more grand.

The Fields where once was Troy.

Has not *Tasso* refin'd a little on this Passage of *Virgil*, when he says of *Armida's* destroying her enchanted Palace?

*Ne piu il palagio appar, ne pur le fue
Vestigia ne dir puossi, egli qui fue.
By the least Track none cou'd the Palace trace,
Nor say, by the Remains it ever was.*

Spencer comes short of this, where speaking of the vanishing of an enchanted House. Book 3. Canto 12. he says, *Was vanish'd quite as it were not the same.*

BUT what is all this, to the Dignity of Thought and Expression in Dr. Burnet's Theory of the Earth, where the Author surveys the Globe after the Conflagration? What is the View of demolish'd Cities, such as *Aegina*, *Megara*, *Pyrea*, *Corinth*, such as *Carthage*, the Rival of *Rome*, and such as *Rome* herself, the Mistress of the World, to the whole Globe reduc'd to Ashes, and all Nature in Ruins? True the Antients had never so just a Conception of the End of all Things. They wanted Revelation, to give them a lively and dreadful Image of the World in Flames, and Dr. Burnet has improv'd the Advantage of the Subject, to excel them all in both Thought and Expression. "Such the Vanity and transient Glory of this habitable World: By the Force of one Element breaking loose upon the rest, all the Vanities of Nature, all the Works of Art, all the Labours of Men are reduc'd to
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“ Nothing ; all that we admir’d and lov’d before, as great
 “ and magnificent, is obliterated or vanish’d, and another
 “ Form and Face of Things, plain, simple, and every
 “ where the same overspreads the whole Earth. ”

IN what follows, is contain’d the utmost Strength and
 Beauty of the *English* Tongue. It cannot be translated
 into *French*, and has nothing equal to it, for the *Sublime*
 in *Demosthenes* or *Cicero* ; “ Where are now the great
 “ Empires of the World, and their great Imperial Cities ?
 “ Their Pillars, Trophies and Monuments of Glory !
 “ Shew me where they stood, read the Inscription, tell
 “ me the Victor’s Name ; ” *What an Insult is this on the*
Vanity of Humane Greatness ! “ What Remains, what
 “ Impressions, what Difference or Distinction do you see
 “ in this Mass of Fire ! *Rome* itself, eternal *Rome*, the
 “ great City, the Empress of the World, whose Domina-
 “ tion and Superstition ancient or modern, make a great
 “ Part of the History of the Earth ; What is become of
 “ her now ? She laid her Foundations deep, and her Pa-
 “ laces were strong & sumptuous ; *She glorified her self,*
 “ *and lived deliciously, and said in her Heart, I sit a Queen,*
 “ *and shall see no Sorrow.*

“ BUT her Hour is come, she is wiped away from the
 “ Face of the Earth, and buried in everlasting Oblivion.
 “ But it is not Cities only, and the Works of Mens Hands ;
 “ the everlasting Hills, the Mountains and Rocks of the
 “ Earth are melted as Wax before the Sun, *and their Place*
 “ *is no where found.*

“ HERE stood the Alps, the Load of the Earth, that
 “ covered many Countries, and reached their Arms from
 “ the Ocean to the *Black Sea*. This huge Mass of Stone
 “ is soften’d, and dissolv’d as a tender Cloud into Rain.
 “ Here stood the *African* Mountains and *Atlas* with his
 “ Top above the Clouds. There was frozen *Caucasus* and
 “ *Taurus* and *Imaus*, and the Mountains of *Asia* ; and
 “ yonder towards the North stood the *Riphean* Hills,
 “ cloath’d in Ice and Snow : All these are vanish’d, drop’d
 “ away as the Snow upon their Heads.

GREAT and Marvellous are thy Works, Just and True
are thy Ways, thou King of Saints, Hallelujah !

AFTER this, how flat, how poor, how trifling, how
 fantastick will *French* Thoughts appear in *French* Dress ?
 Yet *Pere Bouhours* says, He is not so wedded to the An-
 cients as to admire no Thoughts but theirs. The Moderns
 have

have many excellent Ones; and not to insist upon those of the *Italians* and *Spaniards*, there are several in *French* Authors, which for Elevation may be compar'd to the Writings of the *Augustan* Age. Some are of the Lord Chancellor *Bacon's* Opinion, continues the Jesuit, that the *Antiquity of Ages is the Youth of the World*, and that properly speaking, we are the *Antients*: This Thought according to him, is a little too subtle; but certain it is, that in our own Writers, the *French*, we meet with good Sense, Elevation and Justness, as much at least as in the *Greek* and *Roman*. What Work wou'd the learned Jesuit have made of it, if instead of a Panegyrick on Cardinal *Richelieu*, full of Flattery and false Thoughts, he had had such an Example as *Burner's* noble Image before cited, and cou'd he have ever given over, had there been such a Poet as *Milton*, to have been put in Comparison with *Homer* or *Virgil*, as to the Dignity and Beauty of Imagination. *Tasso* has very fine Images, and none finer than those where he speaks of the Angels. Book I.

*This said, the Angel swift himself prepar'd,
To execute the Charge impos'd aright,
In Form of airy Members fair imbar'd,
His Spirits pure were subject to our Sight.
Like to a Man in Shew and Shape he far'd,
But full of Heavenly Majesty and Might,
A Stripling seem'd he, thrice five Winter's Old,
And radiant Beams adorn'd his Locks of Gold.
Of silver Wings he took a shining Pair,
Fringed with Gold, unwearied, nimble, swift;
With these he parts the Winds, the Clouds, the Air,
And over Seas and Earth himself doth lift.
Thus clad, he cut the Spheres and Circles fair,
And the pure Skies with sacred Feathers clift.
On Libanon at first his Foot he set,
And shook his Wings with roary May Dews wet.*

This is very fine in *Fairfax*, and *Milton* had not forgot *Tasso*, when he spoke of the Arch-angel *Raphael's* Descent to *Adam*. Book V.

— Nor delay'd the winged Saint,
After his Charge receiv'd, but from among
Thousand Celestial Ardors, where he stood
Vail'd with his gorgeous Wings, up springing light
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*Flew thro' the midst of Heaven ; th' Angelick Quires,
On each Hand parting to his Speed gave Way,
Thro' all th' Empyrean Road, till at the Gate
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the Gate-self open'd wide,
On golden Hinges turning, as by Work
Divine, the Sovereign Architect had fram'd :
From hence no Cloud, or, to obstruct his Sight,
Star interpos'd, however small he sees,
Not unconform to other shining Globes,
Earth and the Gard'n of God, with Cedars crown'd,
Above all Hills.----Down thither prone in Flight,
He speeds, and thro' the Vast ethereal Sky,
Sails between Worlds and Worlds, with steady Wing:
Now on the Polar Winds, then with quick Fan
Winnows the buxom Air.*

Here's a Flight:

*He speeds, and thro' the Vast etherial Sky
Sails between Worlds and Worlds with steady Wing,
Now on the Polar Winds, then with quick Fan
Winnows the buxom Air.*

Shew me any Thing like this in the *Homer* of *Pope*, or the *Dryden* of *Virgil*, and if *Homer* and *Virgil* are not in their Translations, let them no longer be call'd by their Names. Again of the *Archangel*:

*At once on th' Eastern Cliff of Paradise
He lights, and to his proper Shape returns ;
A Seraph wing'd, six Wings he wore to shade
His Lineaments Divine, the Pair that clad
Each Shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his Breast
With Regal Ornament, the middle Pair
Girt like a starry Zone his Waste, and round
His skirted Loins and Thighs, with downy Gold,
And Colours dip'd in Heaven ; the third his Feet,
Shadow'd from either Heel with feather'd Mail
Sky tinctur'd Grain. Like Maia's Son he stood,
And shook his Plumes, that Heav'nly Fragrance fill'd
The Circuit wide.*

The Image when he enters the Garden of Paradise, is as exquisitely Fine, as if it had been written with a Pen made of a Feather of the *Archangel's* Plume :

*Their glittering Tents he pass'd, and now is come
 Into the blissful Field, thro' Groves of Myrrhe,
 And flow'ring Odours. Cassia, Nard and Balm,
 A Wilderness of Sweets; for Nature here
 Wanton'd as in her Prime, and play'd at Will
 Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
 Will above Rule or Art, enormous Bliss.*

What a Line is the Last, and what a Fragrance in ev'ry Word. *Tasso* has an Angel again in his Ninth Book:

*This said, the winged Warriour low inclin'd,
 At his Creator's Feet, with Rev'rence due;
 Then spread his golden Feathers to the Wind,
 And swift as Thought away the Angel flew.
 He pass'd the Light, and shining Fire assign'd
 The glorious Seat of his selected Crew;
 The Mover first, and Circle Chryselline;
 The Firmament where fixed Stars all shine.*

Milton, when he describes the Descent of Satan, Book III. places him on a Point, where he has a View of the whole Universe, in which there appears no Void either by his Thought or Expression:

*Satan from hence, now on the lower Stair,
 That scal'd by Steps of Gold to Heaven Gate,
 Looks down with Wonder at the sudden View,
 Of all this World at once.
 Beyond th' Horizon, then from Pole to Pole
 He views in Breadth, and without longer Pause,
 Downright into the World's first Region throws
 His Flight precipitant, and windes with Ease
 Through the pure marble Air his oblique Way,
 Amongst innumerable Stars.*

*Then towards the Coast of Earth beneath,
 Down from th' Ecliptick sped with hop'd Success,
 Throws his steep Flight in many an Airy Wheel.*

The Description of *Raphael* in the Eleventh Book, shews us that *Milton* was no Stranger to *Tasso*:

*Archangel soon drew nigh,
 Not in his Shape Celestial, but as Man
 Glad to meet Man; over his lucid Arms
 A military Vest of Purple flow'd,*

Livelier

*Livelier than Melibæan or the Grain
Of Serra; worn by Kings and Heroes old,
In Time of Truth, Iris had dip'd the Wooff,
His starry Helm unbuckled, shew'd him prime
In Manhood where Youth ended, by his Side,
As in a glistening Zodiac hung the Sword.*

Milton very often takes his Epithets from *Spencer*, and many of his antique Words. The *buxom Air* before-mention'd, is in the Eleventh Cant. 3d Book of *Spencer*:

*Twice was he seen in soaring Eagles Shape,
And with wide Wings to beat the buxom Air.*

A beautiful Image; and shall we be able to reconcile our selves to *French* Panegyrick, after so many great Thoughts so sublimely express'd; but since Father *Bouhours* had no better for us in his Language, we will see what he affords out of one of the best Writers among the *French*. He is praising *Richelieu*, *c'est un homme plus grand par son Esprit*, &c. "He was a Man greater by his Genius and his Vertues, than by his Dignities and Fortune, always employ'd, and always above Employs; able to govern the Present, and to foresee the Future; to assure himself of good Events, and repair bad ones; vast in his Designs, penetrating in his Counsels, just in his Choice, happy in his Enterprizes, and to say all in a few Words, full of those excellent Gifts, which God bestows on certain Souls, which he has created to be Mistresses of others, to set in Motion those Springs which his Providence makes use of to lift up and pull down the Fortune of Kings and Kingdoms, according to his eternal Decrees." We read in a *French* Author before, that his bad Qualities were so much on the Equality with his Good, that 'twas hard to determine, and occasion'd great Dispute, which were the most prevalent. If so, all this Eulogy is exaggerated, and consequently false, as every Thing is which is beyond the Truth. A *French* Poet said in an Epitaph on the same Cardinal:

*Il fut trop absolu sur l'esprit de son Maître:
Mais son Maître par luy fut le Maître des Rois.*

*His Master he too absolutely govern'd:
He rul'd his Master, and his Master Kings.*

These

These four Verses of an Epitaph on Queen *Anne* of *Austria*, Consort to that King, are much commended by Father *Bouhours* ;

Elle sçut merpiser les caprices des Sort,
Regarder sans horreur les horreurs de la Mort,
Alfermir un grand trosne, & le quitter sans peine
Et pour tout dire enfin, vivre & mourir en Reine.

*The Caprices of Fortune she despis'd ;
Death's Horrors without Horror she beheld ;
She fill'd a Throne, she quitted it with Ease !
And to say all at once, she liv'd and dy'd a Queen.*

How much more pleasing are these Verses of Mr. *Stepney*, on Queen *Mary*, of blessed Memory, Consort to King *William* :

*Some Angel from your own describe her Fame,
For sure your Godlike Beings are the same ;
All that was charming in the fairer Kind,
With Manly Sense and Resolution joyn'd ;
A Mein compos'd of Mildness and of State,
Not by Constraint or Affectation Great ;
But form'd by Nature for supream Command,
Like Eve just moulded by the Maker's Hand.
Yet such her Meekness as half vail'd the Throne,
Lest being in too great a Lustre shewn,
It might debar the Subject of Access,
And make her Mercies and our Censforts less.
So Gods of old descending from their Sphere,
To visit Men like Mortals did appear ;
Lest their too awful Presence should affright,
Those whom they meant to bless and to delight.*

Here's an Image of that Goodness which was the Characteristick of that divine Princess ; *Vivre & mourir en Reine*, with the Royal Robes on, as a *Saxon* Earl of *Northumberland* wou'd have his Sword and Buckler brought him, that he might dye as he had liv'd, a Soldier. The *French* are a little too apt to be dazled with the Outside of Royalty, and to adore that Arbitrary Power by which they were enslav'd.

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France,

Mr. Prior on the same Queen Mary:

*Her Face with thousand Beauties blest ;
Her Mind with thousand Vertues stor'd ;
Her Pow'r with boundless Joy confess'd ;
Her Person, only not ador'd.*

To the King on her Death :

*Go Mighty Prince, let France be taught,
How constant Minds by Grief are try'd,
How great the Land that wept and fought,
When William led, and Mary dy'd.*

THE next fine Thoughts we are presented with in *Pere Bouhours*, are taken out of a Funeral Oration, on the Princess *Henrietta Maria* Dutches of *Orleans*, Sister to King *Charles* the Second ; who it is said, was poison'd in *France*, soon after her Return from an Interview with her Brother at *Dover*, where Measures were projected for the Ruin of the Protestant Religion, and the Liberty of *Europe*. " Her Soul, says the Orator, is greater than her " Royal Birth, and no Place but a Throne had been worthy of her ; she was as mild, familiar, agreeable, as " she was firm and vigorous ; she knew how to perswade " and convince, as well as to command, and her Reason " was not less prevalent than her Authority."

THEN speaking of the Misfortunes of her Father King *Charles I.* he proceeds ;

" MAUGRE, the ill Success of his Arms, if his Enemies cou'd conquer him, they cou'd not force him, and " as he never refus'd what was Reasonable when he was " a Conqueror ; so when he was a Captive, he always rejected what was weak and unjust."

THIS being entirely false as to Fact, I'm afraid the Thought must participate of the Falsehood. I do not know what the *French* Man means by King *Charles* the First's being a Conqueror ; his Commissioners breaking off the Treaty at *Uxbridge*, before he was a Prisoner, is no great Proof of his never refusing any Thing that was reasonable ; and his Concessions at the Isle of *Wight*, are the weakest and unjustest Things that cou'd be, according to my Lord *Clarendon*, and Mr. *Echard's* Histories ; but the *French* Orator might not know our History, or if he did, Truth was so little minded, in such Funeral Orations in *France*, that the Preacher seems] always] rather to tell

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what

what the Defunct ought to have been, rather than what he was.

THE first Thing he commends King Charles II. for, is, Magnanimity; *ce Prince magnanime: That magnanimous Prince might have forwarded his Affairs, by employing those Hands that were offer'd to destroy the Tyranny by a Blow; but his great Soul disdain'd such base Means,* which were not disdain'd by Lewis XIV, as we shall see by and by. He thought that in whatever Condition Kings were, it did not become their Majesty to act any Way but by Laws, or by Arms. Those Laws which he had protected, restor'd him, almost by themselves, without other Means. He Reigns peaceably and gloriously on the Throne of his Ancestors; and with him reign Justice, Wisdom, and Clemency. He had few Wars indeed; where he should have had War, there it was all Peace and Harmony; and what could be more glorious than the Expedition at Chatham, and the Camp at Black-Heath, not to mention the continual Oppression which Protestant Dissenters lay under for Conscience sake, as a Proof of that Clemency, Wisdom and Justice! Of the Dutcheß of Orleans, 'tis further said; *The Misfortunes of her Family cou'd not overwhelm her in her Youth; but even then, one might observe in her a Greatness which was out of the Reach of Fortune. Tho' the King of England, whose Courage was equal to his Wisdom, knew that the Princess his Sister, who was courted by so many Kings, might do Honour to a Throne; he with Joy beheld her fill the Second Place in France, which the Dignity of so great a Kingdom might put in Comparison with the First Places in the Rest of the World; as to have been Sultana to Soliman the Magnificent, to Aurengzebe, to have been Empress of Germany, or in the Imperial Throne of the Czarina.* Another famous Orator of France said of one of her Heroes; "His Employ carries him into different Countries; Victory follows him almost every where, and Glory never forsakes him; if he has not always conquer'd, he has always deserv'd to be Conqueror. As long as this great Man leads us, say the Soldiers, we fear neither Men nor Elements, and being freed from any Care of our Safety, by the Experience and Capacity of our General, we think of Nothing but the Enemy and Glory:" In another Oration, it is said of the same Heroe; "When he speaks, every one hearkens to him as to an Oracle; when he commands,

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"mands, every one obeys with Joy; when he Marches, "ev'ry one believes he is in the Chace of Glory; and one "might say, he goes to fight with Confederate Kings, "like another *Abraham* with his own Household only; "that those who follow him are his Soldiers and Dome- "sticks; and he himself is both General and Father of "the Family." What follows, was said by a celebrated Author, in Praise of Monsieur de *Lamoignon*, first President of the Parliament of *Paris*: "Ev'ry Thing was Eloquent in him ev'n to his Air and his Silence; the Greatness of his Soul appear'd in some Manner in the Greatness of his Discourse: He perswaded more by the Opinion People had of his Probity, than the Esteem they had of his Knowledge; People did not so much submit to his Eloquence and his Dignity, as to the Authority of his Virtue; and there were no reasonable Men, but must have been asham'd not to have yielded to his Reasons." The Saying of *Velleius Paterculus* was apply'd also to him, *Nihil in vita nisi laudandum aut fecit, aut dixit, aut sensit*. There was nothing but what was commendable in his Thoughts, Words, and Deeds.

We are now come to an Inundation of Panegyrick, on the late *French* King, Torrent after Torrent. We are perfectly overwhelm'd with it out of the best *French* Authors, as Father *Bouhours* calls them, whose Thoughts are nobler than any we have had yet, according to him: as if the Elevation of the Subject had elevated their Genius, and *Louis* the Great had inspir'd them with Sentiments that were worthy of him.

ALL these Sentiments must at once be False, if the following History is True: If he was ungrateful to his Protestant Subjects, who had fought bravely to fix him on the Throne in his Minority; if he swore to an Alliance of Marriage and Friendship with *Spain*; if he solemnly by Oath renounc'd the *Spanish* Succession, and soon after seiz'd on the Provinces belonging to *Spain*, and made War upon that King: If he drove the Duke of *Lorraine* out of his Dominions, without any just Occasion of War or Offence; if he invaded the Empire on the one Side, while the Infidels over-ran and ravag'd it on the other, contrary to his Word given; if he order'd his Generals to seize on Defenceless Cities, to lay them in Ashes, and massacre the Inhabitants, as in *Holland*, and the *Palatinate*; if by his *Chambers* of *Reunion*, he possess'd him-

self of Towns and Countries in his Neighbourhood all around him, under pretence of their having been Part of France under Pharamond, or Charlemayne; if he ravish'd Hunningen from the Switzers, Pignerol from Savoy, and set the proud and beautiful City of Genoa in Flames, purely for his Glory; if he oppress'd his Subjects by Taxes and Gabells to maintain his Violence abroad, and his Vanity at Home; if by Bribery and Cabal, he corrupted the Ministers of Holland and England, and sacrificed the Honour of his Friend King Charles the Second, to his Ambition and Lust of Power, by tempting him to be his Pensioner; if his encouraging the Arts was merely for the Flattery of the Artists, and the Magnificence of his Buildings was for Ostentation only, or so to attract the Eyes of the Beholders, that the Show might take them off from examining the Substance; if I say all this, or any of it is True, he cou'd not be truly Great, and the Title of *Le Grand* is no more his due than that of *Vir immortalis*, as which he was worshipp'd in the City of Paris, till the Archbishop wou'd no longer suffer it; tho' the *Immortal Man* has been dead these twelve Years, and his Glory dy'd long before him. Mr. Addison, in his Epistle to my Lord Somers, writes thus of him:

*At length proud Prince, ambitious Louis, cease
To plague Mankind, and trouble Europe's Peace;
Think on the Structures which thy Pride has rais'd,
On Towns unpeopled, and on Fields laid waste.
Think on the Heaps of Corps, and Streams of Blood,
On every guilty Plain, and purple Flood,
Thy Arms have made, and cease an impious War,
Nor waste the Lives entrusted to thy Care.
Or if no milder Thought can calm thy Mind,
Behold the great Avenger of Mankind.
See mighty Nassau thro' the Battle ride,
And see thy Subjects gasping by his Side.
Fain wou'd the pious Prince refuse th' Alarm,
Fain wou'd he check the Fury of his Arm:
But when thy Cruelties his Thoughts engage,
The Heroe kindles with becoming Rage.
Then Countries stol'n, and Captives unrestor'd,
Give Strength to every Blow, and edge his Sword.*

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Mr. Addison again of King William :

*The Race of Nassaus was by Heav'n design'd,
To curb the proud Oppressors of Mankind ;
To bind the Tyrants of the Earth with Laws,
And Fight in every injur'd Nation's Cause :
The World's great Patriots, they for Justice call,
And as they favour Kingdoms, rise or fall,*

THUS we see the proud Ambitious Lewis, was a Plague to Mankind ; that he unpeopled Towns, and laid waste the fruitful Fields ; that he was guilty of Blood, and maintain'd impious War ; that he was prodigal of the Lives of his Subjects ; that his Cruelties cry'd for Vengeance ; that he stole Countries, and refus'd to Captives their promis'd Liberty ; that he was one of the Oppressors of Mankind, a Tyrant of the Earth, an Injurer of Nations ; and that the Reverse of this shocking Character, is the glorious One of King William, to whom his Enmity was implacable.

WE will now see what his Panegyrist's say of him, and we must not forget, that all those Panegyrist's were some how or other his Pensioners. A Man of Quality who has an infinite deal of Wit, as Father Bouhours assure us, who writes so finely, that No-body else comes near him, says, in a Portrait of the King ; " He has the Air of a Heroe, and " there is more Dignity in his Person, than in the Royal " Majesty with which he is cloath'd. We should admire " him if he was a private Man only ; and the Purple which " generally gives Lustre to good Qualities, borrows it " from all his." Another great Wit, according to our Jesuit, thinks justly and sublimely of the King :

Ton esprit que rien ne limite
Fait honneur à la Royauté :
Et l'on ne voit que ton mérite
Au dessus de ta Dignité.

*Thy Wit which has no Limits,
To thy Royalty does Honour ;
And there's Nothing but thy Merit
Above thy Dignity.*

Another polite and ingenious Author says, *When I speak of Louis le Grand, I name a Prince who does more Honour*

to the Throne, than the Throne does to other Kings. A Prince who, effacing and raising at the same Time the Glory of his Royal Ancestors, gives them more of his own than he takes from theirs. In the same Tone sings the Poet:

*Son ame est au dessus de sa grandeur supreme ;
La vertu brille en lui plus que le Diademe ;
Et quoi-qu'un vaste Etat soit soumis à sa loi,
Le Heros en Louis est plus grand que le Roi.*

*Above his sovereign Greatness is his Soul ;
Virtue in him shines brighter than his Crown ;
And tho' a mighty State obeys his Law,
In him the Heroe's greater than the King.*

Again, *Dans lui l' homme est aussi grand que le Roi* : The Man in him is as great as the King. The Author had said before, " Greatness is so natural to him, 'tis not in his Power to divest himself of it ; that 'tis in vain for him to descend from the Throne by the Familiarity of Conversation ; for when he makes no Use of the Authority which is lodged in the Sovereign Power, he distinguishes himself by the Authority which goes always with Sovereign Reason ; that he has always something in him, which raises him, whether he will or not ; that the Glory which attends him, is independent of his Crown ; that it flows from his Person, as from a Spring, and is visible in his least Actions, in his Discourse, in his Gesture, and in his Looks ; that if he cou'd forget what he was, a thousand Things wou'd escape him, which would not let others forget it, and thus it is that all the World speaks of him." He closes his Eulogy with these Verses :

*Mais parle-t-on de bonne foi ?
Est-ce une fable, est-ce une Histoire ?
Si ce qu'on dit est vrai, rien ne manque à sa Gloire :
Et dans lui, qui le pourroit croire,
L' homme est aussi grand que le Roi ?*

*Are you in Earnest ; Is what you say
Fable or History ?*

*If it is true, his Glory is compleat ;
And can it be believ'd ! In him
As great the Man is as the King.*

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Here the learned Jesuit makes this grave Reflection: It follows from hence, that our Monarch is very different from those Princes, who have no other Merit than the Lustre of their Fortune; and of whom it may be said;

Il ne seroient plus rien; si ils cessioient d'être Rois.

They would be Nothing, if they were not Kings.

THE Count de Fuensaldagne copy'd after these Originals, when he said of *Lewis XIV*, Royalty is too much in him; he might very well rid himself of it; his Merit wou'd supply the Place of all Things. *Le sobra ser Rey*: The Saying is Fine, and occasion'd a very good *Devise*; the Body of it, the Sun surrounded with a Constellation call'd the Crown; the Motto, *Le sobra la Corona*. Nor were the Ladies behind Hand in praising a Monarch who had been liberal of his Favours upon them. One of them speaking of a Place, where were all the Pictures of the Kings of *France*, after having said of *Lewis the XIV*, That he surpass'd them in all exterior Advantages, as well as in all Sorts of Military and pacifick Vertues; She added, *Il paroit être enfin le Roi ue tous ces Rois*; He appears in short as the King of all these Kings: In which her Ladyship was guilty of as false a Thought, as ever was born of Flattery: Was he as great a Politician as *Lewis the XI*? As great a Soldier as *Charles VIII*, *Francis the I*, *Henry the IV*? I think there is no greater Sign of his Boldness and Resolution, than that he cou'd stand the Attacks of such an Army of Flatterers, and keep his Ground without Shame or Confusion: This Lady was a Poetess, and on the Subject of the Fireworks, for the Birth of the Duke of *Burgundy*, Father to the present *French King*; she makes this Speech for the River *Seine*,

Nouveau Prince, dont l'origine
Toute Grande, toute Divine,
Vous montre tant & tant de Rois
Dignes du Sceptre des François.
Plusieurs Louis, un Charlemagne
Un Henri, terreur de l'Espagne.
Vainqueur de ses propres sujets,
Qui m'enrichit de ses bienfaits.
Vous scaurez bientôt leur Histoire.
Mais pour aller droit à la gloire,

Croyez moi, tous ces Rois si grands,
Justes, pieux,, ou conquérans,
Leur bonté comme leur puissance,
Leur valeur comme leur prudence,
Enfin tous leurs faits inouis,
Vous les trouverez en Louis.

*New-born Prince, whose Origin,
All great, and all Divine,
Presents you with so many Kings,
Worthy the Scepter of France to wield.
Many a Lewis, one Charlemagne,
Henry, dreadful Name in Spain,
Conqueror of his Rebel Subjects,
Who enrich'd are with his Bounty;
You will soon their Story know;
But to go direct to Glory;
Trust me, all those Kings, so Great,
So just, so pious, so victorious.
Their Goodness equal to their Pow'r;
Their Valour to their Wisdom;
All their unheard of mighty Deeds,
You'll find them All in Lewis.*

Pere Bouhours takes Notice, that these Thoughts have regard only to the great Monarch in General; and are nothing in Comparison with what had been said, of his Actions, his Conquests, his particular Virtues; there's no End of these Eulogies: However, we must have some of it, or he will not be satisfy'd, and there is not a Word of Truth in it, if taken without the false Gloss, which his Flatterers put upon his Wars and his Counsels; as thus, *Vous marchez vous-mème à la defense de vos peuples;* "You March in Person to defend your People; you do not value your Victories, if you do not share the Dangers and the Fatigues of the Battle; your Camp and your Court are the same Things to you; your best Courtiers, your bravest Warriours; your Labours are your Diversions, and when Glory calls, you do not demand to be serv'd, but to be follow'd." This notable Speech which has not a Shadow of Truth, was spoken by a famous Member of the *French Academy* to the King himself, who knew in his Soul that the Reverse of every Word of it was true, but receiv'd the Speaker very graciously. You'll perceive what Truth there is in these Thoughts.

Thoughts by a Stanza of *Prior's* Burlesque of *Boileau's* Ode:

*To animate the doubtful Fight, &
Namur in vain expects that Ray;
In vain France hopes, the sickly Light
Should shine near William's fuller Day.
He likes Versailles his proper Station,
Nor cares for any foreign Sphere;
Where you see Boileau's Constellation,
Be sure no Danger can be near,*

The Academician concludes, "Wisdom forms your Entertainments; Fortune accompanies them; Valour excites, and Glory crowns them." Then he has a Word for that learned Body, whose Mouth he was, *The French Academy would be happy, Sir, if they could write and think as nobly as you have acted.* *Pere Bouhours* thinks, that there is something as noble in this, as in what *Quintilian* said, which I have already cited; if so, then *King Lewis* had as much Valour, and the *French Academicians* as much Eloquence as *Julius Caesar*, of whom *Quintilian* said, that he wrote with as much Fire as he fought.

THE following Harangue is recommended to us as a Master-Piece of Eloquence and Truth: 'Twas spoken at the Reception of a Member into the Academy. "And who could help us better than you, to speak of so many great Events, the Motives of which, and the principal Springs were so often trusted to your Fidelity, to your Wisdom? Who knows more thoroughly than you, what has past most memorable in foreign Courts, as Treaties, Alliances, and all important Negotiations, which in this Reign has made such a Stir in Europe; and to speak the Truth, the Way of Negotiation is very short, under a Prince, who having Power and Reason always on his Side, has no need of doing any Thing to have his Will executed, but to declare it." A violent Insult this, on the Advantages the great Monarch had taken of the Weakness, Division, and Credulity of his Neighbours, to surprize them by Expedition, and awe them by Number. The Funeral Oration for this King's Consort *Maria Theresa* of *Austria*, made by a great Prelate, has this remarkable Passage in it of the King; "Who knows not that he might have extended his Empire

"pire far beyond our Frontiers, if he cou'd at the same
 "Time have extended his Glory, which cannot be more
 "solid, more pure, nor more shining? I am mistaken,
 "he has carry'd the Extent of his Empire, to that uni-
 "versal Monarchy, which was heretofore the Chimerical
 "Project of our Neighbours. But he has done it by a
 "Way most innocent and glorious, without Violence or
 "Injustice. 'Tis the Work of his heroick Qualities, the
 "Fame of which has reach'd the Ends of the Earth;
 "for if he reigns happily over *France*, by a natural legiti-
 "mate hereditary Power; he reigns no less gloriously
 "over foreign Nations, *Spain, Italy, Germany*, by the
 "Terrour of his Arms, and the Reputation of his Wis-
 "dom, Valour, and Justice." A Magistrate in one of the
 Parliaments of *France*, said in an Harangue about the
 same Time: "Those that are most jealous of his Glory,
 "are forc'd to confess, that he is absolute Arbiter of their
 "Destiny, the strongest Support of his Allies; and that
 "his Justice is the only Rampart which can be oppos'd
 "to the Rapidity of his Conquests; 'tis his Justice alone
 "that has disarm'd him in the Embraces of Victory;
 "weary of Conquering, he has given Peace to his En-
 "mies, and very far from taking Advantage of his own
 "Strength and their Weakness, he had rather preserve
 "the Peace, than acquire the Empire of Europe." This
 same Thought is in the following Verses:

Grand Roi, sans recourir aux histoires antiques;
 Ne t'avons nous pas vu dans les plaines Beliques,
 Quand l'ennemi vaincu desertant ses ramparts,
 Au devant de ton joug couroit de toutes parts,
 Toy meme te borner au fort de la victoire,
 Et chercher dans la paix une plus juste Gloire?

*Great King we need not have Recourse
 To ancient History; in yours
 We see enough. We late beheld
 Your Armies in the Belgick Field;
 And when the Enemy in Dread
 Before you from their Ramparts fled,
 When from all Parts they ran to meet
 Your Yoke all prostrate at your Feet:
 The Price of Vict'ry you forego,
 And on the vanquish'd Peace bestow.*

By.

*By Peace more Glory you obtain'd,
Than by more Conquests had been gain'd.*

Father *Boubours* thinks the Thought in the next six Verses more noble :

Regler tout dans la paix, vaincre tout dans la guerre :
D'un absolu pouvoir calmer toute la terre ;
A tous ses ennemis avoir donné le loy :
C'est être au plus haut point de la grandeur supreme ;
Pour sauver ses sujets, juger contre soi même ;
C'est être le meilleur des Rois.

*In Peace to govern all Things, and in War
To conquer ; by Power absolute, to calm
The Earth, and give his Enemies the Law ;
Is sure the highest Point of supreme Greatness ;
To judge against himself, to save his Subjects,
Is, of all Kings to be the best.*

Father *Boubours* remembers his Order in his Remarks, and tells us what Father *Spinola*, Nephew to Cardinal *Spinola*, and Missionary in *China*, said of the *French* King, when he was at *Paris* :

Perche adorino al fin la Fé de Piero
L' Arabo, l' Indo, il Mauro, il Perso, il Trace ;
Ah fia del gran Luigi il mondo intero.

THE Meaning is, that with a Word, the Monarch routed *Calvinism*, and were he Master of the World, the World would be *Catholick*, *Arabian*, *Indian*, *Moor*, *Persian*, and *Turk*, would submit to the Church's Yoke. The Magistrate, who made the last cited Harangue, says in another, spoken to the States of *Languedoc*, upon the kindly Force, that was made use of to bring Home the wandring Jesuits. " 'Twas like those black and threaten-
" ing Clouds, which create Terfours where they hang in
" the Air, allarm the Labourers, and seem to destroy their
" Hopes of Harvest, but afterwards they dissolve into gentle
" Showers, alike wholesome and fruitful ; which have
" no other Effect, but to bring every where abundance,
" and Joy, and to drive the Sheep into their Folds. "

THE next Compliment to the King, is paid by a *French* Sappho, who makes her Parrot say, on the Pardon the City of *Genoa* obtain'd of the King for his bombarding them.

Allez,

Allez, Doge, Allez Sans peine
Luy rendre Grace a Genoux :
La Republique Romaine
En eut fait autant que vous.

Go, Doge, go, do not think it much,
To thank him on your Knees ;
The Romans had their Case been such,
Had done the same with Ease.

And comparing the great *Lewis's* Genius to that of his Ministers and Generals ; she said, *He is the Soul of his Armies and his Counsels, as the Sun is of the Universe.* *Pere Bourbours* remarks, that the Comparison is rich, and nothing could give a higher Idea of that King's Conduct. The Sun was the Device of *Lewis* the great, and the Panegyrists did band it about upon all such Occasions. Nay *Boileau* in his Ode on *Namur*, has chang'd his Plume of Feathers into a Star, *Cet astre redoubtable*, That dreadful Star. Mr. *Prior*, in my Opinion, thinks much more justly than the *French* *Sappho* about this fame Star.

Now let us look for *Louis's* Feather,
That us'd to shine so like a Star ;
The Generals could not get together,
Wanting that Influence great in War.
O Poet thou hadst been discreeter,
Hanging thy Monarch's Hat so high ;
If thou hadst dubb'd thy Star a Meteor,
That did but blaze, and rove, and dye.

I am sure the Thought is much more easily justified, by the Standard of Truth, than any we have quoted out of the *French* Panegyricks. What can one think of this modest Distich, set up in a conspicuous Place, in that Monarch's Dominions?

Una Dies Iotharos, Burgundos Hepdomas una,
Una domat Batavos Luna quid Annus erit.

Which says a *French* Historian *donneront une petite Idee de sa Valeur*, will give but a very small Idea of his Valour, That he conquer'd *Lorraine* in a Day, *Burgundy* in a Week, *Holland* in a Month, what will a Year then do. The witty Lord *Rockester*, gave these Verses this Turn :
Lorraine he stole, by Fraud he got Burgundy,
Holland he bought --- By ---- he'll pay for't one Day.
As at *Blenheim*, *Ramclies*, *Turin*, &c.

I believe

I believe after the *French* Critick has been so long adoring the Shrine of *Lewis XIV*, the Reader will not be displeas'd with the Sentiments of Persons who are more indifferent, or rather, who like my Lord *Rockester*, think quite otherwise, as the Author of the Paraphrase on

La jeune Iris aux cheveux gris
Disoit a Theodate
Retournons, mon cher, a Paris
Avant que l'on Combatte.
Vous me donnez trop de Souci
Car Guillaume ne raille,
Helas, que feriez vous icy
Le jour d'une bataille !

*In grey hair'd Celia's wither'd Arms,
As mighty Lewis lay ;
She cry'd, if I have any Charms,
My dearest let's away.
For you, my Love, is all my Fear,
Hark how the Drums do rattle,
Alas, Sir, what shou'd you do here
In dreadful Day of Battle.
Nor vex your Thoughts how to repair
The Ruins of your Glory ;
You ought to leave so mean a Care
To those who pen your Story.
Are not Boileau and Corneille paid
For Panegyrick Writing ?
They know how Heroes may be made,
Without the Help of fighting.*

The following Inscription was on a Medal for this Monarch.

Proximus & similis regnas Ludovice Tonanti
Vim summam, summa cum pietate geris.
Magnus es expansis alis, sed maximus Armis
Protegis hinc Anglos, Teutones inde feris.
Quin cocant toto Titania Fœdera Rheno
Illa Aquilam tantum, Gallia Fulmen habet.

English'd by the Lord *Lansdown*, and apply'd to Queen *Anne*.

*Next to the Thunderer, let Anna stand,
In Piety supream, as in Command ;*

Fraud

*Fam'd for victorious Arms and generous Aid,
Young Austria's Refuge, and fierce Bourbon's dread.
Titanian Leagues in vain shall brave the Rhine,
When to the Eagle you the Thunder joyn.*

This Thought is noble, and metaphorically true. The Duke of *Marlborough*, the Queen's General, drove the *French* and *Bavarians* out of the Empire, by glorious War. The *French* Armies, always broke into it by Surprise, and over-ran the Provinces before the *German* Confederates could get their Forces together. The Duke of *Marlborough* march'd into *Germany*, when the *French* and *Bavarians* were almost Masters to the Walls of *Vienna*, fought his Way thro' the strong Passes of *Schellenburgh* and *Donawear*, and as soon as he cou'd come at their confederate Armies, routed and dispers'd them, and sent their Generals Prisoners to *England*, as a Present to his Royal Mistress. Mr. Prior in his Epistle to *Boileau* on that Occasion.

*Since hir'd for Life, thy servile Muse must sing,
Successive Conquests and a glorious King:
Must of a Man immortal vainly boast,
And bring him Laurels whatsoe'er they cost:
What Turn wilt thou employ, what Colours lay
On the Event of that superior Day,
In which one English Subject's prosperous Hand,
So Jove did will, so Anna did command;
Broke the proud Column of thy Master's Praise,
Which sixty Winters had conspir'd to raise.*

Again,

*The Eagle, by the British Lyon's Might,
Unchain'd, and free directs her upward Flight:
Nor did she e'er with stronger Pinions soar,
From Tyber's Banks, than now from Danube's Shoar.*

Mr. Stepney's *Austrian Eagle*, is in the same Way of thinking.

*At Anna's Call, the Austrian Eagle flies,
Bearing her Thunder to the southern Skies,
Where a rash Prince, with an unequal Sway,
Inflames the Region, and misguides the Day,
Till the Usurper from his Chariot hurl'd,
Leaves the true Monarch to command the World.*

LOGICK and RHETORICK. III

THOUGHTS equally just and noble; tho' to be truly noble, Thoughts must be just, yet they may be just on a Supposition, that they are founded on Fact, and false when the Fact being examin'd, the Foundation appears to be ill. Such are the Sentiments in the Panegyricks on the *French King*, quoted by *Pere Bouhours*; had the Facts been true, the Thoughts would have been noble, and the Expression sublime; but for want of that Truth, they are like the Meteor in Mr. *Prior's* Verses of the *French King's* Plume of Feathers,

That did but blaze, and rove, and dye.

These Panegyricks give us a Sort of Indignation, at the Abuse of Eloquence, and shews us that there is no Subject, on which Wit and Rhetorick may not be ill employ'd; as in Mr. *Waller's* Verses on *Oliver Cromwell*, for if he was a *Devil Incarnate*, as Archdeacon *Echard* calls him, these Thoughts of *Waller's* upon him cannot be true.

*When Fate or Error had our Age misled,
And o'er this Nation such Confusion spread;
The only Cure which could from Heaven come down,
Was so much Power and Piety in One.*

Again,

*If Rome's great Senate could not wield that Sword,
Which of the conquer'd World had made them Lord,
What Hope had ours, while yet their Power was new,
To rule victorious Armies but by you.*

How noble is that Thought, and how fine his expressing the Happiness of this Nation, under Mr. *Echard's* *Incarnate Devil*.

*The Taste of hot Arabia Spice we know,
Free from the scorching Sun that makes it grow,
Without the Worm in Persian Silks we shine,
And without planting, drink of e'ery Vine.*

Again, more noble still.

*Our little World the Image of the Great,
Like that, amidst the boundless Ocean set,
Of her own Growth, hath all that Nature craves,
And all that's rare as Tribute from the Waves.*

Mr.

Mr. Waller on Oliver Cromwell.

*With these returns victorious Mountague,
With Laurels in his Hand, and half Peru.
Let the brave Generals divide that Bough
Our great Protector, hath such Wreaths enough:
His conqu'ring Head has no more Room for Bays,
Then let it be as the glad Nation prays,
Let the rich Oar forthwith be melted down,
And the State fix'd by making him a Crown.*

THIS Complement was the more flattering, for that 'twas made at a Time, when *Cromwel's* Parliament petition'd him to be King, and he refus'd it with a Reluctance that lost him all the Glory of the Refusal. How prodigal *Dryden* was of Praises to this Protector; I say nothing of, because *Dryden* was so lavish of both Praise, and Dispraise, that he seldom consider'd on whom he bestow'd both the one and the other, and was generally in the wrong. Dr. *Sprat*, late Bishop of *Rocheſter*, has carry'd the Panegyrick on *Oliver*, in the Poem on his Death, as far as any of the *French* Panegyristſ have done in Praise of the *French* King: After *Cromwel's* Death, and the Restoration of King *Charles*, that Prince and his Royal Brother, had Abundance of fine Things said of them. They were of all Kings, the most *Virtuous, Valiant, Wiſe, Juſt, Merciful, and Victorious*. Every one of thoſe Thoughts was extreamly well grounded, as we ſee in *History*, and none of them more ſo than theſe Verſes to King *James*. *Tonſ. Miſcell. p. 141. vol. 4.*

*By thy Example Kings may learn to ſway,
Heroes are taughts to fight, and Saints to pray.
The Græcian Chiefs had Virtue but in Share,
Neſtor was wiſe, but Ajax brave in War;
Their very Deities were grac'd no more,
Mars had the Courage, Jove the Thunder bore.
But all Perfections meet in James alone,
And Britain's King is all the Gods in One.*

Nothing can come after this. And this *Godſhip* is the more extraordinary, for that it was beſtow'd upon him ſix Months after the *Western Circuit*, where ſo many hundred poor Proteſtants were murder'd, ſome with, and ſome without the Form of Juſtice.

Quæque ipſe Miſerrima vidi.

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When the Poets and Orators came to the Reign of King *William* and Queen *Mary*, they had a fair Field for fine Sentiments ; they had no Room for Fancy ; the plain History and Picture, shew'd nothing but Greatness and Beauty, and they could not speak with the greatest Simplicity, but they must be sublime. Even *Lee*, whose Poetry was ever tainted with Madness, thinks reasonably on this Subject, when he makes the Prince of *Orange* speak thus of the Princess on their Marriage ;

*Enough kind Heaven, well was my Sword employ'd,
Since all the Bliss Earth holds shall be enjoy'd.
Pains I remember now with vast Delight,
Well have I brav'd the thund'ring French in Fight.
My Hazards now are Gains, and if my Blood
In Battle mix and raise the vulgar Flood ;
Her Tears, for sure she'll be so good to mourn,
Like Balm shall heal the Wounds when I return.*

Mr. Waller on the same Subject.

*Not Belgia's Fleet, his high Command,
Which triumphs, where the Sun does rise ;
Nor all the Force he leads by Land,
Could guard him from her conqu'ring Eyes.*

*Orange, with Youth, Experience has,
In Action young, in Council old ;
Orange is what Augustus was,
Brave, wary, provident and bold.
Empire and Freedom reconcil'd
In Holland are, by great Nassau,
Like those he sprung from just and mild,
To willing People he gives Law.*

That noble Image of *Empire* and *Freedom*, being reconcil'd, and of giving Law to a willing People, has more Lustre in it than the *Sun*, which *Lewis* the Great took for his Device, and all the Mimick Rays, with which it is environ'd. Mr. Addison of King *William*,

*His Toils for no ignoble End design'd,
Promote the common Welfare of Mankind.
No wild Ambition moves ; but Europe's Fears
The Cries of Orphans, and the Widow's Tears:
Opprest Religion gives the first Allarms,
And injur'd Justice sets him in his Arms.*

*His Conquests Freedom to the World afford,
And Nations bless the Labours of his Sword.*

Mr. Prior's *Carmen Seculare* is a sublime Poem from one End to the other, a Panegyrick on that glorious King I have quoted out of it already, and shall add what follows,

*Where jarring Empires, ready to engage,
Retard their Armies, and suspend their Rage;
Till William's Word like that of Fate declares,
If they shall study Peace or lengthen Wars.
How sacred his Renown for equal Laws,
To whom the World defers its common Cause!
How fair his Friendship, and his Leagues how just,
Whom e'ery Nation courts, whom all Religions trust!*

The King's intrepid Valour, which distinguish'd him from all the Generals of the Age, was not that Quality which his Royal Heart most delighted in; nor his consummate Wisdom allow'd by his Enemy to be the fittest for Council of any Prince in *Europe*; but his Love of Justice, his Piety, his inviolable Friendship, and Probity; and in this View it is, that the Poets and Orators, always take him as knowing what would be most grateful to him. As the *French* Orators affected to draw their Monarch with Thunder in his Hand like *Jove*; the World blazing about him, and their *Jupiter* like *Nero*, playing with universal Destruction.

WE have seen several noble Thoughts upon *Queen Anne*, while she was at the Head of that Confederacy, which *King William* had form'd against the Oppression of *France*; and these *Latin* Verses, for the Plan of a Fountain, on which is the *Queen's* Effigies on a triumphal Arch, the Duke of *Marlborough* on Horseback under the Arch, and the chief Rivers of the World round the whole Work, contain a noble Thought. *Prior's Poems duod. p. 152.*

*Quocunque æterno properatis Flumina Lapfu,
Divisis latè Terris, populisque remotis
Dicite; nam vobis Tamisis narravit & Ister
Anna quid Imperiis potuit, quid Marlburus Armis.*

*You active Streams, where'er your Waters flow,
Let distant Climes, and furthest Nations know,
What ye from Thames and Danube have been taught;
How Ann commanded, and how Marlborough fought.*

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But when that Princess deserted her antient Allies, dismissed her victorious Captains, and experienced and able Ministers, when she abandon'd the common Cause, and sent the very Poet who had lampoon'd the *French King* in an embassy to him; what Room was there for fine or just Thinking. If there was any Thing like it, 'twas disrelisht, as was the late Lord Bishop of *Ely's* incomparable Preface, which has a Break in it, that teaches us more than the most elaborate Piece of Oratory; but the Thoughts and Expressions are so just, so grand, so moving, the Reader who must have often read the Whole, will not think a small Part tedious in this Place. The pious Orator is speaking of the seven Years of the Queen's Reign, from the Duke of *Marlborough's* first Campaign to the Battle of *Mons*; and from the Ministry of my Lord *Godolphin*, my Lord *Somers*, &c. to that of - - - I will imitate my Lord of *Ely*, and leave their Names to Oblivion.

"Never did seven Years together pass over the Head
 "of any *English Monarch*, nor cover it with so much Honour. The Crown and Scepter seem'd to be the Queen's
 "least Ornaments; those other Princes wore in common
 "with her; and her great personal Virtues were the same
 "before and since: But such was the Fame of her Administration of Affairs at Home, such was the Reputation of her Wisdom and Felicity in chusing Ministers,
 "and such was then esteem'd their Faithfulness and Zeal,
 "their Diligence and great Abilities in executing her
 "Commands, to such a Height of Military Glory, did her
 "great *General*, and her *Armies* carry the *British* Name
 "abroad, such was the Harmony and Concord betwixt
 "her and her Allies, and such was the Blessing of God
 "upon all her Counsells and Undertakings, that I am as
 "sure as History can make me, no Prince of ours was
 "ever yet so prosperous and successful, so lov'd, esteem'd
 "and honoured by their Subjects and their Friends, nor
 "near so formidable to their Enemies. We were, as all
 "the World imagin'd then, just entering on the Ways that
 "promised to lead to such a Peace, as would have answered all the Prayers of our religious Queen, the Care
 "and Vigilance of a most able Ministry, the Payments of a
 "willing and obedient People, as well as all the glorious
 "Toils and Hazards of the Soldier; when God for our
 "Sins, permitted the *Spirit of Discord* to go forth, and by
 "troubling sore the Camp, the City, and the Country.

" (and oh ! that it had altogether spared the Places sacred
 " to his Worship !) to spoil for a Time, this beautiful and
 " pleasing Prospect, and give us in its stead, — I know
 " not what — Our Enemies will tell the Rest with
 " Pleasure."

ONE cannot look into the dreadful Cavity of that,
I know not what without Horrour. 'Tis as *Milton* says,

*Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious Things,
 Abominable, unutterable, and worse
 Than Fables yet have feign'd, or Fear conceiv'd,
 Gorgons and Hydra's, and Chimæra's dire.*

I often thought at that Time of those two Lines of his
 Book VII.

—— *Tho' fallen on evil Days,
 On evil Days tho' fallen, and evil Tongues.*

He alludes to the Times after the Restoration, which
 Mr. *Echard* represents as a second Age of Gold, insomuch
 that one Felicity after another turns his Head ; and, as he
 tells us, had such an Effect on a certain Baronet, that he
 was kill'd with a Blaze of Happiness, as another Man
 might be with a Flash of Lightning. But let us leave

This dismal Situation waste and wild.

And behold a Scene when

—— *Darkness fled
 Light shone, and Order from Disorder sprang.*

When his late Majesty King *George's* peaceable Accession
 to the Throne, made Way once more for right Think-
 ing and Speaking. I have by me a Panegyrick on that
 great King, written in *Latin*, by Sir *Samuel Garth*, in
 which there are as noble Thoughts as in any modern
 Performance, and no Orator needed to have been asham'd
 of the Language in the Reign of *Augustus*. I shall in-
 sert here some Paragraphs only.

" Non tibi sed tuis te natum arbitraris, & Otium quod
 " aliis paras tibi soli denegas. Non de Imperio proferen-
 " do certas, sed de Libertate Vindicandâ. Quis in Hostem
 " gravior ! Quis in Civem benignior ? In Castris Disci-
 " plinam instituis ; in Tribunali Justitiam : Et Jus cui-
 " que suum Dux & Princeps reddis, quod Miles & Civis
 " exoptares.

" Voluntas

“ Voluntas Principum est aliquando pro Legibus: Tu
 “ illis solum te nolle, sed salubriter latæ sive utiliter e-
 “ mandatæ tibi præcipuè arrident; & tales constitui, qui-
 “ bus tui pareant, & quas ipse etiam serves, curas. Si
 “ quid imperant, imperas; si quid vetant vetas, inde ti-
 “ bi cautum est, *hoc* ne agas; *illud* ut exequaris.

“ Te genus avitum, & jus à majoribus acceptum, tot se-
 “ culorum insuper consuetudine approbatum, super cæteros
 “ extulerunt; sed ea est Moderatio tua, vix quicquam ut
 “ tibi, qui Omnia potes, nisi quod jure fiat, permissum ve-
 “ lis. Non jus vi obrui finis; potentiores ne humiliores
 “ opprimant, prohibes. Si studia leniora minus valeant,
 “ asperioribus invitus coerces, & severitatem clementiâ
 “ usque eò temperas ut *metus* frequentior & *pœna* rarior
 “ eveniat.

“ Non desunt *Principes* qui vix quicquam, si domina-
 “ tioni conducatur, turpe existimant; quicquid æquum est
 “ averfantur, quidquid iniquum, gratum habent; & pro-
 “ bant improbantque, non prout *ratio* postulat, sed quem-
 “ admodum hortatur *ambitio*. Ipse id ante omina con-
 “ sulis, rectum ne sit an pravum, & ne Vectigalibus tuos,
 “ ne armis *Vicinos* opprimas, caves.

“ Plerique inani dignitatis imagine adducti, memores
 “ se esse *Principes*, se esse *Homines* sunt obliti. Tu, cum
 “ ab aulicis curis vaces, non alio, quo quò te vertis, satel-
 “ litio, nisi pijs intuentium votis stipatus incedis, & eò
 “ aliis es major quo aliis te reddis magis parem, &c.”
 Which I translate thus;

*How have you thought you were not born for your self,
 but your People, and have always neglected your own Ease
 and Quiet to procure Theirs? You have still been more
 solicitous to establish their Liberties, than enlarge your own
 Dominions. Who so brave against the Enemy! Who so
 gentle to a Subject! In your Camp you promote Discipline;
 in your Courts Justice, and have always govern'd, when a
 Prince and General, as you would expect to be govern'd, if
 a Soldier and Subject.*

*The Will of Princes have often been their Laws; but
 you have never fail'd to bind your self by those of the
 Constitution, and have always been the best satisfy'd with
 those that were the most authentically made; still endea-
 vouring to have such establish'd as your People should obey,
 and your self observe. What the Laws command you com-
 mand; what they forbid, you forbid: Thus you gra-
 ciously*

ciously take Care to act Nothing, but what is Right, and avoid every Thing that is unwarrantable.

The Antiquity of your Illustrious Family, and the Rights descended to you from your great Ancestors, have given you a sovereign and absolute Power over your People. But so remarkable is your Moderation, that tho' you can do every Thing you please; yet you do Nothing but what you ought: You never suffer Force to prevail upon Right, still protecting the Weak against the more Powerful; and where Lenity is ineffectual, against your Will you have Recourse to Rigour, but still so tempering Mildness with Severity, that all fear, and few are punish'd.

There are Princes that think Nothing unfit, which tends to their Grandeur; they approve of every Thing which makes for their Advantage, and disapprove the contrary; and never act as Justice directs, but as Ambition persuades. But you in the first Place consider Right and Wrong, and are equally cautious, neither to oppress your People injuriously with Taxes, nor your Neighbours unjustly with your Arms: There are other Princes so intoxicated with a false Image of Grandeur, that in reflecting they are Kings, they forget they are Men. But you, Sir, when you are at leisure from your Sovereign Administration, are pleas'd to divest your self from all manner of State, and walk abroad with no other Guards, than the Prayers and Wishes of those you preserve. And thus you appear truly greater than all, by condescending only to be equal to all, &c. Among so many noble Thoughts, there is not one which has not as much Truth in Fact, as Elevation in Sentiment. What a Beauty does that Verity give to the Dignity; and how will the French Penegyrics look in the Comparison with this, where the Reader knows every Word to be History; and in the other, every Word to be Fable? But before we have done with this Subject, I must repeat a Passage or two out of an Harangue made by Monsieur de Puisieux, the French Ambassador to the General Diet of the Swiss Cantons, after the Duke of Marlborough's Conquests in Flanders, where he took more Towns in a Month, than the French King had taken in Years.

Magnificent Lords,

"EVERY Time that I have come into this illustrious
"Assembly, I have endeavoured to give you new Marks
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“ of the King my Master’s Friendship. I have had frequent Opportunities of doing it in acquainting you with his Victories, and in sharing with you the Joy occasioned by our happy Successes. Fortune at last has favoured our Enemies, and I am now come to give you Expressions of the same Friendship and Confidence, without concealing from you the Affronts she has put upon us. It is not usual for Ministers of my Character, themselves, to declare the Misfortunes of their Sovereigns: But the King my Master is unacquainted with those mean Politicks, to deceive his Allies and his People by false Reports. His Arms have been unsuccessful in *Catalonia* and *Flanders*; he himself has commanded me to tell you. — A vast Country is abandon’d, and lofty Towns are the Reward of the Conquerors. It is not to seek from you, my Lords, the Comfort that is found in the midst of One’s Misfortunes, by relating them to sincere Friends, that I recall to Mind so melancholly a Thought; it is rather to comfort and encourage you. The King my Master is perswaded of your Affection, and of the Share you take in all that happens to him; he is also sensible, that you know your true Interest.

“ WHATEVER the Losses of my Master are, they do not discompose his great Mind; they do not disturb his Councils; they do not exhaust his Treasures; they do not cool the Zeal of his Subjects; he will not grow weary of Combating for the *Liberty of Europe*.”

How glorious wou’d that Character be, if it had been True; *they do not discompose his great Mind; they do not disturb his Councils; he will not grow weary of Combating for the Liberty of Europe.*

Of COMPARISONS.

WE return now to *Pere Bouhours*, *Comparisons*. who tells us, that Comparisons well chosen, and taken from what is great in Nature, form always very noble Thoughts. *Longinus*, who wrote Rules for the *Sublime*, not only in Expression, but in Thought, thinks nobly himself, when he compares *Demosthenes* to a Storm of Lightning, that ravages and bears down all before

fore it ; and *Cicero* to a Fire that never goes out, and as it advances still, encreases in Strength.

COMPARISONS taken from Art are sometimes as good as those we take from Nature. A *French* Panegyrist speaking of the Heroick Actions done by *St. Lewis* in a Day of Battel ; Actions that were superiour to common Valour, says, *Qu'il en est à peu pres de ces grands exemples, &c.* " Those great Examples are like those great Pictures, full of Shades and Darkneses ; what seem " at first to be rough and shocking to the Sight, those " Strokes which are too strong, and too apparent to such " as don't understand them, is a happy Boldness and a " Master-piece of Art to those that do." On a Medal which was struck upon *Lewis* the XIIIth's building the Jesuits Church at *Paris* were these Words, *Vicit ut David, edificat ut Solomon*, he conquer'd like *David*, he builds like *Solomon*.

THE *French* Critick gives us other Comparisons in Honour of his Brother Jesuits. Speaking of the Lives of *St. Ignatius* and *St. Xavier*, two notable Saints in the *Romish* Calendar ; he tells us it was said, *St. Ignatius* is *Cæsar*, who never did any Thing without good Reason ; *St. Xavier* is *Alexander*, whose Courage sometimes has the Mastery of him. This was spoken by a Prince, and Father *Bouhours* in return, informs us, that his Highness had in him both *Alexander* and *Cæsar* ; nay, that he was *plus Capitaine que Cæsar, & aussi Soldat qu' Alexandre* ; a greater Captain than *Cæsar*, and as good a Soldier as *Alexander*. The Lord Chancellor *Bacon*, one of the greatest Genius's of his Age ; *Un des plus grands Genies de son Siecle*, says, that Money is like Dung, good for nothing till 'tis spread abroad : This Thought is not only true but witty, yet there is no Greatness in it ; the Idea of Dung has something low in it, something that is shocking to a delicate Imagination. With Father *Bouhours's* Leave I do not think that any one's Delicacy ought to be more offended at the Word Dung, than at that of *Soil*, and the Idea annex'd to it of Fertility and Harvest, is far from being disagreeable. The same Lord *Bacon* uses this Comparison again in his Letter to King *James* about *Sutton's* Hospital ; *The Owner's Wealth, like a Heap of Muck, may be spread over your Kingdoms, to many fruitful Purposes* ; there, as I observed is a saving to delicacy, by the Term fruitful, which makes the Thought equally true and

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and agreeable. My Lord Bacon's Writings are full of just and beautiful Comparisons; *The Waters of the Fountain of Honour are like those of Holy Wells, they lose their Virtue when sold*, as the Papists say. In the same Letter concerning the *Charter-house*; *The Appearance of a good Intention may cure Defects in Execution*, as *St. Peter's shadow cur'd Diseases*. In a Letter to *Queen Elizabeth*, with a New-year's-gift, *I wou'd to God I were hooded, that I saw less, or that I cou'd perform more*; for *I am now like a Hawk that baits, when I see Occasion of Service, but cannot fly, because I am ty'd to another's Fist*. In a Letter to the *Earl of Salisbury*, with his Book of the *Advancement of Learning*; *The Argument is good, if it had lighted on a good Author*; but *I shall content my self to awake better Spirits, like a Bell-ringer, which is first up to call others to Church*. The Word *Dung*, in some Verses, written by one *Patris*, a few Days before he dy'd, has more of the shocking than the Lord Bacon's:

Je songeois cette nuit, &c.
I dreamt one Night, that being dead,
My Corpse was by a Beggar's laid;
Tho' deep in Dirt I cou'd not bear,
To have the sorry Dog so near.
A Corpse of Quality, cry'd I,
By such a Rogue as thou to lye.
Rogue, surlily replied the Elf,
Look for thy Rogues, thou Rogue thy self.
We're equal here, and I am now,
Thou seest, as good a Corpse as thou.
Thy Rank's no better now than mine,
I'm on my Dung, and thou on thine.

But what's this to *Dryden*, who instead of reducing a poor Carcass to Dung, makes a *Dunghill* of all the World:

— *A thousand other Worlds,*
Of which our earthly Dunghill is the worst.

The serious Moral to this pleasant Fable excuses the Term *Dung*, in the Opinion of *Father Bouhours*; but I believe it will appear less excuseable to the delicate *English* Reader, than the Lord Bacon's. In a Poem call'd *La Magdalaine au desert de la Sainte Baume*, There are some Thoughts which will be Rarities in our Language. Low Thoughts,

Thoughts, when they are ingenious, may be admitted in comical and burlesque Pieces, but should be banish'd from all that are grave and serious ; as Religious Poems, Speeches, Panegyricks, Funeral Orations, and the like. How is this Rule observ'd by the Author of the *Magdalaine*? *The Eyes of that repenting Sinner, were like Candles that are melted; of Windmills, they were become Water-Mills; Her fair Locks of Hair, with which she wip'd our Saviour's Feet, were a Dish-clout of Gold; she was a Holy Harlot, and not a filthy black Kettle; the Tears of a God cou'd be nothing but Liquor of Life or Brandy. Jesus Christ was a great Operator, who very dextrously couch'd the Cataract in Mary Magdalen's Eyes, and the Hercules who cleans'd the Stable of her Heart.* It must be own'd, that our *Burgefs's*, and our *Meriton's*, the *Unbuttoning the Cloak*, and the *slipping off the Stocking*, do not come up, or rather, as Mr. *Pope* will have it, do not sink so low as this ; it outdoes all that Dr. *Echard* has said of the merry Sayings in Country-Pulpits. A French Priest preaching to some Nuns, told them they should always have the *Tooth-picker in Hand* ; for regular Societies were like *Teeth*, which could not be fine unless they were well ranged, very white, and very clean. Every one sees how distasteful low Terms are in serious, and especially religious Discourses. Of the same Kind is what an Italian Priest said in a Sermon he preached before Cardinal *Perremeo* Archbishop of Milan, on an *Easter Sunday* ; that they had a very holy Archbishop, who was like an *Easter Egg*, red, blessed, but a little hard ; *Ha-vete un Prelato santissimo : e come l'uove di Pasca, rosso e benedetto ; ma e vero ch' è un pecco duretto.* The Ministers of God's Word shou'd not trifle thus in their Sermons. Those that do are a Disgrace to their Function. If they acquaint themselves as they ought, with the Holy Scriptures, they will have Examples every where of the most noble, the most great and sublime Thoughts, such as,

I am that I am.

He spake, and it was.

Let there be Light, and there was Light.

As simple as this last Thought is in Appearance, and if you regard the Expression only, it gives a magnificent Idea of the Power of God. *Longinus*, as much a Pagan as he was, proposes it as a Model of the Sublime in Thought.

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for an elevated Thought may very well agree with simple Terms. It often happens, that simplicity of Expression, makes us the more sensible of the Greatness of Things. We admire, according to *Longinus*, the Thought of a generous Heroick Man, tho' he does not speak at all. There is in the Silence of such a Heroe, something which shews the Greatness of his Soul, as we see in the *Odysssey*. *Ulysses* makes his Submission to *Ajax*, to which *Ajax* does not deign to reply, and that Silence gives one a more grand Idea of his Resentment, than any Thing he cou'd have said. *Hujus sublimitas est tanquam Imago quæ animi magnitudinem referat: unde fit ut interdum etiam admiremur nudam absq; voce & per se sententiam, ut Ajacis sumentium magnum, & quavis Oratione sublimius*, Long. Sect. 2.

THE Strength of Expression very often contributes to the Dignity of Thought. The Holy Scriptures are full of Examples of this Kind, as in *Maccabees*; the *Earth kept Silence in his Presence*; in the *Psalms*, *The Sea beholds the Lord, and flies before him*; in the *Revelations*, *From whose Face the Earth and the Heaven fled away*. What Terms can have greater Energy, than *kept silence*, and *flies*: Is not the Image equally lively and noble, as is that of *David*, when he speaks of *Mens* falling from a High to a Low Condition; *I have seen the Wicked lifted up like the Cedars of Lebanon*; *I came and behold they were not*; *I sought for them, and their Place was no more found*. All that the Poets sing of the Destruction of *Troy*, *Carthage* and *Rome*, amounts to that only, the Place where they stood remain'd; but *David* goes further, the very Place where the Wicked stood in the Height of Fortune was no more found.

THE Prophets abound in strong Thoughts, and magnificent Idea's, to which those of *Hermogenes*, are not to be compar'd. By strong Thoughts *Father Bouhours* means Thoughts that are just, express'd in few Words, and in so lively a Manner, as to have a quick and powerful Effect. Such as are those in *Tacitus*, upon *Orbo's* resolving to dye after he had been defeated by *Vitellius*. That Prince addresses himself to his Friends, who wou'd persuade him to try his Fortune in another Battle, *Hunc animum, hanc virtutem vestram, ultra periculis objicere, nimis grande vitæ meæ pretium puto: quanto plus spei ostenditis, si vivere placeret, tanto pulchrior mors erit. Experti invicem*

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THE Strength of Expression very often contributes to the Dignity of Thought. The Holy Scriptures are full of Examples of this Kind, as in *Maccabees*; *the Earth kept Silence in his Presence*; in the *Psalms*, *The Sea beholds the Lord, and flies before him*; in the *Revelations*, *From whose Face the Earth and the Heaven fled away*. What Terms can have greater Energy, than *kept silence*, and *flies*: Is not the Image equally lively and noble, as is that of *David*, when he speaks of *Mens* falling from a High to a Low Condition; *I have seen the Wicked lifted up like the Cedars of Lebanon*; *I came and behold they were not*; *I sought for them, and their Place was no more found*. All that the Poets sing of the Destruction of *Troy*, *Carthage* and *Rome*, amounts to that only, the Place where they stood remain'd; but *David* goes further, the very Place where the Wicked stood in the Height of Fortune was no more found.

THE Prophets abound in strong Thoughts, and magnificent Idea's, to which those of *Hermogenes*, are not to be compar'd. By strong Thoughts *Father Bouhours* means Thoughts that are just, express'd in few Words, and in so lively a Manner, as to have a quick and powerful Effect. Such as are those in *Tacitus*, upon *Orbo's* resolving to dye after he had been defeated by *Vitellius*. That Prince addresses himself to his Friends, who wou'd persuade him to try his Fortune in another Battle, *Hunc animum, hanc virtutem vestram, ultra periculis objicere, nimis grande vitæ meæ pretium puto: quanto plus spei ostenditis, si vivere placeret, tanto pulchrior mors erit. Experti invicem*

in vicem sumus ego & Fortuna, Mibi non ultione, neque solatus opus est. Aliis diutius Imperium tenuerint, nemo tam fortiter reliquerit. "My Life is not of so much Worth, as to put such Valour as yours again to hazard for me. The great Hopes you give me, if I wou'd live, will make Death the more glorious to me. Fortune and I have try'd one another enough, and I have no need of Revenge or Consolation. If others have held the Empire longer than I have done, none ever quitted it so generously." He ends his Speech as strongly as he began it. *Plura de extremis loqui pars ignaviae est. Praecipuum destinationis meae documentum habete, quid de nemine queror; nam incusare deos vel Hominis ejus est qui vivere velit.* "There's a Kind of Cowardice in talking too much of One's Death. Judge of the Resolution I have taken by this; I complain of no Body. 'Tis for him that wou'd live to accuse the Gods or Men."

WHAT Germanicus said to his Friends, when he was dying, is very strong. *Those that are unknown will also mourn for Germanicus; you who are my Friends, will revenge my Death, if you are really Friends, and not more attach'd to my Fortune than my Person. Flebunt Germanicum etiam ignoti; vindicabitis vos, si me potius quam Fortunam meam fovebatis.* The last Reason given by Murian for Vespasian's seizing the Empire without further Hesitation, has great Strength in it, and is worth all he had said before; *Nam qui deliberant, deservierunt; those that deliberate are resolv'd in such an Affair as this, and there are no Measures to be taken afterwards.* Of the same kind is the Thought of Galgacus, the brave British King in his Speech to the Britains, before the Battle he had with the Romans, who were then Masters of the best Parts of the Island; *Ituri in aciem & majores & Posteror cogitate; Tacit in. Vit. Agr.* "The Fight is about to begin, Think of your Ancestors, and of your Descendants; or, There you see Tribute and Slavery, here Death or Liberty; therefore let us consider the Glory of our Ancestors, and the Fate of our Posterity; as it is in Archdeacon Echar's History. Pere Bouhours places the Strength of the Thought in the Simplicity of two Words, *Ancestors and Descendants*; the Energy is lost by Mr. Echar's extending the Expression.

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Henry IV. of France, said something as strong as this to his Soldiers, before the Battle of Iv'ry. *I am your King, you are French Men, and there's the Enemy.* We read in *Livy*, that *Camillus* the Dictator had a Saying to the same Purpose. *Hostem, an me, an vos, ignoratis? Know ye not who the Enemy is, who I am, and who you are your selves?* Great Minds often think alike on the same Occasions, and we are not always to suppose, that such Thoughts are borrow'd from one another when exprest by Persons of the same heroick Sentiments. They carry Conviction along with them, compel our Judgement, stir our Passions, and leave a Sting behind them in the Soul. The Perorations of *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*, the Speeches of *Livy* and *Sallust* are full of Examples; as is also *Tacitus's* History. No Author is richer than he in Masculine and concise Thoughts. We meet with several in *Tertullian* of the same Character, which are perhaps the stronger for that the Stile is so rough and barbarous. The Saying of *Cromwell* to his Soldiers, when he was about to attack the Enemy, and heard the Cavaliers cursing and swearing, *Come on my Lads, the Day is our own, they blaspheme.* The Answer of *David Gam*, a welsh Captain, to *Henry V* before the Battle of *Agincourt*, is of this Kind; he had been sent out to view the *French* Army, which was very numerous, and the King inquiring of their Numbers, he reply'd gallantly, *There are enough to be kill'd, enough to be taken, and enough to run away.*

As concise, but much stronger, is the Saying of King *William* to the last *Villiers* Duke of *Buckingham*, who representing to him the Danger *Holland* was in by the Irruption of the *French*, and that he must unavoidably see its Ruin if he would not submit to be Sovereign of it by the Gift of *France*. His Majesty then Prince of *Orange*, reply'd, *I have a Way not to see it, and that is to lye in the last Dyke.* To find *Lewis XIV* compar'd to *Cæsar* and *Alexander* is what one might expect from the Advancement of Eloquence in *France*; and that Monarchs Bounty to Poets and Orators. But neither *Alexander* nor *Cæsar* ever exprest so noble a Sentiment as that of King *William*. They both of them have had Expressions, which shew'd a Contempt of Death, as setting the Price of Ambition, and the Lust of Power above that of Life; but here his late Majesty despises Death, not for his own Glory, or to gratifie Ambition; he despises Power
at

at the same Time, and is willing to dye in Defence of the Liberty of his Country. This is true Heroism, and needs no Panegyrick but History. To have been Enemies to such a Prince, must be a comfortable Reflection, for such as were so, both for themselves and their Posterity. 'Twas a short and brave Expression of Admiral *Blake*, when he was triumphing over the Enemies of *England* at Sea; his Officers and Seamen would be often inquiring after News, especially about the Changes of the Government at Home; *What's that to us*; said the gallant *Blake*, *Remember the Fleet is English, and our Enemies are Foreigners*. This brave Man dy'd gloriously in the Service of his Country, was honourably bury'd in *Westminster-Abbey*; but after the Restoration, his Corpse was dug up and flung into a Pit in the Church Yard. This ought always to be mention'd, when *Blake's* Name is in Mention, that Posterity may be asham'd of so inglorious an Action, and be deterr'd from imitating it. To return to *Pere Bouhours*. The Father of the *Horatii* in *Corneille's* Tragedy, hearing that the third of his Sons ran away, after the other two had been kill'd by the *Curiacii*, said to *Julia* a Roman Lady.

Pleurez, &c.

Weep for the Infamy of all our Race.

Julia. What cou'd he do against Three.

Hor. He could have dy'd.

That Expression, is a lively and affecting Instance of the Roman Generosity. It moves at the same Time that it strikes, in which consists the Strength of a Sentiment, as does this other Passage of *Corneille*, in Imitation of *Seneca*. *Jasen* repudiates *Medea* to marry *Creusa*, Daughter of *Creon*, King of *Corinth*. *Medea* is enrag'd and threatens to destroy all. She is told, it is not in her Power, that her Husband is unfaithful, and she has nothing left. Yes, *Medea* is left; she says in *Seneca*, *Medea super est*. The French Poet has imitated, and as the learned Jesuit thinks, excell'd the *Latin*. A Confident of *Medea's* tells her.

*Vostre Pais vous bait, Vostre Epoux est sans foy;
Dans un si grand Revers que vous reste r' il !*

Medea. *Moy, Moy disje, & cest assez.*

Conf. *Your Country bates you, your Husband's unfaithful.
What's left you in this dreadful Turn.*

Med. *My Self.*

My Self, I say, and that's enough.

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There is a great deal of Force and Grandeur in the Expression, and not a little Pride too. That *Moy*, my self repeated, is proudly said, and puts one in Mind of the *Moy* of *Pascal* and his Transcriber. "The *Moy* is odious according to *Pascal*, 'tis unjust in its self, inasmuch as it makes it self the Center of all Things. 'Tis distasteful to others, for that it wou'd subject them to it self. Every *Moy* being an Enemy, and would be a Tyrant to all others," which in plain Speaking, is no more than this; Self-Love cannot be agreeable, because it regards nothing but it self, and would domineer over every Thing else. The Transcriber refines on his Original, in saying that the confus'd Idea of *Moy*, is the Principal Object of Men's Love, the Source of their Pleasures, and their Cares. Mr. *Walsh*, in the *Preface* we have spoken of to *Virgil's Eclogues*, touches on this eternal *Moy* of *Pascal*; he meets with it inordinately in Love Verses, and thinks it is excuseable, nay commendable, to talk of one's self in Poems of Gallantry, where indeed self is the Center, and nothing can be done without it. He adds, "*Homer* can never be enough admir'd, for this one, so particular a Quality, that he never speaks of himself either in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, and if *Horace* had never told us his Genealogy, but left it to the Writer of his Life, perhaps he had not been a Loser by it. This Consideration might induce those great Criticks, *Varius* and *Tucca*, to raze out the four first Verses of the *Aeneis* in a great Measure for the Sake of that unlucky *Ille ego*." What *Cowley* says of these *Egotisms*, is every whit as well said as what we have quoted out of *Pascal*. It is a hard and nice Subject for a Man to speak of himself, it grates his own Heart, to say any Thing of Disparagement, and the Readers Ears to bear any Thing in Praise of him. The *Spectator* tells us No. 562 that *Montaigne*, Author of the *Essays*, was the most eminent Egotist that ever appear'd in the World; but I believe if we look'd out a little, we cou'd match him in *England*. My Lord *Bacon* very often made use of that Figure, as the *Port Royal* term it in Raillery. But no Man more than *Osburn*, Author of the *Advice to a Son*, and several *Essays*. Sir *William Temple* abounds with it, as do all the *Memoir Writers*, *English* or *French*; and indeed a Man would be hard put to it, to write his own *Memoirs* without having *Egotisms* in his Writings, notwithstanding what the late Earl of *Shaftsbury* is pleas'd

to say in his Charecteristicks ; " These are the Airs which
 " a neighbouring Nation give themselves, more particular-
 " ly in what they call their *Memoirs*. Their very Essays
 " on Politicks, their Philosophical and Critical Works,
 " their Comments upon antient and modern Authors, all
 " their Treatises are *Memoirs* ; the whole Writing of this
 " Age, is indeed, a sort of *Memoir-Writing*. Tho' in the
 " real *Memoirs* of the Antients, even what they writ at
 " any Time concerning themselves, there was neither the
 " *I* nor the *Thou*, throughout the whole Work ; so that
 " all this pretty Amour and Intercourse of Caresses between
 " the Author and Reader, was thus intirely taken away. "
 Has not his Lordship forgotten the Writings of *Cicero*, the
 most famous and most voluminous of the *Classicks*, whose
Works run very much in the first Person, and he takes all
Occasions to do himself Justice, to use the *Spectator's* Words.
 He adds, " I confess I am never better pleas'd, than when
 " he is on this Subject. Such Openings of the Heart,
 " give a Man a thorough Insight into his personal Cha-
 " racter, and illustrate several Passages in the History of
 " his Life. Besides that there is some little Pleasure in
 " discovering the Infirmary of a great Man, and seeing
 " how the Opinion he has of himself agrees with what
 " the World entertains of him. " To conclude, what may
 be said on this Subject. Here is great Man against great
 Man. *Brutus* blames *Cicero* for his *Egotisms*. The Lord
Shaftsbury condemns them, the *Spectator* in some Cases is
 charm'd with them. *Pere Bouhours*, who censures them,
 in the very Book, has hardly a Page without an *Egotism*,
 and when a Writer of *Memoirs*, or even Prefaces uses
 the Figure without Vanity ; when it is done, to speak a ne-
 cessary Truth, whether it makes for or against Him ; I
 don't see why any Man's Delicacy should be offended with
 it. Perhaps the only Excuse that can be made for the
Tatlers, *Spectators*, and *Guardians*, is that the Persons are
 Imaginary ; for there are very few Papers without some
 favourable Hint of the Authors Capacity and Judgement,
 Learning and Honour, Vertue and Merit. Either in the
 first, second or third Person. Thus far we have follow'd
 Father *Bouhours* in the greater Way of Thinking, the sub-
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 we must descend a little.

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Of fine and agreeable THOUGHTS.

THE several Kinds of Thoughts before treated of, not only gain our *Fine Thoughts*. Belief as they are true, but our Admiration, as they are new and extraordinary. Of a lower Kind are agreeable Thoughts, and fine Thoughts, which surprise and strike us sometimes as much as the noble and sublime, and effect that by Agreeableness, which the others do by Nobleness and Sublimity. A fine Thought taken literally is a noble Thought according to *Aristotle*, who has declar'd that little Men cannot be beautiful, and that let them be ever so handsome and well shap'd, they are only pretty; however we very often call a pretty Thought, a fine Thought, and confound what's beautiful, with what's pleasing, after *Demetrius's* Example, who calls those Things beautiful which flatter the Senses or move the Passions.

True it is, sublime Thoughts would please of themselves and yet they may not be call'd agreeable; for Agreeableness is not their Character, nor what is predominant in them. They please, because there is something grand in them with which the Mind is charm'd; whereas agreeable Thoughts may have nothing grand in them, and yet charm by their Agreeableness only; and what makes them charming, are little Images of something soft, tender and delicate. 'Tis in part that *molle atque facetum*, which *Horace* applies to *Virgil*, and which we call pleasant; but the Pleasantry has a Grace with it not to be defin'd, and of more Kinds than one. Those Thoughts that we term agreeable, are not of the Kind wherein that Pleasantry prevails which passes with us for Jest. Jests, 'tis true, have a particular Agreeableness, but are not proper to be admitted into the Works of the Ingenious, which commonly are too serious to suffer any thing that will make one laugh. *Dicendi Genus sententiosum & argutum, sententiis non tam gravibus & severis, quam concinnis & venustis.* Cic. de Clar. Orat.

As Nobleness of Thought, according to *Hermogenes*, is deriv'd from the Majesty of the Things they image to us; so their Agreeableness, according to *Demetrius*, is deriv'd from the Nature of the Objects that please of themselves;

themselves; such as Flowers, Light, fine Weather, and whatever flatters the Senses. *Sunt etiam nonnullæ venustates in rebus, ut nymphaei, horti, amores; res enim suapte natura hilaritate & jucunditate quadam ornata est.* de Elo.

'Tis this that makes *Voiture's* Thoughts so pretty, for no Man ever knew so well as he, how to introduce the most delicate and smiling Objects of Nature; as for Instance, *Vous viendrez icy trouver le printems, &c.* "You will here find the Spring, which you have there left behind you; you will here see the Violets in Blossom. after you have there seen the Roses wither. For my Part, I wish for that Season impatiently, not to bring us Flowers and fine Weather; but because it is to bring us you; and I swear if it does not, it will have no Charms for me." Nothing can be more soft, more gay. The Thought which we find in *Aristotle's* Rhetorick, *Lib. 3. cap. 10.* is beautiful, and its Beauty of that Kind, which has more of the agreeable in it, than of the Grand. *So many brave Youth perish'd in the last Fight, that the Loss was as considerable to the State, as it would have been to the Year to have been rob'd of the Spring.*

FATHER *Bouhours* takes *Voiture's* Thought to be every whit as agreeable as that of *Pericles*.

ANOTHER out of *Voiture* speaking of the Princess of Conde. "After passing a large Parterre, and great Gardens full of Orange Trees, she came to a Wood, where Light had not enter'd above a hundred Years, till it had Entrance with her." This Thought is pretty, but is not to be taken according to the Letter, nor the strict Rules of Verity. The gallant Way of writing has its Licences, as well as the Poetick, and the Figurative Signification here may pass for the proper. *Light had not enter'd the Wood in a hundred Years before:* That's the proper Sense. *It had Entrance with her:* That's the Figurative. *Voiture* seems to have imitated *Martial*, who tells the Emperor *Domitian*, that tho' it should be Night when he made his Entry into *Rome*, yet the People would not want Light when they saw the Emperor.

Jam Cæsar vel nocte veni; stent astra licebit,
Non decrit populo, te veniente, Dies.

BUT I think a Lady's bright Agreeable Thoughts. Eyes, as in *Voiture*, forms a much fairer Day in the Figure, than a Tyrant

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Tyrant in his imperial Car as *Martial* has it. We see by *Voiture's* Thought, that the proper and figurative Sense being mixt forms that Agreeableness we are speaking of, and by this Means, may many a Thought be sav'd upon which the Criticks would otherwise have no Mercy; as for Instance, the Conclusion of the Epigram made on the Duke de *Montmorency's* being beheaded over against the Marble Statue of *Henry IV.* after the most powerful, but unsuccessful Sollicitations for his Pardon, which *Lewis XIII* Son of *Henry* deny'd.

Ora patris, nati pectora Marmor erant,

The Father's Face, and the Son's Heart were Marble.

The Excellence of an Epigram often consists only in joyn-
ing the figurative and proper Senses together, as in that which was made on the Marechal de *Bassompierre's* coming out of the *Bastille*, after the Death of Cardinal *Richelieu*. The Marechal speaks.

En fin dans l'arriere Saison &c.

At last, tho' late,

Mine agrees with Armand's Fate.

I leave my Prison, France, His Soul leaves His.

The Word Prison, as it relates to the Marechal, is in the proper Sense, and in the Figurative, as it relates to the Cardinal. The following Remark is unworthy *Pere Bouhours's* Penetration, that the Word *France* there wants but one Letter to be the Anagram of *Bassompierre*, whose Name was *Francis*, which, says he, renders the Epigram the more agreeable, but I think the more trifling, and more like a Pun.

VOITURE mingles the Figurative and the Proper very agreeably in his Letter to the Count d' *Avaux*. "Say true
"My Lord, as fair as the Weather has been with you,
"is it not more cloudy at *Munster*, since Madam
"Longueville left you! I am sure at least 'tis fairer and
"clearer with us, since she return'd to *Paris*." There is
a Thought in the Memoirs of *Brantome* very much like
this. On a Repott that the Queen of *Navarre*, Sister to
Francis I. was dead at *Auvergne*, a Courtier cry'd out, it
could not be, the Weather having been so fair ever since;
and he maintain'd, if the Queen was dead, the Sky would

not have been so clear. *Voiture* has the Advantage of the Courtier in that his Letter to Monsieur d'Avaux, is all in the pleasant Way, and *Brantome's* Courtier's Subject was too serious to admit of Pleasantry. *Voiture* begins thus, "By what I can see, you Plenipotentiaries divert your selves admirably well at *Munster*. You have had a Laugh once in six Month's Time. You did well to take hold of the first Occasion, and to make much of the little Mirth that happen'd. You live there in Clover up to the Ears in Papers, always reading, writing, correcting, proposing, conferring, haranguing, consulting ten or twelve Hours a Day, lolling at Ease in good Arm Chairs; while we poor Devils here, are forc'd to ride, to walk, to play, to chat, to sit up and spend a miserable Life." This is Raillery, and in such Raillery the Proper and the Figurative may be confounded without giving Offence to Reason or Decency. Nay sometimes this may be done on more serious Occasion, if it be done without Affectation, as in *Voiture's* Letter to *Mademoiselle Paulet*. "We every Day draw near the Country of Melons, Figs, and Muscadines, and are about to combat in Places, where we can gather no Palms, but what will be mingled with the Flowers of Orange Trees, and Pomegranats." Farther, Comparisons taken from pleasant and delightful Subjects, form agreeable Thoughts, as those we take from great Subjects, form noble ones. "It appears to me, says *Costar*, a great Advantage, to be inclin'd to what is good without Constraint. 'Tis like a fine Stream that glides gently without Obstruction, between two flowry Banks; whereas on the contrary, those that are virtuous, only because Reason bids it, and that sometimes do better Things than others, are like those Waterworks where Art does Violence to Nature; they spout out as high as Heaven, while the Force is upon them, but on the least Obstacle they stop, and you see no more of them." What *Balzac* says of a Rivulet is a pretty Thought, "That fine Stream is so in Love with this Country, that it divides itself into a thousand Branches, and forms an infinite Number of Isles and Turnings to enjoy it the more.

In a Letter of Mr. *Walsh's* to a Lady that ask'd for his Heart, he says, "Tho' to tell a Man that you will dispose of his Heart to one who shall use it ill, is but a very small Encouragement for him to part with it; yet since you

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" say you have a particular Fancy for mine, I cannot re-
 " fuse you such a Trifle upon whatever Terms you demand it.
 " I have enclos'd it therefore in this Letter, and trusted it
 " by the Penny Post, least your Generosity should have
 " made you give a Messenger more for the bringing it
 " than the Thing itself is really worth." The proper and
 the figurative Sense here make very agreeable Raillery, and
 the whole Letter is full of it. " I wish Madam, it were
 " better for your sake, and can assure you that, were it the
 " most modish Heart in the World, it should be at your
 " Service. As it is, I am afraid you will think it very old-
 " fashion'd, and too much given to those antiquated Qualities,
 " Constancy, and Fidelity. It is probable the Lady for whom
 " you intend it, may despise these Things, and think a Heart
 " of that Sort as ridiculous as a Lover in a short Cloak,
 " slash'd Sleeves, pink'd Doublet and trunk Hose. But let
 " her not be prejudic'd against Things for their first Appea-
 " rances; I have seen a very awkward Beginner come to
 " dance very well at last; and it is not impossible but by
 " good Management the Heart may be brought quite off
 " of its Fidelity and Constancy. You may please to tell
 " her, that it having been bred up very tenderly till now,
 " it would be convenient to treat it a little kindlier than
 " ordinary at first, least it should be apt to run away: She
 " should encourage his Sighs now and then with a kind
 " Whisper; and when she sees the Fire grow a little faint,
 " let her give but one or two Looks, and it will blaze afresh.
 " Having been troubled with an extraordinary Fever, since
 " it was in the Presence of a certain Lady, it ought not
 " to be expos'd to the open Air, for Fear of catching
 " Cold; she may conveniently enough confine it to her
 " Bedchamber, &c." Never any Author hit *Voiture's*
 Manner so well in *English* as Mr. *Walsh*. We do not seem
 in *England* to understand the very Word *Raillery*. We
 take railing and perhaps scolding to be rallying, tho' they
 are Antipodes to each other. In another Letter to a *Lady*,
 who was going to be marry'd, Mr. *Walsh* speaking of the Bu-
 rials to the happy Lover, tells her they were about to put an
 End to their Despair after the old Way on some of the Trees
 in the Park. " I said, *Continues he*, it was contrary to all Pre-
 " cedent to make use of Elms or Lime-Trees, since the
 " Willow had then out of Mind been reserv'd for that Use;
 " and that a Lover, who did not hang himself according
 " to Form, had as good never hang himself at all. They

" answer'd me very furlily, tho' very truly too I must own,
 " That it was not my Business: That it was a very hard
 " Case, People might not hang themselves without asking
 " my Leave; and as they would not hinder me whenever
 " I was going about such a Thing, so they took it very ill
 " that I should pretend to hinder them. I must confess,
 " Madam, I could say very little in the Case; and you
 " may believe I had no great Mind to enter upon a Quarrel
 " with People in their Circumstances." I shall only add
 one Instance more out of Mr. *Walsh's* Letters, where the
 Raillery is very *picquant*. " Meeting with one of the La-
 dies last Night, with whom I am in Love, she began a
 " Discourse of Lovers, wherein she shew'd the many In-
 " conveniencies that attended the having a Man of Wit in
 " that Capacity. I who do not naturally love to dispute
 " with a fair Lady (especially in a Cause where I thought
 " myself no more concern'd than if she had talk'd of *Jews*
 " or *Mahometans*;) agreed with her in all she said; when
 " she turn'd briskly upon me, and said, For that Rea-
 " son a Woman must have a Care of having any Thing to
 " do with me. I told her that was acting after the Man-
 " ner of some late Judges, to call a Thing Treason with-
 " out Law, and then hang a Man for it without Proof, &c."
 Besides the Wit and the Raillery in this Thought, there
 is a Political Truth which I recommend to the Considera-
 tion of Archdeacon *Echard*, when he revises that Part of
 the History of *Charles II*, where he so highly extolls the
 Justice and Integrity of those very Judges. We return now
 to Father *Bouhours*.

We need not wonder, why the Eclogues of *Theocritus*
 and *Virgil*, and the Pastorals of some of the Moderns please
 us so much. The Thoughts in them are so agreeable, that
 one can never be tired with reading them. We meet with
 nothing every where but Flowers, Woods, Rivers, Shades,
 and whatever is amiable in a Country-Life, accompany'd
 with the Ornaments which the great Masters of Pastoral
 Poetry have embellish'd their Poems with. In this Kind
 of Writing *Hermogenes* allows, that Poetry tends chiefly to
 please, to amuse and gladden us. He also grants, that
 Fiction, or something a little Poetical, renders Thoughts ve-
 ry agreeable even in Prose. *Fabulae in sententiis maxime af-
 ferunt suavitatem & delectationem in Oratione*, de Formis
 Orat. cap. 4. Some are of Opinion, that *Voiture* had this
 Passage of *Hermogenes* in his Head, when he wrote the
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Letter of the King of Sweden to Mademoiselle de Rambouillet, and that of the Carf to the Pike; but Pere Bouhours thinks *Voiture* learn'd this Manner of no Body but himself, unless one wou'd say of *Voiture* with Regard to *Hermogenes*, what was said of a very great Man with Respect to *Tacitus*, That he had got him all by Heart without having read him; for having naturally a great Deal of good Sense, and a great Knowledge of the World, he had all Political Maxims in his Head, tho' he had no Tincture of Letters. We have in *English* Authors as great Variety of fine and agreeable Thoughts as there are in any others antient or modern. *Milton's* Description of Paradise before mention'd, is exquisitely fine.

A Wilderness of Sweets.

Wild above Rule or Art, enormous Bliss.

So is this of Eden:

*And higher than that Wall, a circling Row
Of goodliest Trees, loaden with fairest Fruit;
Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden Hue
Appear'd with gay enamel'd Colours mix'd:
On which the Sun more glad imprest his Beams,
Than in fair evening Cloud, or humid Row
When God hath shower'd the Earth; So lovely seem'd
The Landskip: And of pure, now purer Air
Meets his Approach, and to the Heart inspires
Vernal Delight and Joy, able to drive
All Sadness but Despair: now gentle Gales
Fanning their odoriferous Wings, dispense
Native Perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Their balmy Spoils,*

Again, after a very fine Description of Paradise, he adds,

—— Thus was the Place
*A happy rural Seat of various View;
Groves, whose rich Trees wept od'rous Gums and Balm.
Betwixt them Lawns, or level Downs and Flocks
Grazing the tender Herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmy Hillock, or the flow'ry Lap
Of some irriguous Valley spread her Store
Flow'rs of all Hue, and without Thorn, the Rose:
Another Side umbrageous Grotts and Caves
Of cool Recess, o'er which the mantling Vine
Lays forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps,*

*Luxuriant ; mean while murmuring Waters fall
Down the slope Hills, dispers'd, or in a Lake,
That to the fringed Bank, with Myrtle crown'd,
Her chrystal Mirror holds, unite their Streams.
The Birds their Quire apply, Airs, vernal Airs,
Breathing the Smell of Field and Grove, attune
The trembling Leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces, and the Hours in Dance,
Led on th' eternal Spring.*

Is not this Imagination of Mr. Addison's both fine and agreeable ?

*Bear me some God to Baja's gentle Seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's Green Retreats ;
Where ev'n rough Rocks with tender Myrtle bloom,
And trodden Weeds send out a rich perfume.
Where Western Gales eternally reside,
And all the Seasons lavish all their Pride :
Blossoms and Fruits, and Flow'rs together rise,
And the whole Tear in gay Confusion lies.*

How moving, and yet how agreeable is this Soliloquy of Eve, in *Paradise Lost*, Book II. lamenting her Expulsion :

*Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native Soil, these happy Walks and Shades,
Fit Haunt of Gods?*

————— Ob, Flow'rs,
*That never will in other Climate grow,
My early Visitation, and my last
At Ev'n, which I bred up with tender Hand,
From the first op'ning Bud, and gave ye Names,
Who now shall rear ye to the Sun, or rank
Your Tribes, and Water from th' Ambrosial Fount?*

Dryden has stolen, and spoil'd this in his *State of Innocence* :

*Farewel, ye Flow'rs, whose Buds with early Care
I watch'd, and to the careful Sun did rear,
Who now shall bind your Stems? or when you fall,
With Fountain Streams your fainting Souls recall?*

'Tis not upon this Occasion, but on several others, that after I have been reading Milton's majestick Poem, when

when I turn to *Dryden*, I fall as from a Precipice, and cannot soon recover my self. Father *Bouhours* observes, that ingenious Fictions have as good an Effect, sometimes in Prose, as in Verse. They present so many diverting Objects to the Mind, that they cannot fail of pleasing Persons of Understanding. There are two Kinds of them, the one are the more extended, and form an entire Piece, such are the Letters of the *Carp*, and the *King of Sweden*; to which we may add, the *Dialogues of the Dead*; that of *Love and Friendship*; the *Metamorphosis of Orantes*; *Parnassus Reform'd*; the *Authors War*; *The Louis D'Or*: These little Treatises are very witty and agreeable. The *Tailors* and *Spectators* are the best Things of this Kind in the *English* Tongue. There are many ingenious Fictions in them, which may be compar'd with the best in the *French* Language. The other Sort of Fictions are short, and sometimes are contain'd in a single Thought only. Thus *Pliny* the Younger advising *Cornelius Tacitus* to study even when he was a hunting, says, that the Exercise of the Body keeps the Soul awake; that Woods, Solitude, and the Silence that is kept in certain Chaces are a good Help to right Thinking; and in short, that if he carries a Pocket-Book about with him to write his Thoughts down, he will find *Minerva* dwells in the Woods and on the Hills, as well as *Diana*; *Mirum est ut animus agitatione motuq; corporis excitetur; jam undique Sylvæ & Solitudo, ipsūq; illud silentium quod venationi datur, magna cogitationis incitamenta sunt. Experieris non Dianam magis montibus quam Minervam inerrare. Lib. i. Ep. 3.* Here's a little Fiction in five Words. *Pliny* had said before that he was once at the Death of three wild Boars, and sat himself down near the Place where they were caught, with his Pocket-Book in his Hand, musing and writing what came into his Mind, that if he had got no Game, he might not have return'd quite empty. He would have carry'd home something in his Pocket-Book. *Ad retia sedebam: erant in proximo non venabulum aut lancea, sed stylus & pugillares. Meditabar aliquid, enotabamque, ut si manus vacuas, plenas tamen ceras reportarem.* That Thought is pretty enough; but that of *Minerva's* haunting the Woods like *Diana* is more agreeable. What *Varro* says of *Plautus* is a Fiction something like this. 'Tis mention'd by *Quintilian*, *Licet Varro dicat musas Plautino sermone locuturas fuisse si latine loqui vellent. If the Muses would talk Latin, it wou'd be like Plautus.* The Thought

Thought is fine, but every one has a Pretence to it. *Cicero* and *Valerius Maximus* say, If *Jupiter* wou'd talk Greek, it wou'd be in the Language of *Plato*. It was said by another, that the *Muses* spoke with the Mouth of *Xenophon*. According to *Pliny* the Younger, one of his Friends wrote Letters in so elegant and so pure a Stile, that whoever read them would believe the *Muses* themselves talk'd Latin. *Epistolas quidem scribit ut musas ipsas latine loqui credas*. 'Twas said of a Lady of the French Court, If the *Graces* would talk, it wou'd be with her Mouth. We may add to this, what *Le Testi* feign'd on the Death of *Lopez de Vega*; and he is the *Horace* of the *Italians*, as *Tasso* is their *Virgil*. The Poet demands, whither the Spanish Swan is fled? The Answer is, *Apollo* has call'd him to himself, that he might not sing alone on *Parnassus*.

Forse piacque ad Apollo a se chiamarlo
Per non esser in Pindo a cantar solo.

He adds, that since *Lopez's* Death *Apollo* has play'd nothing but Spanish Airs on his Lyre, and that the Eloquence of the Castilian Poet has caus'd a Change in the Language of *Parnassus*.

Ne più di greci accenti
O di Latini, e Toschi il bionde Arciero
Tempre le corde dell aurata cetra :
Sol d'Isperi concetti
Rimbonban Pindo e Cerra : e in suono
Ibero Volano arguti carmi a ferir l'etra,
Tanto puo, tanto Impetra
La facundia di Lope : Ei sol fu degno
Di mutar lingua alli Appollineo rognò.

These single Figures borrow'd from Poetry very much enliven Prose. The elder *Pliny*, who, according to *Voiture*, is much preferable to the Younger, speaking of the Roman Dictators, who, after having commanded Armies, and obtain'd Victories, till'd their Lands, and held themselves the Plough, says; the Land rejoiced to be cultivated by victorious Labourers, and turn'd up by a Ploughshare charg'd with Laurels, *Goudente terra vomere laureato, & triumphali Aratore*. He says elsewhere, that the Houses where the Statues of Heroes of a noble Race were plac'd in Order, did smell of their Triumphs, tho' they had chang'd Masters; and that the very Walls reproach'd a Poltroon who

who inhabited them; that he daily enter'd a Place that was consecrated by the Monuments of another's Virtue and Glory, *Triumphabant etiam, dominis mutatis, ipsæ domus; & erat hæc stimulatio ingens, exprobrantibus testis, quotidie imbellem dominum intrare in alienum triumphum.* Tho' the Lands Rejoycing, and the Houses Reproaching, have something lively and fine in Imagination, which pleases the Mind; yet a Metaphor that marks the Action gives it as much Pleasure. The same *Pliny* last quoted, to express the Use that's made of Arrows says, We have given Death Iron Wings, to make him come to us the faster, *Ut ocyus Mors perveniret ad hominem alitem illam fecimus, pennasque ferro dedimus.* Is there not as much Life and Agreeableness in this Thought as in that of *Horace*, of the Cares that hover over golden Roofs?

Non enim Gazæ, neque consularis
Summovet licitor miseros tumultus
Mentis & curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes

Thus translated by *Otway* :

*Since Wealth and Power too weak we find
To quell the Tumults of the Mind;
Or from the Monarch's Roofs of State,
Drive thence the Cares that round him wait.
Happy the Man, &c.*

Malherb's Thought, which we have apply'd to our *English* Kings as he did to the *French*, seems to be taken from this :

*Nor can the Guards that wait
At Whitehall Gate
From Death defend our Kings.*

The Metaphor is, 'tis true, a Magazine of Charms; and there is nothing perhaps which flatters the Mind more than an Object under a foreign Representation. We love, as *Aristotle* observes, to see one Thing in another, and that which wou'd not strike of itself, nor with an open Look, surprises in a borrow'd Dress, and with a Mask on. Thus of a simple and common Proposition as this, *The Daughters of France do not succeed to the Crown*, one makes a witty and agreeable Thought, by saying as 'tis said in the Gospel, *The Lillies don't spin*; or as in the Fable, *a Distaff don't become the Gallick Hercules*. Sometimes a Thought that's

that's entirely simple and pure, has the same Effect without the Help of Metaphor. *Catullus*, to give an Idea of a Lady of a fine Air, Shape and great Beauty, tells us, she had robb'd all Women of their Charms that had any.

Omnibus una omnes furripuit Veneres.

Has not *Voiture* robb'd *Catullus* in his Vision of *Mademoiselle de Bourbon*, where he imagines very extraordinary Robberies, to exalt the Merit of that Princess? "As I have been painting her, you will have Reason to think she's a Beauty very different from Queen *Epicharis*; but if she is not that *Egyptian* Queen, she is perhaps every whit as great a Robber. While she was yet an Infant, she stole Whiteness from Snow, and Lustre and Purity from Pearls. She took from the Stars their Beauty and their Light; and there's hardly a Day passes still but she steals a Ray from the Sun, and does it in Sight of all the World. Finally, in an Assembly at Court, she took away Grace and Brightness from all the Ladies there, and all the Diamonds with which they were adorn'd. Nay, she did not spare the Jewels of the Crown that was upon the Queen's Head, but stole from it whatever was most brilliant and most fair." This is pleasantly imagin'd, and the Air of Gayety in which it is spoken, excuses what there is in it that seems to be false and in Excess; for, according to *Bouhours* 'twas true, in the Main, that *Mademoiselle de Bourbon* excell'd all the Ladies of the Court in Beauty. And the Robberies she is charg'd with are an ingenious Turn given the Thought to express it the more agreeably. My Lord *Lansdown* expresses himself finely and agreeably in his Poem call'd the *Progress of Beauty*.

But see in bright Array,
What Hosts of heavenly Light recruit the Day;
Love in a shining Galaxy appears
Triumphant still, and Grafton leads the Stars.

Ingenious and agreeable is a Saying of the young Dutchess of *Bourbon's* Discretion and Wit, by a *French* Poet.

Vous n'aviez pas encor dix Ans
Que vostre Esprit avoit trente.
When you were but ten Years old,
Your Wit was thirty.

Marot,

Marot, speaking of a Lady in the Court of *Francis I.* has the same Thought.

Dixhuit Ans je vous donne

Belle & bonne :

Mais a vostre sens rassis

Trente-cinq ou trente six,

J'en ordonne.

Your Age, according to my Guess,

Is eighteen Years, nor more nor less ;

But so mature's your Wit,

More Years to that I must admit.

Its Age to twice the Number five,

As thirty-five or thirty-six.

The different Numbers oppos'd to one another make the Turn alike pretty and agreeable. The latter generally comes from Opposition, especially in Thoughts that have a double Sense like two Faces. This Figure which seems to deny that it asserts and contradicts itself, in Appearance, is very elegant. We meet with many fine Examples of it in the Antients. *Sophocles* says, the Gifts of Enemies are not Gifts ; and an unnatural Mother is no Mother. *Seneca*, That a great Fortune is a great Servitude. *Magna Servitus est magna Fortuna.* And *Tacitus*, That Men sometimes do very little Actions to make themselves great, and behave themselves servilely that they may reign ; *omnia serviliter pro dominatione.* *Horace* speaks of a foolish Wisdom, a busy Laziness, and a discording Concord. Modern Authors are full of Instances of the like Nature as this : " Kings are Slaves upon the Throne ; the " Body and Soul are two Enemies that cannot leave one " another, and two Friends that can't endure each other." *Voiture* will have it that the Secret to preserve Health and Gayety, is to have the Body in Motion, and the Mind at Rest. He says of a Man of Quality and Wit, with whom he corresponded, *I am never so proud as when I receive your Letters, nor so humble as when I wou'd answer them.* A Spanish Poet had this Expression on the Death of a Queen of Spain :

Viva no pudo ser mas :

Muerta nu pudo ser menos.

Living, she cou'd not greater be,

And dead, she can't be less.

All the Beauty is in the Opposition. The Thought is otherwise common enough. The Opposition surprises us, and sets the Mind at Work to reconcile the Opposites which gives the Pleasure, which we find in an agreeable Thought. *Marot* concludes his Epitaph on *Madam de Chateau-Briant*, with something like it.

Sous ce tombeau gist François de Foix,
De qui tout bien tout chacun souloit dire
Et le disant onc une seule fois,
Ne s'avança d'y vouloir contredire :
De grand Beautè, de Grace qui attire,
De bon scavoir, d'Intelligence prompte,
De biens, d'honneur, & mieux que ne raconte,
Dieu Eternel richement l'etoffa,
O viateur, pour t'abreger le Conte,
Cy gist un rien la où tout triompha.

*Frances de Foix lies underneath this Stone,
Well spoken of by ev'ry one,
Her Beauty and her charming Air,
Learning and Wit without Compare,
Wealth, Honour, all that Heaven bestow'd
Upon her that was great and good,
Lies here, or here to end my Tale,
A nothing lies that triumph'd over all.*

The Epitaph of *James Trivulci* bury'd at *Milan*, owes all its Beauty to Opposition and Brevity,

Hic quiescit qui nunquam quievit.

He who never rested, now here rests.

THIS Warriour is much spoken of in the History of Italy. He dy'd at fourscore Years old, and *Brantome* tells us that just before he departed, he would have his naked Sword put into his Hand, because he had heard that the Devil was afraid of a drawn Sword; upon which *Pere Bouhours* says very gravely, *He had better have held a Cross or a consecrated Candle in his Hand.* One can hardly tell which is most silly, the Action or the Reflection upon it. *Trivulci's* Thinking to scare the Devil with a naked Sword, or the Jesuit's reproving him for not taking a consecrated Candle in the Place of it. An *English* Warriour *Syward* Earl of *Northumberland* before the Conquest, perceiving his

his Death to approach, cry'd out, *How asham'd am I that I should not dye gloriously in so many Battles, but to be thus reserv'd to the ignominious Death of Beasts. Arm me with my impenetrable Corset, gird me with my faithful Sword, and set my Helmet upon my Head, give me in my left Hand my large Buckler, and in my Right my gilded Scimiter, that being a valiant Soldier like a Soldier I may dye.* He did not think of frightening the Devil with his Scimiter. He would only be found in a Posture after Death worthy his great Character when living. As is said of *Lucretia*, whose Heroism consisted in Chastity as *Earl Syward's* did in his Courage, and she was desirous to be found after her Death in a Posture becoming her Character, as *Earl Syward* was.

*Tunc quoque jam moriens, ne non procumbet honestè
Aspicit, hæc etiam cura cadentis erat.*

*Dying she at her Death took Care to lye
So decent as to draw no wanton Eye.*

I must own I am pleas'd when I meet with any Instance of sublime or fine Thoughts in Foreigners, that we can't parallel in our own Tongue; for without Partiality the Advantage is almost always on our Side, as in this Example of *Trivulci* and *Earl Syward*.

PERE Bouhours is very fond of picking his fine Thoughts out of Speeches or Verses upon *Lewis* the Fourteenth. We must consider he wrote at a Time, when that King was in the Zenith of his Glory, and when both he and his Subjects believ'd it would be as immortal as his Motto. The Jesuit thinks this Verse upon him worth a whole Panegyrick.

Pace beat, totum bello qui terruit orbem.

He adds, the *French* Tongue has not Words to express it in its full Beauty. *Celuy qui a fait trembler le Monde par ses Arms le rend heureux par le Paix.* Why may it not bear this Version;

With Peace he flatters whom he plagu'd with War.

We have such an Idea of that Prince's breaking of Treaties, of making War by Surprise, and Peace by Policy, that these Things seem Jest to us, which are the Admiration of the *French*, and it is no Wonder that their

Poets

Poets had so many sublime grand and fine Thoughts on the Subject, if it be true what Mr. Waller said to King Charles II. as we read in the *Menagiana*. That Prince upbraided the Poet for writing so well upon *Cromwell*, and so poorly on himself. Mr. Waller reply'd, *We Poets, Sir, succeed always better in Fiction than in Truth*. We may venture upon a little more of Father *Bouhours*'s Panegyrick on *Louis le Grand*;

Plus pacasse orbem, quam domuisse fuit.

There is more Glory in giving Peace to the World, than in conqu'ring it, which does not please one so much as the former Verse, where there is the Opposition, *Pace & Bello*, the Peace and the War. The latter Thought may be the stronger, but the former is more agreeable. On the Castle of *Versailles* was put a Globe, where the Arts were painted, and Poetry speaks for them with her usual Modesty.

Fingere cur libeat? dum te cano, Maxime Regum,
Fabula narrari creditur, historia est.

*What need we feign your mighty Deeds to sing,
'Tis History and not Fable, of the King.*

Fable and History oppos'd to one another, make the Thoughts fine.

Pliny the Younger speaking of the *Dacian* War, which a Friend of his was about writing, says, *Quæ tam Poetica, & quanquam in verissimis rebus tam fabulosa materia?* How poetical is the Subject, and what can look more like Fable, tho' all the Events be most true?

Antitheses.

Nothing pleases more than *Antitheses* well manag'd in the Writings of the Ingenious. The Effect is much the same as that of Light and Shades in a Picture, where the Painter places them with Art, or rather like Treble and Tenour-Voices in Musick, when happily mingled by an able Musician. However a Thought may be agreeable without this Brilliant in it, without playing upon Words, or giving Turns to it by Expression. *Naiveté* only will serve instead of any other Charm.

Naiveté. I shall have Occasion to make use of the Word *Naiveté* so often, that I have presum'd to naturalize it, notwithstanding it gave Offence to a famous Author, Dr. *Drake*, in the Reign of King *William*. I desire every Critick to offer a bet-

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ter Word before he censures this. There is something more understood by *Naif* than *Natural* or *Simple*, Terms made use of at the same Time to signify something less than the Word *Naif*. *Pere Bouhours* writes of it in this Manner. *Naivety* consists in I know not what simple and ingenuous Air, which has in it something witty and reasonable, such as is that of a Child that has Wit, or of a Villager of good Sense. The greatest Part of the Epigrams of the *Anthologia* are of this Kind. If there is nothing in them that's picquant, there is something that tickles, and without having the Salt of *Martial*, there are few of them insipid. But some there are, as those that were translated and read to Monf. *Racan*, which he thought so bad and so flat, that dining at a Prince's Table, where a Soup was brought which had too much Water in it, he whisper'd to a Friend, who had seen those Epigrams, *A Greek Soup, if there ever was one*. The Epigrams in the *Anthologia*, which are distinguish'd by their *Naivety*, are those on *Myron's* Cow, and such like Subjects, which as simple as they are, must be allow'd to be also ingenious.

*Why low'st thou little Cow?
Art has not given me Milk.*

Another.

*Thou strik'st me, Shepherd, to make me go,
Art has deceiv'd thee;
I had not my Life from Myron.*

*Petit Veau pourquoi meugles-tu?
L'Art ne m'a point donné de lait.*

Another.

*Pasteur tu me frappez pour me fair marcher,
L'Art t'a bien trompé, Myron ne m'a pas animé.*

I give *Father Bouhours's* Version from the *Greek*, that he may answer for it if the Thought is evaporated; for I can make very little Sense of it; and if to be *naif* was to think and speak like the *Greek* Shepherd here, the *Naivety* or Simplicity wou'd be like that of a *Simpleton*, as we term it in *English* very near *Idiotism*. The following are on the Statues of the Gods and Goddesses: Or *Jupiter came down from Heaven to shew himself to Phidias, or Phidias went thither to see Jupiter. Pallas and Juno looking on a Sta-*

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tue of *Venus*, say, *We were in the Wrong to condemn the Judgement of Paris.*

ON the Image of *Cupid* in Chains, and bound to a Pillar: *Little Child, who has ty'd your Hands? Do not weep, you who take Delight in making young People weep.* The Authors of these Epigrams had a Genius somewhat like that of those Painters, whose Excellence lies in certain delicate *Naiveties*, such as *Corregio's* Pieces, whose Pictures of Children have a Delicacy that is extremely affecting. Something so *enfantin* that Art seems to be Nature herself, according to *Longinus's* Rule: *Tunc perfecta ars cum naturam ita exprimit, ut Natura ipsa videatur.* *Longinus.* Art is never in so high a Degree of Perfection, as when it so nearly resembles Nature as to be taken for it. And on the contrary, Nature never succeeds better, than when the Art is hidden, Cap. 18. I have elsewhere condemn'd the Affectation of *French Words*, when we have *English* ones that will express the Things to be spoken of as well. I have us'd *Naivety*, because we have not a single Word to express it, and *enfantin* for childish, because *enfantin* does not signify entirely what Childish signifies in *English*. *Enfantin* means that Air which is natural to Children, and distinguishes them from all other Ages. *Childish* in *English* is the Corruption of that natural Air, some silly and apish Affectation. *Boileau* in his Epistle to the Marquis de *Seignelai*:

*Nature by Study and by Art is spoil'd,
While every Thing is charming in a Child.*

Shou'd I have made use of the Word *Simplicity* instead of *Naivety*, what a Conception cou'd the Reader have had of it, after having read this in Mr. *Pope's* Notes on his *Homer*? *Simplicity* is our Word of Disguise for a shameful unpoetical Neglect of Expression; by which he assures us, that we do not know what the *Simple* in Style is, and by which he more certainly seems not to know it himself: For *Simplicity* is some of the Perfection of Thought and Expression. Nay in the *Sublime* that noted Passage in Scripture,

Let there be Light, and there was Light;

is render'd the more sublime by its being simple, as *Pere Bouhours* informs us p. 138. *Ce Trait si simple en apparence, &c.* This Passage so simple in Appearance, and with Re-

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fect to the Terms only, gives one a magnificent Idea of the Power of God. Instead of Passage, if I had said Trait; and speaking of the enfantin Air above mention'd, if I had said Riant instead of Smiling, for a Characteristick of it, 'twou'd be no more than Mr. Pope has done in the same Notes. But I think what follows has no Parallel, in any Tongue, for a Babel of Languages: Nothing is more lively and picturesque, than the Attitude Patroclus is here describ'd in. The Pathetick of the Speech is finely contrasted by the Fiercé of that of Achilles. Notes on Homer. Which in plain English is, Nothing is more lively and picture like or picturish than the Posture Patroclus is here describ'd in. The Tendernefs of this Speech, being a fine Opposition to the Fiercenefs of that of Achilles. I hope after this I shall find Mercy for having us'd the Word Naivety, and that no Body will condemn me for it before they have found out a better. Father Bouhours tells us, that among the Latins, Ovid and Catullus are Originals for this Naivety of Thought. The Metamorphoses, the Fasti, and de Tristibus, are full of Examples, the Number so great that one can't enter upon them. What Catullus says of a Perfume, is agreeable for its Naivety only,

Quod tu cum olfacies,
Deos rogabis totum ut te faciant,
Fabulle, nasum.

*When you smell it, you will pray the Gods
To be all Nose.*

Totum Fabulle Nasum in Latin, is not so burlesque as to be all Nose in English. The Nose in England being so often bloated by Intemperance, and disfigur'd by Disease, that we cannot think of being all Nose without Grimace.

A French Madrigal on the Praise of a Man of Merit, is very pretty for the same Quality.

Elevé dans le vertu,
Et malheureux avec elle,
Je disois, A quoi fers-tu,
Pauvre & sterile Vertu? &c.

*Bred up in Virtue,
And with Virtue wretched;
Of what Use art Thou, I cry'd,
Poor and barren Virtue?*

*Thy Integrity, thy Zeal
Cast up all, and make Abatements,
Are not worth a Rush.
But hold, we're out since great Pomponne
Is highly honour'd and advanc'd,
She must be good for something.*

Of the same Kind is this Epitaph of *Scarron*, made by
Madam *Maintenon*'s first Husband.

*Cy gift qui fut de belle Taille, &c.
Here lies a Man who was well shap'd,
Cou'd dance, cou'd sing, and cou'd with Ease
Make Verses, and when made, repeat them.
He had some Pretence to Ancestry ;
Among them Warriours might be reckon'd ;
He cou'd talk well of War, of Stars,
And of this Globe of Earth, of Law
Civil and Canon cou'd he talk.
By their Causes and Effects,
Enough he knew of many Things :
Was he an honest Man ? Ah no !*

The Poet that was most noted in *France* for Naivety of
Thought in his Verses, was the Chevalier *de Cailly*, who
publish'd his Poems under the disguis'd Name of the
Chevalier de Accilly ; he call'd them *Petites Poesies*, small
Poems. The Author was a Man of Wit, Simplicity and
Candour. A certain Scholar, had made the Word *Alfana*,
to come from *Equus*, a Horse, on which he wrote ;

*Alfana vient d'Equus sans doute,
Mais il faut avouer aussi
Qu'en venant dela jusqu'icy
Il a bien chang  sur la Route.
Alfana, doubtless comes from Equus,
But it must also be allow'd,
That coming thence so far as this,
He oft has chang'd upon the Road.*

In other Verses of his he shews his Disinterestedness with
much Naivety.

*Quand je vous donne ou Vers ou prose,
Grand Ministre, je le scay bien,
Je ne vous donne pas grand chose :
Mais je ne vous demande Rien.*

When

*When I give you Verse or Prose,
Great Minister, I know full well,
'Tis no great Matter that I give ;
But then, I ask you nothing for't.*

Maynard is not so naive, nor so generous, in his Epigram on Richelieu's leaving him unrewarded.

Armand l'Age affoiblit mes Yeux, &c.

*Armand, my Eyes with Age grow dim,
The Blood within my Veins is cold,
Soon on the Borders of the Stygian Lake
I shall my Ancestors behold.*

*I there shall be among the Train
Of the mighty King of France, *
Father of Learning, tho' his Reign
Was the dark Age of Ignorance.
When I approach him, he'll demand
What you have done to humble Spain :
This by your Life he'll understand,
And ne'er for Pavia grieve again.
But shou'd he ask me, what Employ
You gave me, what Reward I did receive ?
Since I did neither this nor that enjoy,
What Answer shall I give ?*

Cardinal Richelieu wrote under Rien, nothing. Upon which, the poor Poet went and wrote these Verses, to be put over his Closet Door.

Las d'Esperer, &c.

*Weary of waiting and complaining
Of the Great, the Age, and Fate ;
Here, the Time that is remaining,
I for Death will only wait.
I'll attend his coming here,
Nor will wish it, nor will fear.*

I believe these Verses wou'd serve for more Closet Doors than one ; As Richelieu's Answer, Rien Nothing, will serve for more Ministers than one. But the important Cares of the State, and the more important Cares of their own Fortune, may well be suppos'd to suspend sometimes their Generosity, and even Gratitude, and to make them very easy under a poor Author's Resentment.

OF all the Poetry in the *French* Tongue, nothing has more *Naivety* in it, in *Pere Bouhours's* Opinion, than this of *Gambaud*.

Colas est mort de Maladie;
 Tu veux que j'en pleure le Sort:
 Que diable veux tu que j'en die ?
 Colas vivoit, Colas est mort.
 Colas *did* of *Sickness* dye.
 What then? Why, mourn for him, you cry.
 Mourn, Sir, what more is to be said ?
 Colas *liv'd* -- Colas is dead.

Some will say that as *naïf* as these Thoughts are, there is somewhat of *Antithesis* in them.

'Tis no Great Matter that I give,
 But then I ask you nothing for't.
 Colas *liv'd*, Colas is dead.

Give, *ask*, *liv'd*, *dead* are a Kind of playing with the Words, which enlivens the Thought a little. Indeed *Naivety* is not an entire Enemy to some Sort of *Antitheses*, which, as *Hermogenes* teaches, are not without *Simplicity*, and please the more, the more simple they are, *Naivety* hates only those *Antitheses* that are too brilliant and playful. *Simplicia habent etiam suum acumen, suas Argutias*. Simple Thoughts have a Sharpness, and an Edge. *Simplicity* as it is represented to us in the Translator's Notes upon *Homer*, is a meer *Slattern*; but according to *Hermogenes*, she is a *Belle*, if not a *Coquet*. We can justify the Metaphor, by the Saying of as great a Critick, if possible, as the Author of the *Essay*, I mean *Quintilian*. lib. 8. c. 3. *Ipsa apud simplex & in affectata habet quemdam purum qualis etiam in feminis amatur Ornatum*. *Simplicity* delights in unaffected Ornament, as *Women* delight in Dress.

A Thought may please, tho' the Subject is sorrowful, as well as it does when it is pleasant. We have met with agreeable Images, even upon Death, Storms, Battels. The Pictures of wild Beasts, instead of being frightful, are charming, if well represented and well painted; as this of the *Boar* by Sir Richard Blackmore.

So when surrounding Huntsmen cast a Show'r
 Of hissing Spears, against some mighty Boar;
 The gristly Beast, provok'd with ev'ry Wound,
 Rages, and casts his threatening Looks around:
 High

*High on his Back his furious Bristles rise,
Lightning flashes from his raging Eyes :
His Clouds of Foam amidst the Air,
brandishing his Fangs, invites the War.*

These are the Verses of a Poet whom *Dryden* speaks of very respectfully in the Preface to his Fables. Not that I mean to enter the Lists with one *B--*. Let me think what I will of *Dryden's* Imagination and Versification, I may venture to say, he has not in all his Works an Image so great, so lively, and so well painted as this. There is the *Dulcemente feroci* of the *Italians*. The strength of Force that makes even Terror agreeable, as we shall see presently. But I cannot part with Mr. *Dryden*, before I set a terrible Image of his in the same Light with Sir *Richard Blackmore*.

*Then, as a hungry Lion, who beholds
A game some Goat, who frisks about the Folds ;
Or beamy Stag that grazes on the Plain ;
He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising Mane :
He grins, he opens wide his greedy Jaws ;
The Prey lies panting underneath his Paws :
He fills his famish'd Maw, his Mouth runs o'er
With unchew'd Morsels, while he churns the Gore :*

It is translated from *Virgil*. However the Mouth running o'er, the unchew'd Morsels, and the churning the Gore, have not the agreeable with the Naif. 'Tis like a Picture of *Aleen*, with his Bowels about his Heels, which I have seen finely painted in an *Italian* Original, and cou'd not keep my Eyes long upon it. Yet nothing is more certain than that terrible Objects may by good Painters be made pleasing. So may the most pitiful ones, such as *Jane Shore* in her Beggary.

*One perishing for Want,
Whose Hunger has not tasted Food these three Days,
And humbly asks for Charity's dear Sake,
A Draught of Water and a little Bread.*

*Alas, I ne'er wrong'd you,
Oh! Then be good to me, have Pity on me.
Thou never knew'st the Bitterness of Want,
And may'st Thou never know it. Oh! bestow
Some poor Remain, the voiding of thy Table ;
A Morsel to support my famish'd Soul.*

And this of *Jaffair* in *Venice* preserv'd.

*Oh ! We must change the Scene,
In which the past Delights of Love were tasted.
The Poor Sleep little ; we must learn to watch
Our Labours, late and early every Morning ;
Midst Winter Frosts, sparingly clad and fed,
Rise to our Toils, and drudge away the Day.
Oh, Belvidera !
Want, Worldly Want, that hungry Meagre Fiend
Is at our Heels, and chaces us in View.
Can'st Thou bear Cold and Hunger ? Can these Limbs,
Fram'd for the tender Offices of Love,
Endure the bitter Gripes of smarting Poverty ?
When in a Bed of Straw we shrink together,
And the bleak Winds, whistle about our Heads ;
Wilt thou then talk to Me thus ?
Thus hush my Cares, and shelter me with Love ?*

I cannot say, but I am more mov'd with *Otway's* Sentiments, than with *Row's* ; perhaps it is because the Misery is heighten'd by being mixt with Love. But the Lamentings in both are extreamly natural. The Conceptions are good, and well express'd ; and according to *Aristotle's* Doctrine, whatever is well imitated will be agreeable, tho' it should have something frightful in it ; *Tout ce que sera imité parfaitement, sera agréable, quand même ce seroit quelque chose d'affreux* : a very just and natural Observation, so natural that I had observ'd the same Thing in the *Essay on Criticism*, where I took Notice of *Monsieur Voltaire's* Reflection on *Milton*, for drawing the Picture of *Sin* and *Death* too hideous ; and of his expecting *Delicacy*, where nothing could reasonably be expected but *Horror* and *Detestation*. The Pleasure we take in a fine Imitation does not come immediately from the Object, but from the Reflection of the Mind that there is nothing more resembling ; the Novelty of which touches and pleases. 'Tis finely said by the Author of the *Characters of the Passions*, in his Dedication to the Chancellor of *France* ; *Que les Desordres, &c.* " That the Disorders and
" Vices which he puts under his Protection, are not of the
" Nature of those that fear the Severity of the Laws ; that
" they are only Images and Figures, which may be re-
" ceiv'd like those of Monsters and Tyrants, and ought
" not to be less agreeable to such as see them, than the
" Pour-

“ Pourtraits of the Vanquish’d are wont to be to the Vic-
 “ tors.” It is every Way a very beautiful and agreeable
 Thought. We all know that sorrowful Objects and
 Thoughts might please; but without *Aristotle*, we had
 not known the Reason of it; nor why the *de Tristibus* of
Ovid, and the Dramatick Poem, Antient and modern, en-
 tertain us at the same Time that they force Tears from
 us. Thus the most sad and doleful Passages in *Virgil* give
 Pleasure to the Reader. The Death of *Dido* has a par-
 ticular Charm, and there is something very agreeable in
 the Image of that miserable Queen, bath’d in Tears, with
 a deadly Paleness in her Cheeks, when she mounts her
 funeral Pile, and draws the Sword with which she de-
 signs to kill her self.

Non hos quæsitum munus in usus.

*Unsheath’d the Sword the Trojan left behind,
 Not for so dire an Enterprize design’d.* Dryd.

When she’s about to strike the fatal Stroak, She bursts out
 afresh into a Flood of Tears, at the Sight of the Presents
 which her dear faithless *Trojan* had given her.

Dulces Exuviæ dum fata Deusque finebant.

*But when she view’d the Garments loosely spread,
 Which once he wore, and saw the conscious Bed;
 She paus’d, and with a Sigh the Robes embrac’d,
 Dear Pledges of my Love, while Heav’n so pleas’d.*

When after having declar’d with a Sigh, She should have
 been happy, had the *Trojan* Fleet never come on the
 Coast of *Carthage*; She breaks out in a Fury.

Moriemur inultæ?

And must I dye, said she, and unreveng’d? Dryd.

How much better is *Segrais*.

Mourir fans se Venger!

Then a Return of Love, mixes with her Rage and Grief.
 Sed moriamur! ait, sic juvat ire sub umbras.

And unreveng’d, ’tis doubly to be dead. Dryd.

How comes in that *double dying* there? *Dryden* has many
 of these Refinements on *Virgil*, and whenever he adds
 to him, he always spoils him.

Yet

*Yet even this Death with Pleasure I receive,
On any Terms, 'tis better than to live.*

Segrais,

Mourir fans se vanger! Mourons, Mourons! dit elle,
Portons mon triste Amour dans la Nuit eternelle.

Dryden.

Hauriat hunc Oculis ignem crudelis ab alto
Dardanus, & nostræ secum ferat Omina Mortis.

*These Flames from far may the false Trojan view;
These boding Omens his base Flight pursue.*

The Passions here are finely painted. Nothing can be more natural and moving, which makes the *Agreeable Pere Bouhours* is speaking of. We must look into the Original for this *fine painting*. It is lost in *Dryden's* Version. There's another *Pourtrait* more in Miniature, but almost as mournful and agreeable as this. 'Tis *Virgil's* Description of the Lovers whom he saw at his Descent into Hell. The Poet places them in Fields water'd with Tears, call'd the weeping Country.

Hic, quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit,
Secreti celant calles, & Myrtea circum
Sylva tegit, curæ non ipsa in morte relinquunt. *Æn. 6.*
*Not far from thence the mournful Fields appear,
So call'd, from Lovers that inhabit there.
The Souls, whom that unhappy Flame invades,
In secret Solitude and Myrtle Shades,
Make endless Moan, and pining with Desire,
Lament too late their unextinguish'd Fire.* Dryd.

Father *Bouhours* translates it thus, *Lieux arrosez de Larmes, & qui se nomment Les Campagnes pleurantes, &c.* The weeping Fields; and *Segrais* does the same.

Les steriles Champs nommez les Champs de Larmes.
Which is not in *Dryden*, nor a Word of the last Line;
Curæ non ipsa in morte relinquunt.

Their Cares in Death it self, do not forsake them.

Dryden renders Lament too late their unextinguish'd Fire, which is poor enough compar'd with the Original or with *Segrais's* Version.

La Mort ne finit point leur profonde tristesse.

It is very plain, that *Dryden* all along minded the Versification more than the Sense of the Original, and provid-
ed

ed the Numbers were smooth, and the Thought intelligible, he did not care whether it were *Virgil's* or his own.

VIRGIL, says Father *Bouhours*, always thinks agreeably: so does *Homer*, who as the Learned say, is the Father of the Graces. *Ille elegantiarum omnium pater Homerus*. And *Boileau* improves it in his Art of Poetry.

On diroit que pour plaire, instruit par la Nature,

Homer ait à Venus derobé sa Ceinture :

Son Livre est d'agremens un fertile trefor,

Tout ce qu'il a touché se convertit en Or.

Tout reçoit dans ses mains une nouvelle grace,

Par tout il divertit, et jamais il ne lasse.

'Tis said that *Homer*, matchless in his Art,

Stole *Venus* Girdle to engage the Heart.

His Works indeed vast Treasures do unfold,

And whatsoe'er he touches turns to Gold.

All in his Hand, new Beauty does acquire,

He always pleases and can never tire.

THERE is another Kind of Thought which is delicate as well as agreeable ; or rather, 'tis *Delicacy*. only agreeable, only beautiful, because it is delicate.

THIS Delicacy is very little understood, even by those that often make use of the Term. Few People have a clear Notion of it : Yet every one will allow, that there are good Wits, as well as good Painters, who have not Delicacy in their Productions. 'Tis said of *Rubens*, that his Paintings have more of the *Flemish* Genius, than of antique Beauty. And tho' there are Vivacity and Grandeur in his Pieces, they are rather rude than delicate ; whereas *Raphael's* Paintings have all that Grandeur, with inimitable Graces, and all possible Delicacy, which is a Word more easy to be defined in the proper, than in the Figurative Sense.

If you ask what Delicacy is in a Perfume, in Meats, in Musick ; one might probably give you Satisfaction, by saying, a Perfume is delicate, because the Parts are subtle, and yet do not get into the Head : Meats are delicate, when the Substance is little, and the Juice much, to flatter the Palate, and not load the Stomach : Musick is delicate, when in a Concert of Voices and Instruments, there is nothing but what tickles the Ear, and causes sweet Emotions in the Heart. But if you ask what Delicacy in Thought is, the Criticks have not Words to express it. It is

is one of the Things which are not easily to be seen with a Glance of the Eye, and are so subtle, that they slip from us, when we think we have fast Hold of them. All that can be done, is to look close upon them, to take them several Ways, and so to come to the Knowledge of them by degrees. To say a delicate Thought is the most fine Production, and like the Flower of Wit; is doing nothing; and a synonymous Word, or a Metaphor will not clear up the Matter, in so difficult an Affair as this is. *Pere Bouhours* reasons on the Delicacy of Thought, in the Works of the *Ingenious*, by comparing it with Delicacy in the Works of *Nature*. The most delicate are those where she delights to work in little; *Rerum natura nunquam magis quam in Minimis tota*. Plin. lib. 11. c. 2. when the Matter she uses, is so imperceptible, that one doubts whether she designs to shew or to hide her Address. *Pliny* again, *In arctum coacta rerum nature majestas multis nulla sui parte mirabilior*. Such is an Insect perfectly well form'd; and the more worthy of Admiration, by how much the less it is under your Eye. Delicacy of Thought, is by Analogy, to consist in few Words; and the Sense is not so visible, nor so apparent as in other Kinds of Thinking. At first View it seems to conceal the Sense, that you may search after it, and find it out; or at least it shews it self by halves, to give you the Pleasure of discovering it all your self, if you have Wit enough. *Auditoribus grata sunt hec, quæ cum intellexerint, acumine suo delectantur, & gaudent non quasi audiverint, sed quasi invenerint*. Things that are pleasing to those that hear them, not because they are heard, but because they are found out; says *Quintilian*. lib. 8. c. 2. and in that Saying, has explain'd Delicacy of Thought better than all the Discourses that have been written upon it by the Moderns of the nicest Taste. As one must have good Eyes, and even artificial ones, Telescopes and Microscopes, to have a just View of the Works of Nature; so none but Persons of very good Understanding can find out the entire Sense of a delicate Thought. This little Mystery is the Soul of such Delicacy, insomuch, that if a Thought has nothing in it mysterious, neither in the Substance nor in the Turn, and shews it self entire at the first View, it is not delicate, tho' otherwise it may be witty; from whence we may conclude, that Delicacy is a Sort of Improvement of the Sublime and the Agreeable. But the
Matter

Matter is so abstracted, and so little liable to Explanation, that it must be referr'd to Example, in which this Thought of *Pliny* in his Panegyrick upon *Trajan* will be some Help to us; *Soli omnium contigit tibi, ut Pater Patriæ esses, antequam fieres.* You are the only one, to whom it happen'd to be Father of your Country before you were made so. He had a long Time refus'd that Title, and would not accept of it before he thought he deserv'd it. Cardinal *Bentivoglio* has a Thought like this, on the Dignity of a Grandee of *Spain*, speaking of the Marquis de *Spinola*: *E per Nobiltà di sangue, & per eminenza di merito, porto seco in Ispagna il Grandato, anche prima di conseguirlo.* His illustrious Birth, and great Merit, had made him Grandee of *Spain* before he was created so. In both *Pliny's* Thought, and *Bentivoglio's*, which seems to be stolen from the other, there is a great deal of Delicacy. As to *Pliny's*, I conceive, if I have Penetration, that other Princes took the Title of *Pater Patriæ*, as soon as they began their Reign: That *Trajan* more modest, and more equitable than they, did not take it till he had render'd himself worthy of it, by his Care to serve the Empire, and the Love he bore to his Subjects. In fine, that he was *Pater Patriæ* in the Hearts of his People, before that Quality and Title were given him. In the same Panegyrick are many Thoughts, that are equally delicate and agreeable. The *Nile*, whose Inundations make *Egypt* fruitful, not over-flowing one Season, and *Trajan* making ample Provision for Corn, to supply the Peoples Necessities; the Panegyrist says, *Nilus Aegypto quidem saepe, sed Gloriæ nostræ nunquam largior fluxit.* The *Nile* never flow'd higher for the Glory of the Romans. In another Place, *Non unius oculis flumina, fontes, maria deserviunt: est quod Cæsar non suum videat, tandemque Imperium Principum quam Patrimonium majus est.* Fountains, Rivers, Seas are not now engross'd for the Pleasures of one Man only; there is something in the World that is not Cæsars, and the imperial Patrimony is now of less Extent than the Empire. I shall add Mr. *Bona's* Translation, as a Specimen of a copious Way of translating. "You do not force the most antient Nobility to forsake their Seats, that you may inclose Rivers and spacious Forrests, within the Walls of your Grandeur. The Seas are no longer reserved and engrossed, to become the Prospect of a single Man. *Cæsar* can now behold, and with Plea-

" sure

" sure too, fair spacious Tracts of Land in the Hands
 " of others, to which he himself can lay no Claim, nor
 " challenge any Propriety, and is well satisfied, while he
 " thus sees his Dominions are less extended than his Em-
 " pire." There are not many Writers who have so many
 Words to spare, when so few are necessary.

THE Translator is more sparing in what follows out of
 the same Panegyrick; where *Pliny* speaking of the Li-
 berty *Trajan* gave the *Romans* to purchase Houses that
 had belong'd to the Emperors, and the peaceable Posses-
 sion they had of them, adds. " Such is the Bounty of the
 " Prince, and such the Felicity of the present Age, in
 " which we live, that he thinks his Subjects worthy of
 " enjoying what Emperors have enjoy'd, and that we may
 " endeavour to appear worthy of them, without having
 " any thing to fear." *Tanta Benignitas Principis, tanta*
Securitas temporum est, ut ille nos Principalibus rebus
existimet dignos, nos non timeamus quod digni esse videmur.
Such is the Prince's Bounty, such the Happiness of the
Times, that he thinks us worthy of Possessions, which have
been possess'd by Emperors, and we are not afraid of appear-
ing to be as worthy as he thinks. Nothing can be finer
 than what *Pliny* says to the Emperor, towards the Close
 of the Panegyrick; *Cum jam Pridem novitas Adulatione*
consumpta sit, non alius erga te novus honor superest, quam
si aliquando de te tacere audeamus. Flattery has long since
 wasted all the new Ways of praising the great; the only
 one that remains to celebrate your Virtues, is that we dare
 be silent. These fine Strokes were wasted over again in the
 Panegyricks on *Lewis XIV*, who stood them as intrepidly,
 as the Prince of *Orange* would have fac'd a Battery of
 Cannon. A great Memoir Writer in *France* said of him;
We must either say the same Things upon the glorious
Actions of the King, or we must be silent. He does every
 Day more new ones than we have different Turns in our
 Language to praise them as they ought to be prais'd. As
 fulsome as this Flattery is, it comes short of what we meet
 with in an Epistle to Cardinal *Richelieu*; " Our Strength
 " fails us in Proportion, as the Wonders you perform en-
 " crease. 'Twas said heretofore of a brave Soldier, that he
 " could receive no more Wounds, but on the Scars of
 " former Ones: Thus we can only praise you by Repetitions,
 " since Truth, which has Bounds, has said all for Your
 " Glory, that Fable which has none, ever invented for
 " Others.

“ Others.” I do not take the Merit of this Thought to lye where *Pere Bouhours* intends it, in the Turn upon Truth, and Fable, and the Delicacy of that Turn; but in the *Metaphor* which the Orator makes use of; the Wounds and the Cicatrices: for no Man had been more wounded by Flattery, than *Richelieu*; no Man had more Scars of that Kind to shew, than he had.

To return to the Pañegyrick upon *Trajan*: *Pliny* speaking of that Emperor’s Entry into *Rome*, says; *Alii se satis vixisse, te viso, te recepto: alii nunc magis esse vivendum predicabant.* “ Some declar’d after they had seen “ you, They had liv’d long enough; others that they wish’d “ now to live longer.” What *Cicero* said to *Cæsar* in his Oration for *Ligarius* is admirable. “ *Illam tuam præ-* “ *clarissimam & sapientissimam vocem invitus audiui: satis* “ *te diu vel naturæ vixisse, vel Gloriæ: satis, si ita vis na-* “ *turæ fortasse: addo etiam, si placet, Gloriæ: at quod* “ *maximum est, Patriæ certe parum.* ” I have more than “ once with some Trouble heard that fine and wise Say- “ ing of yours, that you liv’d enough for Nature and for “ Glory. Perhaps you may have liv’d enough for Na- “ ture, and even for Glory, if you will have it so; but “ there’s something more than all this still to be thought “ of, and that is, You have certainly not liv’d enough for “ your Country.” *Cicero* has another Turn of Expression on the same Subject; *Sæpe venit ad aures meas te idem istud nimis crebro: satis te tibi vixisse: credo, si tibi soli viveres, aut si tibi etiam soli natus esses.* I have been often told that you have said, you have liv’d long enough for your self. I believe it, if you liv’d, or if you were born for your self only. Father *Bouhours* thinks that a French Poet out-did *Cicero*, in what he said of the French King upon the Peace he made with his Enemies. ’Tis taken out of an Idylle, which was sung in the Orangety at *Seaux*.

Qu’il regne ce héros, qu’il triomphe toujours;
Qu’avec luy soit toujours la paix ou la victoire;
Que le cours de ses ans dure autant que le Cours
De la Seine & de la Loire:
Qu’il regne ce Héros, qu’il triomphe toujours,
Qu’il vive autant que sa gloire!

Let him always reign, let him always triumph;
Let Peace or Victory be always with him;
Let the Course of his Years last as long as the Course
Of

Of the Seine or the Loire.

*Let him always reign, let him always triumph,
And live as long as his Glory.*

So he did, and much longer, which spoils all the Sublime, the Grand, the Agreeable, and the Delicate Thoughts, that were wasted in Panegyrics upon him. *And live as long as his Glory.* Ah, the Delicacy of that crys Father *Bouhours*. To return again to *Pliny*; speaking of *Trajan's* being adopted by *Nerva*, and raised to the Throne of the *Cæsars*, when he was at a Distance from *Rome*; *Credentne Posterī, nihil ipsum, ut imperator fieret, agitasse, nihil fecisse, nisi quod meruit, & paruit? Will Posterity believe that he took no other Step to be Emperor than to deserve the Empire, and that his Advancement was only an Effect of his Obedience?* Another Panegyrist has the same Turn, speaking to the Emperor *Theodosius*; “*Credentne hoc olim ventura posteritas, & præstabit nobis tam gloriosam fidem, ut nostro demum seculo annuat factum quod tantis infra supraque temporibus nec inveniunt æmulum, nec habuerit exemplum? Sed qui vitæ tuæ sectam, rationesque cognoverit, fidei incunctanter accedet, nec abnuisse dubitabit imperium sic imperatorum.*” *Panegy. Pacat.* “Will Posterity believe that a Thing should be done in our Time, which will not be imitated in Ages to come, and has no Example in the preceeding? But whoever shall know what your Life was, and what your Conduct, will not doubt but that he who reign'd as you do, refus'd the Empire.” *Pere Bouhours* seldom gives us an Instance of fine Thought out of the Antients, but he adds a Parallel out of the Moderns, especially *French* Authors, and chiefly such as flatter'd the *French* King most. Thus as to Incredibility, he produces a *Madrigal* of *Martigny* on *Lewis XIV*, wherein Posterity is made incredible with Respect to the great Monarch's mighty Actions.

Les Muses a l'envi travaillant pour la gloire
De Louis le plus Grand des Rois
Orneront de son Nom le Temple de Mèmoire :
Mais la Grandeur de ses Exploits,
Que l'Esprit humain ne peut croire,
Fera que la postérité,
Lisant une si belle histoire,
Doutera de la vérité.

*The Muses are at Strife who best shall praise
 Lewis the greatest of all Kings ;
 And with his mighty Name
 They will adorn the Temple of Memory.
 But the Greatness of his Exploits,
 Which human Reason can't believe,
 Will cause Posterity,
 When the fair History is seen,
 To doubt the Truth.*

Voiture says much the same Thing in his Letter to the Duke d'Enguien, on the taking of *Dunkirk* : "As for me" "my Lord, I rejoyce as I ought in your Prosperities ; but" "I foresee that what at present encreases your Reputation," "will hurt it in Time to come, and so many great and" "glorious Actions, one after another, in so little a while," "will render your Life incredible to Posterity, and turn" "your History into a Romance." One Campaign of the Duke of *Maxlbrough's* was more glorious than all the Campaigns of the *Conde's* and the *Turenne's* put together. How incredible then will the Battles of *Schellenbergh* and *Hicklet*, and the saving of the Empire in one Campaign be ; the Battle of *Ramelies*, and the Conquest of a hundred Provinces and Cities be in another ? But still how much more incredible will it be, that after so many Conquests, such Services done his own Country, and all the Countries round about us, his Glory should in a few Months be forgotten, and his Reputation be abandon'd to the Insolence of a perfidious ungrateful Faction. As the *French King* had his Panegyrist of all Professions, so had he his Women Flatterers as well as Men ; and as Matters have happen'd, nothing in the World is a greater Jest than their Panegytricks, tho' some of 'em are finely imagin'd. A Lady, whom Father *Bouhours* calls the *Sappho* of *France*, gives this Thought a different Turn in a Poem, where she addresses herself to the Poets exciting them to tune all their Harps in Praise of the King :

*Vous a qui le neuf, &c.
 You, whom the Nine have taught in soft Repose,
 Of mighty Men, the mighty Deeds to sing,
 Come and do Homage to our Conqueror,
 And in immortal Verse record his Valour.
 Fear not that future Times will think it Fable ;*

M

Say

*Say of his Glory what you can, much more
Will in our Histories be said.*

Father *Bouhours* says this is delicate to a Degree, and it puts him in Mind of the Delicacy of *Boileau*, in his Epistle to the King :

Je n'ose de mes Vers, &c.

*I dare not of my Verses boast the Price;
But if one Work of all my Labours live,
And Time's unerring Judgment shou'd survive,
Perhaps it may assist thy high Renown,
And serve thy Glory when it saves its own;
For when in Authors future Readers find
The wondrous Deeds which now surprise Mankind, }
They'll doubt that Fable to the Truth is join'd.
But if some Scepticks shou'd so far proceed,
As doubting to deny the Truths they read;
The World will, to reprove their Malice, cry,
Is Boileau, who has said it, wont to lie?
Wou'd he, who for Sincerity is fam'd,
And Knaves and Fools of old, so freely blam'd;
Wou'd he have said what we in Story view;
But both the Poem and the Fact are true.*

Mr. Prior in his Letter to this very *Boileau*, upon the Victory at *Blenheim*, speaks more Truth, as we have shewn elsewhere :

*Blest, if I may some younger Muse excite,
Point out the Game and animate the Flight.
That from Marfeilles to Calais, France may know,
As we have Conquerors we have Poets too, }
And either Laurel does in Britain grow.
We can with universal Zeal Advance,
To curb the faithless Arrogance of France.
Nor ever shall Britannia's Sons refuse
To answer to thy Master or thy Muse.*

Pere Bouhours gives us some more Verses on the King :
They were written by a famous Poet and Orator of the
French Academy :

*Lorsque les seuls travaux, &c.
Toils only are thy sweet Employs, how full
Of bright Examples will our History be?
With how much Vigour, what Success and Glory*

Def

*Dost thou the Weight of thy vast Empire bear?
 Conquest to Conquest, thou art always adding,
 And by a thousand Actions thou wilt blot
 The Memory of Conquerors and of Kings,
 The wisest and the greatest Names till now.
 But to what End is this, what art thou doing?
 A vain Chimera only flatters thee,
 Of Immortality thou hop'st by this.
 So many Deeds above the Might of Man,
 Will never by Posterity be heard,
 When we can scarce believe them, we who see them.*

Mr. Prior's Burlesque on Boileau's Ode, on the taking of Namur, banters away all this Panegyrick, as

*Dans ses chansons immortelles
 Comme un Aigle audacieux.
 Pindar that Eagle mounts the Skies,
 While Virtue leads the noble Way:
 Too like a Vulture Boileau flies,
 Where sordid Interest shews the Prey.
 When once the Poet's Honour ceases,
 From Reason far his Transports rove,
 And Boileau for eight hundred Pieces
 Makes Lewis take the Wall of Jove.*

There was a Critick in France, who fell upon Balzac for saying to a great Minister of State, *The Actions of your Life are such, that after having seen them we can scarce believe them.* "We might say of great Actions, as that Critick teaches us, that we cou'd not have believ'd them if we had not seen them; but to say they are incredible, after having seen them, is foolish; for no Body cannot but believe a Thing which he is sure that he has seen; were it the warlike Acts of *Amadis des Gaules*, we should believe them, and not doubt at all of their being done, if we had been present. 'Tis therefore very silly to tell a great Man his Actions are such, that we can scarce believe them after having seen them. One cou'd not well say so of the Charms and Spells of the Enchantress *Urganda*." Father *Boubours* takes this Criticism to be unfair, and no better than a Cavil. In common Discourse it is said often, *I cou'd not have believ'd it if I had not seen it.* But Eloquence is not bound up like common Discourse; and that we may give the stronger Idea's of what is sur-

prising and extraordinary one may express it after this Manner, *I can scarce believe it, after having seen it.* This Expression is more fine and more figurative than the other. Besides, a Thought may be very good in Verse, which wou'd not run so well in Prose; and tho' what *Balzac* said is passable; yet the same Thought in Verse, passes better, and leaves no Room for cavilling. This Stanza of *Mr. Prior*, in a Hymn to the Sun, is very fine and delicate. *King William* and *Queen Mary* the Subject.

*For thy own Glory sing our Sovereign's Praise,
God of Verses and of Days:
Let all thy tuneful Sons adorn
Their lasting Works with William's Name;
Let chosen Muses yet unborn,
Take great Maria for their future Theam:
Eternal Structures let them raise
On William's and Maria's Praise:
Nor want new Subject for the Song,
Nor fear they can exhaust the Store,
Till Nature's Musick lies unstrung;
Til thou, great God, shalt lose thy double Pow'r,
And touch thy Lyre, and shoot thy Beams no more.*

We very often meet with *Delicacy* in fine Raillery and witty Repartee. There is as much of this in polite Conversation in *England* as in *Italy* or *France*. The Character of the *English* for Wit, has more Solidity; that of the *French* and *Italians* more Vivacity. The Wit of the *Italians* and *French* comes sooner, but it does not stay so long as that of the *English*; and if we compare *Delicacy* to a Perfume, may we not say, that of the *Italians* and *French* is more quick; that of the *English* is more fragrant. This *Delicacy* has often a Keinness, which is somewhat ally'd to Satyr. As the Answer of a Courtier, who had been a Prince's Ambassador. His Master telling him he was like an Ox, he reply'd, *It may be so, Sir, for I have had the Honour on several Occasions to represent you.* Thus a certain *Græcian*, who was said to be very like *Augustus*, answer'd that Emperor with great Quickness and *Delicacy*: *Was your Mother never at Rome?* said *Augustus*; *No, my Lord,* reply'd the *Græcian*, *but my Father was often.* The conceal'd Sense here renders the Thought delicate; for the Hearer or Reader discovers that both *Augustus*, and the *Græcian*,

Græcian intended they both had one Father or one Mother, and in such Concealment and such Discovery consists the Delicacy of Thought.

Pere Bouhours ranks those Thoughts about *Posterity's* believing, among such as are worn *Novelty*. our, and therefore not to be made use of. The finest Things cease to be fine, by being said over and over again. 'Tis Novelty or the new Turn *Cicero* commends in the Thoughts of *Crassus*, that gives Lustre and Value to our own. He then mentions a Thought on the invincible Monarch again, which he thinks is too much worn; that after he had conquer'd his Enemies, he conquer'd himself, and triumph'd over his own Courage. Much like what has been often said of great Artists in their several Arts, when they have perform'd something better than had been done before: *After having surpass'd all others, he surpasses himself*, says *Cicero* of *Crassus*. *Cæteros a Crasso semper emnes, illo autem die etiam ipsum a se superatum.* De Orat. l. 3. c. 1. *Voiture* makes use of the same Thought with Relation to *Balzac*, in a Letter to him: "I have seen nothing of yours since your Departure, but what seems to me to be much above what you ever did before, and by these last Productions you have gain'd the Honour of surpassing him, who surpass'd all others" *He has outdone himself*, is a Saying that's worn in all Languages antient and modern. But this very Saying is *outdone*, since this Work was begun, by a modern Player in a very foolish Preface to a very witty Comedy, at least as far as he had no Hand in it; where, speaking of a famous Actress, who deserves a better Panegyrist, he tells her, *It was not enough to say she had outdone her own outdoing*: such Stuff indeed as this is too mean to be mention'd, were it not to shew how ridiculous the Use of worn Phrases is, especially when there is a Price set upon them; and the ignorant Writer thinks he has done something extraordinary in using them. Sure I am, that a *French* Panegyrist out-did himself and every one else, when he said of the great *Lewis*, he had *vanquish'd Victory itself*. An antient Author, in Praise of *Theodosius*, has the same Expression; *Tu ipsius Victoriæ Victor omnem cum Armis iram deposuisti.* *Thou hast vanquish'd Victory, and with your Arms quitted all Thoughts of Revenge.* As old as *Theodosius's* Panegyrist is, the Expression is older. *Cicero* seems to be the Inventor of it, and by making use of it twice in the same Oration, it

looks a little worn in the last Place, and has lost the Grace of Novelty which it had in the first. After having said to *Cæsar*, "You have already vanquish'd all other Victors by your Equity and by your Clemency, but to Day you have vanquish'd your self." *He adds*, "You have vanquish'd Victory itself in restoring to the Vanquish'd what had been taken from them; for your Clemency hath sav'd us all, when, as victorious, you had a Right to destroy us. You are therefore the only invincible Captain, by whom Victory her self, as proud and furious as she is by Nature, is vanquish'd." *Cæteros quidem omnes victores jam ante equitate & Misericordiâ viceras: hodierno vero die teipsum vicisti. Ipsam victoriam vicisse videris: recte igitur unus invictus es, à quo etiam ipsius Victoriæ conditio visque devicta est. Orat. pro Ligar.* There are Thoughts on Victory and the Moderation of the Conqueror, which are not so much worn as this is: As that of the same Panegyrist upon *Theodosius*: *Pecisti ut nemo sibi victus, te Victore, videatur. Pacat.* Your Behaviour was such, that no Body believ'd himself vanquish'd, tho' you were victorious. A great Magistrate in *France* said in an Harangue to a publick Assembly; "Our invincible Monarch might have made himself Master of *Europe*, if he had not chose rather to be able than to be willing to do what he cou'd. By giving Peace to *Europe*, he did not lessen the Glory of seeing himself Master of *Europe*; and on the contrary, he never made her so sensible that he was so, or might be so if he pleas'd." When I read of the *French King's* giving Peace to *Europe*, I call to Mind how his prime Minister *Monf. de Torcy* was begging Peace for his Master fifteen or sixteen Years ago, in a little Town on the Frontiers of *Holland*, in Terms that wou'd have rais'd Pity, had not our Hearts been harden'd by the Ravages and Cruelties he had been the Author of. The next Panegyrick upon him is a merry one. The Subject is his most Christian Majesty's exemplary Moderation in the Use of his Victories, and the Tendernefs of his Generals to the Citizens of the Cities they either stole or bought. This Thought, says Father *Bouhours*, is not worn at all. 'Tis new out of the Mint, and was about the Time that the *French Armies* were massacring the *Hollanders*, and laying *Heidelberg* and the other Cities of the *Palatinate* in Ashes. "The King knows no less how to make his Subjects to obey than his Enemies to fear him. He wars only to ren-

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“ derthofe he fubdues happy ; and has found out fome-
 “ thing more glorious in Victory than Victory itfelf.” This
 wou’d be extreamly fine and delicate, were there one Syl-
 lable of Truth in it. So wou’d what follows be. A Mem-
 ber of the *French Academy* faid in a Speech to the King,
 “ That the Soldiers fought, like Heroes, they were fo ani-
 “ mated by his Prefence ; but after having overborn all
 “ that flood in their Way, they flopt in the midft of the
 “ Impetuofity of their Courage at his Command, and it
 “ coft him only a Word to hinder the Defolation of a flou-
 “ rifhing City. “ *You had the Pleafure, Sir, at once to*
 “ *take and to fave the Town, and you were lefs fatisfy’d in*
 “ *rendring your felf Master of it, than in preferving it.*”
 The Reader will obferve that thefe Thoughts are fine and
 delicate of themfelves, and are only render’d ridiculous
 or rather fhocking, by the Falfehood and Flattery that are
 in them. The Members of the *French Academy* laid about
 them fo furiously in Praise of this invincible immortal
 Man, that *Hyperbole* was at laft become too weak a Figure
 for them, and the Emulation among them was, who cou’d
 invent beft on that Subject without any Regard to Truth
 or Decency. Upon the Reception of a famous Archbishop
 into that Body, a Panegyrick upon the King was fpoken,
 wherein the Speaker faid, “ He it is who marches at the
 “ Head of his Armies, who by his Conduct aftonifhes the
 “ oldeft and wifeft Captains, and by his Valour the moft
 “ brave and refolute Soldiers ; who forces, who gains, who
 “ over runs Places and Provinces entire, as a Torrent which
 “ Winter renders ftill more rapid. There is nothing want-
 “ ing to his Glory, but what is always wanting to that of
 “ Heroes, which is, that People can hardly bring them-
 “ felves to refift them, or tarry for them, and their Repu-
 “ tation leaves much the lefs to do for their Arms.” Which
 is very delicate, and out of the Way. I have all along
 affected, and fhall affect, after repeating what the Flat-
 terers in *France* faid of their great Monarch, to repeat what
 fome plain Dealers in *Englifh* fay of him ; and every one
 that knows the Characters of *Tamerlane* and *Bajazet*, will
 fee how finely they are contrasted, as Mr. *Pope* calls, it by
 Mr. *Rowe*.

Baj. *Thou pedant Talker ! Ha ! art thou a King,*
Poffeff of fared Power, Heav’n’s darling Attribute ;
And doft thou prate of Leagues, and Oaths, and
Prophets ? M 4 *I hate*

looks a little
of No. 167
to C. Syl-
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Perdition to his Name,
and would have met you both,
human Nature, for Destruction.
is not of human Kind;
that haunts in Woods remote,
tears not the fearful Traveller,
Injury provoke not.

Cause, when Empire bids
is he born for but Ambition?
his Hunger, 'tis his Call of Nature;
The noble Appetite, which will be satisfy'd,
And, like the Food of Gods, makes him immortal.

Tam. Henceforth I will not wonder we were Foes,
Since Souls, that differ so, by Nature hate,
And strong Antipathy forbids their Union.

Baj. The noble Fire that warms me, does indeed
Transcend thy Coldness, I am pleas'd we differ,
Nor think alike.

Tam. No---- for I think like Man,
Thou like a Monster, from whose hateful Presence,
Nature starts back; and tho' she fix'd her Stamp
On thy rough Mass, and mark'd thee for a King,
Now conscious of her Errour, she disclaims thee,
As firm'd for her Destruction.
'Tis true, I am a King, as thou hast been,
Honour and Glory too have been my Aim:
But tho' I dare face Death, and all the Dangers
Which furious War wears in its bloody Front;
Yet would I chuse to fix my Fame by Peace,
By Justice and by Mercy; and to raise
My Trophies on the Blessings of Mankind.
Nor would I buy the Empire of the World
With Ruin of the People whom I sway,
Or Forfeit of my Honour.

The latter is a very delicate Panegyrick on King William.
What Bajazet is intended for, let the Reader judge.
Mr. Row tells us so himself, in a Prologue to this Play,
spoken on the 5th of November 1716.

For thus our Author strove his Prince to paint:
And tho' his Strokes are weak, and Colours faint,

*Yet take once more his Labours in good Part,
And spare bad Numbers for an honest Heart.
Oh may the great Original survive,
And in our grateful Thoughts for ever live,
His Praise our Children's Children shall confess,
And Ages yet to come, immortal William bless.*

I shall now shew, that great King in another Contrast, his glorious Reign, in Opposition to the Reigns of the two *James's*, and the two *Charles's*, his Predecessors in the British Throne: Reigns that are represented by Arch-deacon *Echard*, as the golden Age of Britain. Mr. *Congreve*, in his Poem of the *Birth of the Muse*, having spoken of the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*;

*Thus on the Base of Empire firm she stands,
While bright Eliza rules the willing Lands.*

proceeds,

*But soon a lowering Sky comes on apace,
And Fate revers'd shews an ill omen'd Face.*

This *lowering Sky*, is the very same which the Historian *Echard*, calls the *Bright northern Star*, or King *James I.* who, as Arch-bishop *Whitgift* said, *spoke by the Spirit of God.*

*The Void of Heaven a gloomy Horror fills,
And cloudy Veils involve her shining Hills.
Of Greatness past no Footsteps she retains,
Sunk in a Series of inglorious Reigns. **
*She feels the Change, and deep regrets the Shame
Of Honours lost, and her diminish'd Name:
Conscious she seeks from Day to shroud her Head,
And glad would shrink beneath her rosy Bed.*

The next Verses seem to be a Picture of the History.

*Thus far, the sacred Leaves Britannia's Woes,
In shady Draughts and dusky Lines disclose.*

But what follows is the Opposition, King *William's* retrieving her lost Honour.

*The ensuing Scene revolves a martial Age,
And ardent Colours gild the glowing Page.
Behold of radiant Light an Orb arise,
Which kindling Day, restores the darken'd Skies;
And*

* The Reigns of the Royal House of Stuart now writing.

*I hate the Greek, Perdition to his Name,
As I do thee, and would have met you both,
As Death does human Nature, for Destruction.*

Tam. *Causeless to hate, is not of human Kind;
The salvage Brute that haunts in Woods remote,
And Desert-Wilds, tears not the fearful Traveller,
If Hunger, or some Injury provoke not.*

Baj. *Can a King want a Cause, when Empire bids
Go on? What is he born for but Ambition?
It is his Hunger, 'tis his Call of Nature;
The noble Appetite, which will be satisfy'd,
And, like the Food of Gods, makes him immortal.*

Tam. *Henceforth I will not wonder we were Foes,
Since Souls, that differ so, by Nature hate,
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Transcend thy Coldness, I am pleas'd we differ,
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And ardent Colours gild the glowing Page.
Behold of radiant Light an Orb arise,
Which kindling Day, restores the darken'd Skies;
And*

* The Reigns of the Royal House of Stuart now writing.

*And see on Seas the beamy Ball descends,
 And now its Course to fair Britannia bends.
 Along the foamy Main the Billows bear
 The floating Fire, and wast the shining Sphere.
 Hail happy Omen, Hail auspicious Sight!
 Thou glorious Guide to yet a greater Light.
 For see a Prince, whom dazzling Arms array,
 Pursuing closely, plows the watry Way,
 Tracing the Glory thro' the flaming Sea.
 Britannia rise, awake, Oh fairest Isle!
 From Iron sleep, again thy Fortunes smile.
 Once more look up, the mighty Man behold,
 Whose Reign renews the former Age of Gold:
 The Fates at length the blissful Web have spun,
 And bid it round in endless Circles run.*

Arch-deacon *Echard* quite contrary to these just and beautiful Images, makes the Web to be spun by General *Monk*, *The endless Circles* to be the Ministry of *Lauderdale*, *Jefferys*, &c. How will *Boileau's* Malice against that glorious King, look after this! Let us see what Delicacy there is in his Harangue to the Academy, on his being admitted a Member. He speaks of the Prince of *Orange*. "By a kind of
 " Enchantment, that obstinate Enemy of the King's Glory,
 " that industrious Contriver of Wars and Confederacies,
 " who had labour'd so long to stir up all *Europe* against
 " him, found himself, if I may use the Expression, in a
 " State of Impotence, ty'd up on every Side, and reduc'd
 " to the wretched Vengeance of dispersing Libels, of sending forth Cries and Reproaches!" That Congregation of Flatterers, cou'd bear all this solemnly said in Injury of the greatest Reputation upon Earth. The *French King* could bear all this, tho' himself was reduc'd to so wretched a Vengeance, as to have a Libel prefer'd in one of his Parliaments, against the Prince of *Orange*, by the Stile of *Burgher* of the *Hague*. Mr. *Congreve* gives us another Sort of Picture of King *William* in these Verses.

*For William's Genius ev'ry Soul inspires,
 And warms the frozen Youth with warlike Fires;
 Already see the hostile Troops retreat,
 And seem forewarn'd of their impending Fate.
 Already routed Foes his Fury feel,
 And fly the Force of his unerring Steel,
 The haughty Gaul, who well till now might boast,
 A matchless Sword, and unresisted Host,*

At

*At his foreseen Approach the Field forsakes,
His Cities tremble, and his Empire shakes.*

Father *Bouhours* obliges us to make frequent Mention of the great Sayings in Praise of King *William*, by his often citing the Panegyricks which were lavishly wasted on the French King. He then proceeds, and informs us, that a little *Allegory* will sometimes render a Thought fine. The Instance he gives, is out of a Poem, written by a zealous Papist, wherein the Poet complains of the Favour the *Hugonots* met with in France at that Time, when the Government there was lulling them into that Security which hasten'd their Destruction. The Allegory was a Dog he made to represent the Papists, and which had been kill'd by the Wounds he had receiv'd.

Pour abboyer un Huguenot
On m' a mis en ce piteux estre
L'autre jour je mordis un Prestre,
Et personne ne m'en dit mot.

*For barking at a Hugonot,
I was left in this sad Plight;
I bit a Priest the other Day,
And not a Word was said about it.*

Sometimes also a Thought may be delicate without Allegory, and without Fiction; and a witty Turn has help'd a Man out at a Pinch, when he hardly expected it. After the Fall of *Sejanus*, when every Body rail'd at him, a Roman Knight stood up for him, and own'd that he had been his Friend, which was then look'd on as a heinous Crime; but *Tacitus* tells us, that he got clear by addressing himself thus to *Tiberius*. *Annal lib. 6.* "Non est nostrum æstimare quem supra cæteros & quibus de causis extollas. Tibi summum rerum judicium Dii dedere, nobis obsequii gloria relicta est. Insidiæ in Rempublicam, consilia cædis adversus Imperatorem puniantur: de amicitia & officiis idem finis, & te, Cæsar, & nos absolverit.

"Tis not for us, *Cæsar*, to examine the Merit of a Man, whom you have rais'd above others, nor the Reasons you had to raise him. The Gods have given you Power to judge sovereignly of all Things. Nothing remains for us, but the Glory of obeying. If *Sejanus* form'd any Designs against the Safety of the Empire,
" or

" or the Life of the Emperor, let him be punish'd. But
 " as to the Friendship we had for him, and the Respect
 " we paid him, the same Reason that justifies you ren-
 " ders us innocent."

THIS Thought is as generous and grand, as it is fine and delicate. 'Tis like that of *Amintas* in *Quintus Curtius*, who being accus'd of Intimacy with *Philotas*, whose Conspiracy was just discover'd, defended himself thus before *Alexander*. "I am so far from disowning my Friendship to *Philotas*, that I confess I courted it; and do you think it strange, that we should make our Court to a Man, who was in your Favour himself, and Son of your Favourite *Parmenio*? Most certainly 'tis you Sir, to speak the Truth, that has occasion'd us all this Trouble and Danger. Who was the Cause that all who would obtain your good Graces, made their Application to him? was it not your self? You rais'd him so high, 'twas impossible for us not to desire his Friendship, or fear his Hatred. If that is a Crime, few, I say none are innocent." *Tu Hercule, si verum audire vis, Rex, hujus nobis Periculi causa es. Quis enim alius effecit ut ad Philotam decurrerent, qui placere vellent tibi? Is apud te fuit, cujus gratiam expetere, & iram timere possemus. Si hoc crimen est, tu paucos innocentes habes, immo Hercule neminem.*

WHEN a Thought is at once both subtle and judicious, it adds much to the Delicacy of it; as the Reflection of *Virgil*, on the Imprudence or Weakness of *Orpheus*, who in bringing his Wife out of Hell, look'd back, and lost her again in a Moment.

Cum Subita incautum dementia cepit amantem;
 Ignoscenda quidem: scirent si ignoscere manes.

Georg. 4.

When strong Desires th' impatient Youth invade;
 By little Caution, and much Love betray'd:
 A Fault which easy Pardon might receive,
 Were Lovers judges, or cou'd Hell forgive. Dryd.

Quevedo, the Spanish Poet, has given another Turn to this Descent into Hell of *Orpheus*, to look after his Wife.

Al infierno el Tracio Orfeo
 Su muger baxo a buscar:
 Que non pudo a peor lugar:
 Lievarle tan mal desseo.

Canto

Cantò y al mayor tormento
 Pusò suspension y espanto,
 Mas que lo dulce del Canto
 La novedad del intento.
 El triste Dios ofendido
 De tan estrano rigor,
 La bena que hallo mayor
 Fue bolverlo à ser marido.
 Y aunque su muger le diò
 Por pena de su pecado :
 Por premio de lo cantado
 Perder la facilitò

*When Orpheus weary of his Life,
 Went to Hell to seek his Wife;
 Some say, since Cuckold was the Case,
 His Business there was like the Place,
 Where else could he have gone as well,
 A Wife to look for, as to Hell?
 Th' infernal Pow'rs who sound his Strains,
 Suspended their inflicted Pains;
 Gave him again his Household Curse,
 And thought they could not plague him worse:
 But to reward his Harps sweet Sound,
 The Wife was lost as soon as found.*

Pere Bouhours does not give this as an Instance of true Delicacy ; there may be some Wit in it, but surely it is not very delicate, as is this saying of Tacitus on Galba's Government : *Major privato visus dum privatus fuit ; & omnium consensu capax Imperij, nisi imperasset.* " While " he was a private Man, he seem'd too great for one ; and " all the World would have thought him worthy of the " Empire, had he never been Emperor." Of this Kind is what Pliny says of the Emperor Trajan's Liberality to Egypt in a Time of Scarcity. *Actum erat de fecundissima gente si libera fuisset.* " The most fruitful Province " in the World had been irreparably lost, if she had been " free." The learned Jesuit cannot give an Example or two out of the antient or modern Authors, which are not French ; but we must have many out of the Writings of his Countrymen, and always to the Credit of his Country, or the King of it. One of their Authors said of Saint Lewis. *The Action he did would be accus'd of Temerity, if Heroick Valour was not above all Rules.* And another speaking of the Passage of the Rhine, when the French

French invaded *Holland*, has these Expressions. *The Enemy* charg'd the Cavalry as they landed; the River is rapid, and the Waves beat about them, enough to make any one afraid, if *Frenchmen* were capable of Fear.

Horrendum ! scirent, si quicquam horrescere Galli.

If *Frenchmen* were capable of Fear, behave your selves like *French*, and such like Phrases are ridiculous to us *Engishmen*; in which perhaps we are a little too national, and nothing but the Vanity of our Neighbours, and their Overvaluing themselves, should hinder us from allowing them to be a brave and gallant People. The next Example of a Thought, that has as much good Sense in it as Dedicacy, is what was said of the Misfortunes of *Queen Henrietta Maria*, Wife to *King Charles I.* O Mere, O Femme, O Reine admirable, & digne d'une meilleure Fortune, si les Fortunes de la Terre estoient quelque chose! Oh admirable Mother, Wife, and Queen, worthy of a better Fortune, if the Fortune of this World was worth any Thing. Another like Example is taken out of *Virgil*. Lib. 10.

Rhæbe, diu, res siqua diu mortalibus ulla est,
Viximus.

Oh Rhebus, we have liv'd too long for me,
If Life and Long were Terms that cou'd agree.

Dryd.

The Reflection is fine, and the Moral excellent, but some think it is thrown away, being spoken to a Horse, and probably there may be some too, that will not allow of *Father Bouhours* Excuse for *Virgil*; that he did it to imitate *Homer*, who makes *Achilles* speak to his Horse. 'Tis natural for a Man in a Passion with his Horse, or with any Thing else, to speak to it, a Word or two; but a set Discourse, a moral Reflection to be made to it, is, what I believe many will think inexcusable in both *Homer* and *Virgil*, unless the Horse could have spoke again, as *Balaam's* Ass did. The *French Sappho* is again introduced, speaking in the Praise of *Louis Le Grand*.

Mesme dans les plaisirs il est toujours Hero.

E'en in his Pleasures, he is still a Heroe.

Madam de Maintenon, *Madam de Montespan*, *Madam de la Valette*, &c. were better Judges of that Heroism, than the *Sappho* of *France*. What she says of a Festival at *Marly*, where the Lords and Ladies of the Court, play'd and purchas'd

purchas'd what they had a Mind to, without costing them any Thing, is equally fine and delicate. *The King only lost what all the rest gain'd, if one may call that losing, to have the Pleasure of giving, without desiring so much as Thanks for it.* I wish the following Reflection had been made *English* before the History of the *Grand Rebellion*, or Arch-deacon *Echard's* History of *England* had been written. "All political Reflections, such especially as we meet with in History, ought to be very delicate. Those Historians are not to be born with, who affect to be sententious, and yet say nothing but what is common." As *Echard*, when he says of *Monk's* watching *Lambert*, as a *Cat* watches a *Mouse*, &c. All Reflections in History are intended to keep the Reader awake, and teach him something that is new. Those that are not delicate, but what every one might have thought, are so far from awakening, that they dull the Reader, if they do not provoke him, by telling him what he knew before.

TACITUS has more Reflections than any other Historian; he has rather too many than too few; but they are excellent, and the Political Hints which are scatter'd up and down in his Narration, make amends for the Roughness of his Stile.

MARIANA is very sententious in his History of *Spain*, politely and purely written in *Latin* and *Spanish*. 'Tis somewhat surprizing that having taken *Livy* for his Model, as to Stile, he should imitate *Tacitus* as to Reflections; nay, so exact an Imitation, that sometimes his Thoughts are the very same with those of *Tacitus*. Speaking of *Carilus*, Arch-bishop of *Toledo*, who reprehended *Don Pedro*, the Cruel, for his Debauchery, for which the Tyrant heartily hated him; He says, *The King's Reasons for hating the Arch-bishop, were so much the more strong, by how much they were unjust.* *Tacitus* has the same Expression, almost Word for Word, when he speaks of the secret Hatred which *Tiberius* and *Livia* bore *Germanicus*. *Odii causæ acriores quia iniquæ: Mariana. Anxius occultis in se Patruis Avæque Odii, quorum causæ acriores, quia iniquæ: Tacitus.* Upon *Ferdinand V.* King of *Arragon's*, leaving the Assembly of the Estates at *Saragossa*, to repair to *Segovia*, on News of the Death of *Henry IV.* his Brother in Law; and there being a great Party form'd against him, in Favour of *Joan*, Daughter of

of Henry, Mariana reflects thus. *Nothing is more safe, than to make haste in all Domestic Divisions, wherein Execution is more necessary than Deliberation.* Bello Civili facto magis quàm consulto opus, nihilque festinatione tutius: Mariana. Nihil in Discordijs civilibus festinatione tutius, ubi facto potius quàm consulto opus effat. Tacitus, of Vitellius's Soldiers. Strada, who propos'd Tacitus for his Model rather than Livy, has not stolen so much from the former as Mariana has done, tho' the latter was his Model, or has conceal'd his Thefts better. Yet however we do find them out now and then: as where he says in his Wars of Flanders; *Vilissimo cuique crescit audacia, si se timeri sentiat.* The greatest Cowards grow bold, if they find their Enemies are afraid of them. Tacitus doubtless gave him the Hint, by saying of the Populace, *Nihil in vulgo modicum, terrere ni paveant.* There is no mean among the vulgar, if they don't fear themselves, they make others afraid. One of the finest Reflections in Strada is borrow'd from Tacitus, where he speaks of Tiberius's and Livia's affected Lamentations for the Death of Germanicus. *Periisse Germanicum nulli jactantius merent, quàm qui maxime letantur.* No Persons were outwardly more affected for the Death of Germanicus, than those who inwardly most rejoic'd at it. Strada: *Nulli jactantius fidem suam obligant quàm qui maxime violent.* No Persons plight their Faith with more Ostentation, than those who soonest break it. This is rather borrow'd than stole, rather an Imitation than a Copy; and had Mariana done no more in the Reflections he took from Tacitus, he would not have been censur'd for it. After all, there are excellent political Maxims, in both the one and the other Strada and Mariana, which perhaps are their own, tho' they have much of Sameness in them, as Mariana; *Fere in omni certamine qui potentior est, quamvis optimo jure nitatur, injuriam tamen facere videtur.* In all Differences among Princes, the most powerful seem to be in the Wrong; let the Right be ever so much on their Side. Strada *neque credi aggressurum, qui non sit superior.* The weakest is never thought the Aggressor. How extremely just, fine, and delicate are all these Thoughts! and indeed, how just are all Pere Bouhours Observations; but where he takes his Examples from Panegyrics on the Kings and Princes of France! He goes on.

An

AN Appearance of Falschhood, is sometimes what makes a Thought fine. 'Tis said, *The Hours are longer than Years*, which is true in one Sense: For the Duration of Hours, with Respect to Trouble and Care, is more felt than that of Years, which have no Respect to them.

*The Happy have whole Years, and those they chuse:
The Unhappy have but Hours, and those they lose.*

Is finely thought; with the Happy, the Time goes as they would have it; with the Unhappy, all Opportunities of doing themselves good are lost. The Thought is false in Appearance; the Unhappy have their Years to their Sorrow, as well as the Happy, and the Happy have their Hours as well as the Unhappy: But the Construction is just, fine, and delicate. A Princess said in *France*, *The Sun makes fair Weather only for the People*. She meant that the Conversation of Persons, who are dear to us, is pleasanter than the fairest Weather; and so it is: For let the Sky be ever so serene, and the Sun shine ever so bright, Time will be tedious without the Company of those we love. The Proposition however seems to be false, and it is that only which renders it beautiful. The Proposition is every Way false, and consequently no Way beautiful; one can have the Conversation of Friends in fair Weather, as well as foul, and the Goodness of the Weather, will ever contribute to the Alacrity of the Company. One can converse with them in Gardens and Fields, and with the more Joy, the pleasanter the Day is, in fair as well as foul Weather, and the Princess not have had an *Infinite deal of Wit*, to have said so whimsical a Thing. The *Rinaldo* of *Tasso*, in the last Battle between the Christians and Saracens kills more Men, than he gave Blows.

Diè più morti che Colpi.

And a *French* Author said of their *Grand Monarque*, that in his Answers, he spoke more Things than Words. The Air of Falschhood in these two Thoughts, renders them both delicate. We know very well the Meaning of the *More Men*, and are not at all deceived by it: Besides, there is Truth in both of them. One Blow might kill more than one Person, and in one Word might be many understood. *Cicero* says of *Thucydides*; *Ita creber est rerum frequentia, ut verborum prope numerum sententiarum numero*
N consequatur.

consequatur. The Number of Things in his Discourse is almost as great as that of Words. *Pere Bouhours* thinks the *French* spoken of the King is better than the *Latin*. *Il dit plus de Choses que de Paroles.* He says more Things than Words: to signifie that his Answers were short, and to the Purpose.

If, as I have read, King *William* made all his Speeches first himself in *French*, and gave them to his Council in writing, to be render'd into *English* and revis'd; No Prince ever spoke more concisely, nor eloquently. The Author of the *Holland Journal* says, he had seen one of those Manuscript Speeches in *French*, as it was revis'd, and that all the Alteration was the *Church of England*, instead of *Eglise Anglicane*, the *Anglican Church*, which was alter'd at the Motion of the Lord *Mordaunt*, now Earl of *Peterborough*. Of the last concise Way of Thought and Expression, is that of *Sallust*, *In maxima Fortuna minima licentia est.* *Costar* was so delighted with it, that he translated it three several Ways. *The more Men have of Fortune, the less Licence should they allow themselves; the more their Fortune permits them, the less they should permit themselves; and when their Power has no Bounds, they should set the more narrow Limits to their Desires.* *Pere Bouhours* translates it thus, *In great Fortune there's less Liberty*, which preserves the Turn of the Thought better; and he adds, May not one say, there is something of Falsehood in it? how comes it, that those who have most Power, have less Liberty? Yet, so it is, when we examine the Matter thoroughly. Persons who have an absolute Power, the Height of whose Condition exposes them to the Eyes of the World, ought to allow themselves in fewer Things than others. And in this Sense it is, we must understand what *Seneca* says, *Cæsari multa non licent, quia omnia licent*, Many Things are not permitted to *Cæsar*, because all Things are permitted.

THESE Thoughts are of the Nature of those, which the same *Seneca* calls mysterious, *sunt qui sensus præcitant, & hinc gratiam sperent, si sententia pependerit, & audienti Suspicionem sui fecerit.* Ep. 114. where more is understood than seen, as in those Pictures *Pliny* speaks of, which, tho' admirably well painted, and good Judges allow'd them to be in Perfection, yet they still discover'd something more than the Painting express'd, and shew'd that the Painters Genius went beyond his Art. *In omni-*
bis

bus ejus Operibus intelligitur plus semper quam pingitur, & cum Ars summa sit, Ingenium tamen ultra Artem est. Hist. Nat. Lib. 35. *Mysterious Thoughts.*
cap. 10. For this Reason also it is that according to the same *Pliny*, the latter Pieces of excellent Painters, even those that are unfinish'd, have deserv'd more to be admir'd, than finish'd Pieces. For, besides that we can't help grieving for the Loss of those great Masters who were hinder'd by Death from finishing such rare Pictures, and that our Grief makes us set the more Value on what remains of theirs; we have a Glimpse of what they would have added, had they liv'd longer, and guess what their very Thoughts were. *Quippe in iis lineamenta reliqua, ipsæq; cogitationes artificum spectantur,* ib. c. 11.

FURTHER, there are delicate Thoughts, which delight the Understanding by suspending it at first, and surprizing it afterwards. Nothing can be more exquisitely pleasing, it must be attended with a little Rapture, especially, if the Mind be elevated as well as surpriz'd, and not after *Mr. Bays's* Manner. In that Suspension and Surprise, all their Delicacy consists, as is seen in this *French Epigram*.

Superbes Monumens que vostre vanité
Est inutile pour la Gloire
Des Grand Heros don't la Memoire
Merite l'Immortalité !
Que sert-il que Paris aux Bords de son Canal
Expose de nos Rois ce grand Original,
Qui sceût si bien régner, qui sceût si bien combattre ?
On ne parle point d' Henri quatre
On ne parle que du cheval.

Proud Monuments ! How uselefs is your Vanity
To the Glory of those Heroes,
Whose Memory deserves to be Immortal !
Of what Use is it that Paris sees
On the Banks of her Canal,
The Father of our Kings expos'd,
Who knew so well to Reign, so well to War.
Henry the Fourth is never nam'd,
Nothing's talk'd of but the Horse.

The Fall which was not expected, and strikes the Mind all at once, after the first Thoughts had held it in Suf-

pence, is what makes this Epigram as fine as it is delicate, *Quia nova placent, ideo sententiae quae desunt praeter opinionem delectant.* Arist. Rhet. A Poet of the Augustan Age to make his Court to the Empress, and by that Means regain the Favour of the Emperor, Says, that Fortune in placing *Livia* on the Throne of the *Cæsar's*, shew'd that she is not a blind Goddess, but that she has very good Eyes.

Fœmina sed Princeps, in qua Fortuna videre
Se probat, & cæcæ Crimina falsa tulit.

It having always been said, that Fortune is blind, one is surpriz'd to hear she has so good Eyes as to distinguish the Merit of an accomplish'd Princess.

As to the *Agreeable* and *Delicate*, form'd by the Fall in the *French* Verses, there must be great Care that the Thought comes down gently, and that it is not tumbling, instead of falling. *Butler* abounds with these Falls, and tho' he does not much affect *Delicacy*, his Thoughts are often very agreeable.

Great Wits and Valours like great States,
Do sometimes sink with their own Weights.
The Extreams of Glory and of Shame,
Like East and West become the same.
No Indian Prince has to his Palace
More Followers, than a Thief to th' Gallows.

There is a Fall with a Vengeance, worse than from *Henry IV.* of *France* to a Horse; from an Eastern Monarch to a Thief, from a Throne to the Gallows. So easy is it to provoke Mirth, when we wou'd excite Admiration, unless great Care directed by good Judgement, is taken in this delicate Way of Thinking.

'Twas said of the antient *Sappho*, that *Mnemosyne* hearing her sing, was afraid Mankind would make a tenth Muse of her; nay, she was frequently term'd the tenth Muse. Now the Number of Muses being limited to nine, the first Time that *Sappho* was call'd the tenth Muse, the Mind must have been a little surpriz'd, and in Suspence, ten Muses having never been before heard of. Afterwards, when the Expression was more us'd, that Suspence and Surprize were taken off, and the Thought became common as it is now, which will not admit of *Delicacy*. The longer this Suspension lasts, the finer will the Thought appear, when it is off, and the Discovery made.

made. A Greek Poet in Praise of *Dercylis*, whose Wit and Learning were equal to her Beauty and Charms, begins thus ;

There are four Graces, two Venus's, and ten Muses.

And adds to prove it.

Dercylis is a Grace, a Venus, and a Muse.

The first Proposition is a Paradox, and suspends the Mind ; for we generally reckon three Graces, only one *Venus*, and nine Muses. The Delicacy lies in encreasing the Number, by making *Dercylis* a tenth Muse, a second *Venus*, and a fourth Grace. 'Tis a Kind of *Enigma* propos'd by the Poet, and is the more piquant, the less the Sense was at first comprehended.

Mr. *Menage* inserts this Epigram out of the *Anthologia*

Τέσσαρες αἱ Χάριτες, Παφίαι δύο, καὶ δέκα Μῦσαι.
Δερκυλὶς ἐνὶ πάσαις Μῦσαι, Χάρις, Παφίη.

Translated by *Du Perier*,

Ecce decem Veneris Comites Venus altera & ipsa.

Making ten Graces instead of ten Muses ; and we see by this, how few there were that understood the Greek Tongue in *France*, as well as *England*, fifty Years ago. *Menage* tells us Mr. *Fourmi* explain'd the Greek to *Du Perier*, who was reckon'd a good *Latin* Poet, as was also *P. Vavasseur*, who turn'd the Greek Verses thus.

*Bina Venus, Musæque decem, bis Gratia duplex :
Dercylis has inter, Gratia, Musa, Venus.*

The Criticism is upon the Use of *Gratia* in the singular Number. *Sannarius* renders the Greek thus.

*Quarta Charis, decima es mihi Pieris, altera Cypris
Cassandra, una choris addita Diva tribus.*

Here the Critick is on *Cypris* and *Pieris*, as no Greek Words. Another *French* Poet render'd them thus.

*Sunt Musæ bis quinque, duæ Veneres, Charitesque
Quatuor ; Alcippe ; Musa, Venus, Charis est.*

And another thus,

*Tres olim Charites, Venus Una, novemque Camænæ,
Nunc Charis has præter, Musa, Venusque Lyce es.*

And in *French*.

Il est dix Muses, deux Venus,
Et quatre graces de bon compte,
En voici la raison : Madonte
Fait entre elles le pardeffus.

*Ten Muses, and two Queens of Love,
Four Graces you may tell : Madonta makes
What's over and above.*

I was the more willing to take Notice of this, for that *Pere Bouhours's* Criticism is observ'd in the *Menagiana*, Vol. iv. p. 29. and the Verses are taken out of the *Anthologia*, which *Dryden* represents as containing the very Dregs of Poetry.

THE Countess *de Suza* was a famous Lady in the last Age, at the Court of *France*, much admired for her Wit and Beauty. A *French* Poet wrote the following Verses to be put under her Picture, wherein she was represented in a Car, like a Goddess in the Air.

Quæ dea sublimi rapitur per inania curru ?
An Juno, an Pallas, num Venus ipsa venit ?
Si genus inspicias, Juno ; si scripta, *Minerva* ;
Si Spectes Oculos, Mater Amoris erit.

*What Goddess is't who in that Car,
Appears so glorious in the Air ?
Juno or Pallas, may it be ?
Or is it Venus whom we see ?
If you regard her by her Race,
She's Juno ; by her charming Face,
She's Venus ; by her Wit Minerva.*

The Verses on the Pictures of the Duke of *Marlborough's* four Daughters, which have not yet been printed, do not want for Delicacy.

*How many Graces are there ? Colon cry'd.
Three --- Why d'ye ask it ? Lycidas reply'd,
How many Graces should there be ?
I'm sure, cries Colon, there are more than three ;
Ten Pieces can't --- Says Lycidas, 'tis done.
In Haste to Marlbro' House they run,
There Venus and the Graces stand,
Drawn by some Roman Master's Hand.*

*But the fair Daughters whom fam'd Kneller drew
Happ'ning to be first in View:
As soon as Colon op'd the Door;
I've lost, says Lycidas, I see there's four.*

The Naivety of this Thought contributes very much to its Delicacy.

Pere Bouhours is of Opinion, that there is something too delicate in the Verses on the Countess *de Suza*, or at least too gallant; but then he commends them for the Elevation, and mentions it as an Instance where Delicacy and Greatness meet together in an equal Degree. If I am not too fond of *Mr. Waller's* fine Imagination and harmonious Numbers, these Verses of his contain Greatness and Delicacy in as equal Degree. They are address'd to *Henrietta Maria* Queen-Mother of King *Charles* and King *James II.*

*A brave Romance, who wou'd exactly frame,
First brings his Knight from some immortal Dame:
And then a Weapon and a flaming Shield,
Bright as his Mother's Eyes, he makes him wield.
None might the Mother of Achilles be,
But the fair Pearl and Glory of the Sea.
The Man to whom great Maro gives such Fame,
From the high Bed of Heav'nly Venus came.
And our next Charles, whom all the Stars design
Like Wonders to accomplish, springs from thine.*

The Suspence holds to the last Line, and goes off with a Complement and a Prophecy, which wanted nothing but Truth, to render it equally delicate and gallant; as in the next Verses, address'd to the Queen, Consort to King *James II.*

*Tho' other Names our wary Writers use,
You are the Subject of the British Muse.
Dilating Mischiefs to your self unknown,
Men write and die of Wounds they dare not own.
So the Bright Sun burns all our Grass away,
While it means nothing but to give us Day.*

Ovid in his *de Ponto* thinks something like the French Poet on the Countess *de Suza*:

*Quæ Veneris formam, mores Junonis, habendo
Sola est cœlesti digna reperta toro. Lib. 3. Eleg.*

*To Venus's Form, who Juno's Manners joins,
Is only worthy of the Bed of Jove.*

'Tis spoken of *Livia*, the Wife of *Augustus Caesar*. Much like this is what *Lopez de Vega* says of the Princess *Ismenia*, who was alike beautiful and valiant.

Venus era en la paz, Marte en la Guerra.

In Peace she Venus was, and Mars in War.

Of this Kind too is *Tasso's* Thought on *Rinaldo*.

Se il vedi fulminar fra l'arme auolto
Marte la stimi, Amor se scopre il volto.

*To see him meet the Foe in Fight, he looks
Like Mars, and when his Helmet's up, like Love.*

The first Image has Slaughter and Death in it, the last is all Sweetness and Beauty, which is as agreeable as surprizing. In the Image of *Mars*, nothing could be admitted but what is Fierce and Grand; in that of Love, nothing but Sweetness and Beauty: This Mixture of the Rage of the one with the Charms of the other, is at once both surprizing and agreeable. There's a Delicacy without Mixture, as in the Pleasantry of these Verses of *Mariot*:

Amore trouva celle qui m'est amère,
E j'y estois, j'en scay bien mieux le conte, &c.

Cupid, lighting on the Fair,
The cruel Cause of all my Care: }
I know the Thing, for I was there. }
Cry'd, Ah Mamma, Is't you my Mother?
But soon perceiv'd she was another:
He blush'd; cou'd he do less, that he
A God should so mistaken be?
No Cupid, never blush, cry'd I,
Had you for ev'ry Dart an Eye;
As well as Argus cou'd you see,
You might in her mistaken be.

I make no doubt Mr. Prior had these Thoughts of *Tasso* and *Mariot* in his Head when he wrote the following Stanza's.

*As Afternoon one Summer's Day,
 Venus stood bathing in a River,
 Cupid a shooting went that Way,
 New strung his Bow, new fill'd his Quiver.
 With Skill he chose his sharpest Dart,
 With all his Might his Bow he drew,
 Aim'd at his beauteous Parents Heart,
 With certain Speed the Arrow flew.
 I faint, I die, the Goddess cry'd !
 O cruel couldst thou find none other
 To wreck thy Spleen on ? Parricide !
 Like Nero thou hast slain thy Mother.
 Poor Cupid sobbing scarce could speak,
 Indeed, Mamma, I did not know ye,
 Alas ! how easy my Mistake !
 I took you for your Likeness Chloe.*

According to *Pere Bouhours's* Instructions we are not to think it strange that *Venus* should talk of *Nero* : The Subject of the Poem turning on Gallantry. Mr. *Prior* applies a like Mistake to the Mother of *Cupid*.

*When Chloe's Picture was to Venus shewn,
 Surpris'd, the Goddess took it for her own :
 And what, says she, does this bold Painter mean,
 When I was bathing thus, and naked seen !
 Pleas'd Cupid heard, and checkt his Mother's Pride,
 And who's blind now, Mamma ? the Urchin cry'd ;
 'Tis Chloe's Eye, and Cheek, and Lip, and Breast,
 Friend Howard's Genius fancy'd all the rest.*

Maricet, as well as *Prior*, was so taken with *Tasso's* Thought, that he dresses it up again, and gives it thus.

*Sous vos atours bien fournis
 D' or Garnis,
 A Venus vous ressemblez
 Sous le bonnet me semblez
 Adonis.*

*You, when in rich Embroidery drest,
 For Venus we mistook ;
 When with a Shepherd's Cap and Vest,
 You like Adonis lock.*

My Lord *Lansdown* upon *Myra* in her riding Habit, bears great Resemblance to it.

When

*When Myra in her Sexes Garb we see,
The Queen of Beauty then she seems to be:
Now fair Adonis in this Male Disguise,
Or Cupid killing with his Mother's Eyes:
No Stile of Empire chang'd by this Remove,
Who seem'd the Goddess, seems the God of Love.*

In another Place,

*Nor Venus nor Diana will we name;
Myra is Venus and Diana too.*

I take the following Epigram, written by Mr. Prior, to be of the delicate Kind: 'Tis on a Flower painted by Varelst.

*When fam'd Varelst this little Wonder drew,
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing Work to view;
Finding the Painter's Science at a Stand,
The Goddess snatch'd the Pencil from his Hand,
And finishing the Piece, she smiling said,
Behold one Work of mine, which ne'er shall fade.*

Pere Bouhours comes, in the next Place, to a Manner of right Thinking which is little studied by *English* Writers, and that is to praise and eulogize the Great, without breaking in upon Delicacy and Decency.

Our Poets and Orators generally make a *Praise and direct* Attack on their Heroes and Patrons, *Panegyrick.* and describe them so particularly that it seems as if they were afraid the good Qualities they invest them with, should make the Reader mistake their Men.

To praise well is certainly one of the nicest Things in Art, and no Kind of Writing requires more fine Thoughts and delicate Turns than this. Direct Praise, be it ever so true, is almost as bad as an Affront. It disgusts those that read it, and they are in Pain for the Modesty of the Person to whom 'tis address'd. If that Person has the least Delicacy, he must be disturb'd at the Uneasiness such Eulogy will give others, and consequently conceive himself an ill Opinion of the Flatterer; for almost all direct Praise is Flattery. To be good, it must be disguised a little, and not stare one in the Face, as most Epistles dedicatory before our modern Plays do. The Truth is, most of these Epistles being a Part of the *Playwrights* Profit, can bear no Disguise, because every Word has a Value

set

set upon it; as 'tis said Mr. *Heveningham* bought a Dedication of *Motteux*, after he had haggled about the Price, agreed on the Number of Lines, the Exaggerations of the Eulogy, and what is more unconscionable than all the Rest, that he wou'd write it himself, say what he pleas'd, and make the poor Poet put his Name to it. Delicate Praise always takes a Man side-way, not at the sag-end of an Epistle or Discourse; as Mr. ——— in a Dedication to the Lord *Dorset*, and Mr. *Pope*, in his Address to Mr. *Congreve* of the Version of *Homer*, where after having said directly enough what might be said of a great Man, or a great Wit, these two Authors say, This could relate to no-body but the Lord *Dorset* and Mr. *Congreve*. They do not conceal any of the Panegyrick, but only keep the Name to themselves as long as they can, as Boys at Boarding do the last Bit: But I think such a Cask or Bundle of Praise being consign'd to any one, 'tis no matter whether his Mark or Name be at the Bottom or Top: According as the Commodity is clean or unclean, he will have the Blame or the Glory of it. That Way of Address is rather an Affectation than a Disguise; nay, 'tis coming upon a Man all at once, without the least Preparation; They oblige him to hear all the fine Things that can be said of a Heroe or a Wit, and then tell him, you are the Man I aim at. Had he been told so in the Front of the Discourse, he might have avoided it, and refused to have given it a Hearing. Praise to be decent should not have the Air of it. There's as much Difference between disguis'd Praise and direct, as between an exquisite Perfume and unctuous Incense. Flattery renders those that are flatter'd ridiculous, and bare-fac'd Praise puts those that are prais'd to the Blush: but where it has not the Air of Panegyrick, it takes People by Self-love, and pleases their Vanity without wounding their Modesty. 'Tis difficult, indeed, so to season it as to make it pass as if it was not Praise: Few understand that Nicety, and profess Panegyrists. of all Men know the least of it.

But then Father *Boubours* would persuade us, notwithstanding what we have already seen and shall see of the *French* Orators, That their Panegyricks on *Lewis XIV.* are extremely fine and artful. As this of a Poet, who had been sometimes in the Country, and when he came to Town a Friend talkt to him thus of the Monarch's Victories.

Dieu

Dieu ſçait comme les Vers, &c.

*Heav'n knows you've Verſe at Will, and write with
Eaſe,*

A Friend ſaid to me once, who thought to pleaſe ;

And in this Age of Warriors you can make

Poems as faſt as they can Cities take :

My Genius is quite dead, when moſt there needs

A Genius to rehearſe ſuch mighty Deeds ;

She can ſo little towards that Work advance,

That ſhe's ev'n griev'd at the Succeſs of France.

A Lady Muſe of that Nation, very much admir'd by Father *Bouhours*, does not in the leaſt come ſhort of the Poet in the ſame Way of Thinking. The Perfume is not, as one may ſay, held up in the *French King's* Noſe, but it is as unctuous as Incenſe. The Poetical Lady addreſſes herſelf to the Dauphineſs.

Quoi donc Princeſſe, &c.

How, Madam, in a Moment, have you gain'd

The Eſteem and Tenderneſs of Louis :

Our Dauphin is become your Lover,

And all the World adores you.

What but Enchantments ſuch Effects produce ?

Who but a Goddeſs has ſuch Power ?

Nothing can your victorious Charms reſiſt,

All Efforts wou'd be vain ;

You in a Word take Hearts as faſt

As our Great Monarch I owns.

I have before taken Notice that the Extreameſ of this Delicacy are bordering upon Burleſque, as thoſe of Virtue do on Vice ; and I believe the Reader will be ſurprized at *Pere Bouhours* citing theſe four Verſes among other Delicacies offer'd by the Panegyriſts to *Louis XIV.* The Subject is that King's taking a Poſt-Chaiſe to reach *Marſal*, before it could be deliver'd to his General whom he ſent to take Poſſeſſion of it.

La Victoire couſte trop,

Quand il faut un peu l' attendre ;

Louis, ainſi qu' Alexandre,

Prend les Villes au Galop.

The

*The Victory is bought to dear,
Which makes the Heroe wait;
Louis Great Alexander like,
Takes Cities on the Gallop:
A Town that is by waiting got,
Is taken as 'twere on a Trot.*

Or thus.

*Such Haste our Mighty Monarch makes,
He on the Gallop Cities takes.*

It naturally falls into Doggrel. To see the King galloping after his Army, and riding Post into a conquer'd City, is in the lowest Kind of Burlesque. The Learned Jesuit allows that this Praise is direct; and so he says is what follows, said by an Orator on a like Occasion: "His Majesty raises himself above all Rules and Examples. He who gives Order to every Thing overturns however the whole Order of War. He does that in a few Days, to do which one would think required several Years. He has found out a certain Art to conquer by abridging Conquests; an Art that discredits all the Captains who went before him, and that will cause Despair to all that come after him:" *Such as the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene.*

Again, "At a Time when his Enemies believ'd themselves in Safety by the Rigour of the Season, when nobody but he would have Thought of War, he reduc'd a whole Province in fewer Days than was necessary to travel through it."

'Twill be very convenient to see what other Authors think with Respect to this Prince and others, and how they observe Decency and Delicacy. Mr. Prior, in his Stanza's to Boileau in his Ode upon Namur, is as delicate as gay.

*Neptune and Sol came from above,
Shap'd like Megrigny and Vauban;
They arm'd these Rocks, then shew'd Old Jove
Of Marli Wood the wond'rous Plan:
Such Walls, these three wise Gods agreed,
By Human Force cou'd ne'er be shaken;
But you and I, in Homer, read
Of Gods as well as Men mistaken:*

Sambre

*Sambre and Meuse their Waves may join,
But ne'er can William's Force restrain:
He'll pass them both, who past the Boyne,
Remember this, and Arm the Sein.*

Mr. Addison speaking of the late Earl of Halifax praises King William in the Side-way.

*The noble Montague remains unnam'd,
For Wit, for Humour, and for Judgment fam'd;
To Dorset he directs his artful Muse,
In Numbers such as Dorset's self might use.
Now negligently graceful he unreins
His Verse, and writes in loose familiar Strains:
Now Naffau's God-like Acts adorn his Lines,
And all the Heroe in full Glory shines:
We see his Army set in just Array,
And Boyn's dy'd Waves run purple to the Sea:
Nor Simois choakt with Men, with Arms, and Blood,
Nor rapid Xanthus celebrated Flood,
Shall longer be the Poet's highest Themes,
The Gods and Heroes fought promiscuous in the Streams.*

These Praises are not thrown, as it were, in the King's Teeth, Mr. Addison's must pass by Mr. Montague, and Mr. Prior's by Boileau, before they reach his Majesty. The next French Madrigal came from the French Sappho.

Les Heros de l'Antiquité.

*The Heroes of Antiquity,
Were Summer Herces all,
With Swallows they came in at Spring,
And vanish'd at the Fall.
Bright Victory was wont of Old,
To flag her weary Wings;
She for their Glory fear'd the Cold,
But fears not for the King's.
In Heats and Frosts, by Land and Sea,
He Toils and Perils dares;
A Heroe of all Seasons, He
In all pursues his Wars.*

The following Madrigal pleased Father Bouhours infinitely.

Louis plus digne du Trône, &c.

Lewis

*Lewis more worthy of the Throne,
Than ever yet was King,
Has taught Bellona a new Art,
To make Extempores.
That Art was, to Apollo's Sons,
Made easy long before;
But Lewis sooner takes a Town,
Than they can make a Song.*

The French Poets had really no Occasion to toil and sweat as they did in the Service of their Monarch. They had no need of Invention unless it was to add to the Subject. But in the Praise of the Duke of *Marlborough* the Poets of *England* were stunn'd. They knew not where to begin, nor where to end: The Plan for one Battle was no sooner drawn, but the News of another and greater threw every Genius into Despair, as in Mr. *Congreve's* Ode to the Queen.

*In the short Course of a diurnal Sun,
Behold the Work of many Ages done:
What Verse such Worth can raise
Lustre and Life, the Poets Art
To middle Virtue may impart:
But Deeds sublime, exalted high like these,
Transcend his utmost Flight, and mock his distant Praise.*

How beautiful is this other Stanza! To his Muse.

*But cou'd thy Voice of Blenheim sing
And with Success the Song pursue,
What Art cou'd aid thy weary Wing
To keep the Victor still in View?
For as the Sun ne'er stops his radiant Flight
Nor sets, but with impartial Ray
To all who want his Light
Alternately transfers the Day:
So in the glorious Round of Fame
Great Marlborough, still the same
Incessant runs his Course;
To Climes remote and near
His conqu'ring Arms by Turns appear,
And universal is his Aid and Force.*

The French King is compar'd to the *Sun*, in almost every Book that was written in *France* thirty and forty Year ago:
But

But to what sort of Sun? one that's always flaming and sparkling even to burning and scorching. Not a Sun that every where disperses his Beams impartially, and gives Life and Lustre wherever it shines. *Pere Bouhours* is sensible that the Eulogy in the preceeding *French Poem* is too visible, and without Doubt he wou'd not have inserted it, had he thought that Visibility wou'd be taken ill. The next Piece he offers us, is that of *Maynard* to Cardinal *Richelieu*:

Armand, l'âge affoiblit mes yeux.

Which I have translated elsewhere in this Treatise;

Armand my Eyes with Age grow dim, and

The End. Que veux tu que je luy réponde!

What Answer shall I give.

The *Rien*. Nothing which the Cardinal wrote under, shews he was not of Father *Bouhours's* Opinion, as to the Delicacy of the last Turn in it; or rather that Praise is much more welcome than Remonstrance in the Court of *France*. The Truth is, *Maynard's* was a begging Poem; and it is a very difficult Matter for a Poet to beg with Delicacy and Success. The Fear he has of miscarrying is a Check upon his Imagination, and if he does not speak plain, his Patron will be ready enough to think him unintelligible. Besides, to be too witty and too nice, may give greater Occasion of Jealousy than Generosity. *Martial* begs very delicately,

Pauca Jovem nuper cum millia forte rogarem. Lib. 6.

" When I ask of *Jupiter* a hundred Crowns, he who has
" bestowed Temples upon me, replies *Jove*, will give thee as
" much. The Truth is, he has given *Jupiter* Temples,
" but he has given me nothing. I was asham'd to ask such
" a Trifle of *Jove*. *Domitian* reads my Petition without
" any Concern and with the same Air, with which he dis-
" tributes Kingdoms to the vanquish'd and suppliant *Da-*
" *cians*, and with which he goes to the Capitol. Tell me,
" I pray you, Oh *Pallas*! you who are the Goddess most
" honour'd by our Emperor. Tell me, since he refuses
" with so pleasant a Countenance, with what Countenance
" does he give. *Pallas* assuming a gracious Smile, an-
" swer'd me in two Words:

Quæ nondum data sunt, stulte, negata putas!

Dost

*Dost think that not to give, is to refuse,
Fool as thou art?*

As to *English* Poets they have generally begg'd in the proper Terms, and have generally succeeded accordingly. The Liberality of the Patron, and the Delicacy of the Poet have been for the most Part very well match'd.

Mr. *Prior* who wrote so many fine Poems on King *William* and Queen *Mary*, on the late Queen and the Duke of *Marlborough*, having sacrificed his Principles to a prevailing Faction, and gone into the Depths of their dark Councils, when he had, as it were, given himself up to them Body and Soul, and was reduc'd to the last Shift of flattering those he despis'd; among other Poetry has some begging Verses, wherein his natural Gayety, Humour and Spirit are entirely lost, and bury'd under the Rubbish and Heaviness of the Subject. He wou'd give us to understand, that he claim'd a Share of the Merit of a Poem, entitul'd the Country *Mouse* and City *Mouse*, which got the late Lord *Hallifax* the Title of *Mouse Montagu*, and made Way for some much better Titles and Emoluments. 'Twas a Raillery on one of *Dryden's* poorest Poems, *The Hind and Panther*; and *Matthew Prior* thought it a little hard that he had not a good Place in the *Exchequer* as well as the *Auditor* my Lord *Hallifax*. His Tale therefore is of Mice again, and there is no more Humour in it than consists in an Imitation of *Chaucer's* Language, and not a very good one. The Reader will soon find out his Heroes,

*T'xay Mice full blyth and amicable
Batten beside Erle Robert's Table,
And Esfoons the Lord
Of BolingWhilom John the Saint.*

Now for the begging Part.

———— I weene,
Matthew is angred on the Spleen,
Ne se quoth Matt ne shall be e'er
With Wit that falleth all so fair,
Esfoons well weet ye, mine Intent
Borweth to your Commandement.
If by these Creatures ye have seen
Pourtrayed Charles and Matthew been
Behoveth neet to wreck my Brain
The rest in Order to explain.

O

That

The ARTS of

*That Cupboard where the Mice disport.
 I liken to * St. Stephen's Court.
 Therein is Space enough, I trow,
 For elke Comrade to come and go,
 And therein eke may both be fed
 With Shiver of the Wheaten Bread,
 And when as these mine Eyen Survey
 They cease to skip, and squeak, and play,
 Return they may to different Cells,
 Auditing one while th' other tells.*

He in so many Words begs to be a Teller of the *Exchequer*. A very fair Employment for a Gentleman, who had been Drawer at a Tavern. I am so far from mentioning a Reflection that I do it to his Glory. 'Twas the Brightness of his Genius, which put him very early in the Eye of the Earl of *Dorset* the greatest *Mecenas* in our Times; and that noble Lord was so good a Patron, that after a liberal Education at *Cambridge*, he procur'd him very honourable and beneficial Employments. If *Prior's* Uncle was a Vintner, so was *Voiture's* Father, and yet *Voiture* was as acceptable to all the Courts in *Europe* as the *Princes* and *Grandeess*. *Voiture* wanted one good Quality which *Prior* had: He cou'd drink of the Wine his Uncle dealt in; but *Voiture* cou'd not do to the same by his Father's, which expos'd him to the Raillery of the Bottle-Men in the King's and the Duke of *Orleans's* Courts. One *la Prone* had got a good Estate by being Purveyor of Provisions to the Duke of *Orleans*, and there was a Talk of a Match between *Voiture* and his Daughter, upon which appear'd these Verses,

*Ah que ce beau couple d'Amans
 Va gouter contentement
 Que leurs delices seront grandes !
 Ils seront toujours en festin.
 Car si la Prone fournit les viandes
 Voiture fournira la Vin.*

*Ab what a Brace of Lovers will they be
 How happily they'll live, how merrily
 They'll of all Delicacies tast !
 And all the Year their Feast will last ;
 For if la Prone his Forces join
 With Voiture, there's both Meat and Wine.*

* The *Exchequer*.

Voiture

Voiture was a Domestick of the Duke of Orleans, and coming into a Room of the Palace, where some Gentlemen his Fellow Servants were making merry, one of them made this Extempore,

Quoi *Voiture*, tu degeneres
Hors d'icy maugre bleu de Toi
Tu ne vaudra' jamais ton Pere
Tu ne vend du Vin, ni n'en boi.

Begone *Voiture*, degenerate Son
Of a good Father, hence be gone.
Thy Father thee did much excel,
Thou neither dost drink Wine, nor sell.

Boileau in his *Lutrin* puts a fine Compliment on the French King in the Mouth of *Sloth*. Her Complaints, Regrets and Murmurs are certainly most delicate Strokes of Panegyrick on the Bravery and Activity of that Monarch, and wou'd not have been taken so well from any one but *Sloth*.

Helas! qu' est devenu ce temps, cét heureux temps,
What's of those Times, those happy Times become
When Kings alas! led lazy Lives at Home;
When glorying in their Idleness they loll'd
On a soft Throne, and were by Me controul'd?
Me without blushing then they serv'd, and gave
The Reins of Rule to some illustrious Slave.
Some Household Steward, Count, or such like Thing,
Reign'd in the Room of an unactive King.
No saucy Care disturb'd the Peaceful Court,
The blissfull Hours were spent in Sleep or Sport.
No Vigils but for Pleasure did they keep,
The Night for Riot, and the Day for Sleep.
But when the Spring came on, all fresh and fair,
And Zephirs fan'd with balmy Wings the Air,
Four harness'd Oxen with slow Motion drew
The King thro' Paris for the publick View.
Thoughtless the Monarch nodded in his Car,
And past the Gate, he thought it was too far.
The gentle Age, Alas! is now no more:
Ill Fates to other Hands consign the Pow'r.
Deaf to my Voice the Monarch braves my Charms,
And wakes me daily with the Noise of Arms.

*Nothing his watchfull Courage can withhold;
 Summer no Heat, and Winter has no Cold.
 My Subjects tremble at his Name, and Peace
 Twice tempted him in vain to taste of Ease.
 His Courage hurry'd on by Glory runs
 Still gaining Battles and still taking Towns.
 In Peace on mighty Projects he's employ'd,
 And all my Hopes of future Sway destroy'd.
 Too much it wou'd fatigue me to explain
 What Outrages I've met with in his Reign.*

Oh how finely this is imagin'd! says Father *Bouhours*, whereas all the Secret of these Panegyricks is to draw the Picture of *Alexander* or *Cæsar*, nay of *Cato* or *Cicero*, and write under it, *Louis the Grand*. *Dryden* has given us an Image of such a slothful Monarch in two or three Lines, which I am the more delighted with, for that he gives us at the same Time an Idea of the Blessings of hereditary Right:

*Dropt from above he lights upon a Throne,
 Grows of a Piece with that he sits upon;
 Heav'n's Choice, a low inglorious rightful Drone.*

Which agrees admirably with his Eulogies on King *Charles* and King *James*. *Pere Bouhours* returns again to *Voiture*; for no Man ever knew how to praise as he did. In his Letter to the Duke d'*Enguien* on his taking *Dunkirk*, He begins, "My Lord, I believe you cou'd have taken hold
 " of the Moon with your Teeth, had you set about it." He shews at first, how much he was embarrass'd by the Difficulty of the Subject to praise him according to his Deserts, and therefore turns from the serious to the pleasant. "Without Doubt in the glorious Condition you now are, 'tis very
 " ry advantagious to have the Honour of being belov'd
 " by you; but for us Wits, to write to you on your Success,
 " is a very perplexing Business. Where can we find Words
 " that answer to your Actions, or how can we praise you
 " from Time to Time, when your Victories come so fast
 " upon us! If you wou'd please to be beaten now and then,
 " or only raise the Siege of some Town you had attack'd,
 " we might help our selves out by the Variety; we might
 " think of some handsome Thing or other to say to you
 " on the Inconstancy of Fortune, and what Honour it is to
 " suffer her Disgraces courageously."

Voiture began his Congratulations in the same Manner after

ter

ter the Prince of *Conde* had gain'd the Battle of *Rocroy*,
 " You have done too much, my Lord, to be born with Si-
 " lence; and you are unjust if you think to do as you have
 " done, and no Body say a Word of it. If you knew how
 " People talk of you at *Paris*, I am satisfy'd you wou'd be
 " a'sham'd of it, and be astonish'd at the little Care they
 " take of their Words without Fear of offending you. E-
 " very one's Tongue is going, and I must needs say, my
 " Lord, I can't imagine what was in your Head to give
 " such a Shock, at your Age, to two or three old Captains,
 " to whom you ow'd Respect, if on no other Account, yet
 " on that of their Age. To kill the poor Count *de Fon-*
 " *taines*, one of the best Men in *Flanders*, whom the
 " Prince of *Orange* durst never meddle with; to seize six-
 " teen Pieces of Canon, which belongs to a Prince who
 " is Uncle to the King, and Brother to the Queen, and
 " with whom you had never any Difference; and to put
 " the best Troops of *Spain* into Disorder, after they had
 " been so civil as to let you pass by them. I own, I have
 " heard it said, that you are as obstinate as the Devil, and
 " there is no disputing with you when you are bent upon a
 " Thing. But I did not think you wou'd have push'd
 " Matters so far as you have done. If you go on, you will
 " render your self insufferable to the Emperor, and there
 " will be no bearing you for the King of *Spain*." I cannot
 help thinking this is the most agreable Panegyrick that
 ever was written in any Tongue whatsoever. The Prince
 must laugh all the while he was reading it, and the *Earnest*
 that was in it being sunk in the *Jest*, it put his Modesty to
 no Expence. *Boileau* was so charm'd with this Epistle,
 that he wrote one in Imitation of it to the Duke *de Viven-*
ne, who commanded the *French* Fleet, upon his Entry into
 the Phare of *Messina*.

" My Lord!

" Tho' we poor Devils, who are dead, do not concern our
 " selves much in the Affairs of the living, and are not ex-
 " ceedingly inclin'd to Mirth; yet I can't forbear rejoicing
 " at the great Things you do over our Heads. Seriously
 " your last Fight makes the Devil and all of Noise here be-
 " low in a Place where the very Thunder of Heaven is not
 " heard; and has made your Glory known in a Country,
 " where even the Sun is not known." If it were pardona-
 ble to ask such a Question of *Boileau*, I wou'd put it to the
 Criticks, Whether there is that *Naivety* here, which is the

" think, to content your self with the Honour of having
 " finish'd so many important Negotiations, and especially
 " the last by which you have disarm'd all the Nations of
 " *Europe*, without envying us Wits the Glory, such as it is,
 " of ranging of Words in proper Order, and inventing a
 " few agreeable Thoughts. It is not handsomely done for
 " a Person of your Gravity and Dignity to appear more
 " eloquent than we are, nor while you are employ'd
 " to bring the *Swedes* and *Imperialists* to an Agreement,
 " that you shou'd be thinking of reconciling jarring Con-
 " sonants, and measuring of Periods."

Pere Bouhours rightly observes, that there is a Gayety of Wit in these Letters of *Voiture's*, as they relate to Praise which the Ancients knew nothing of. *Cicero* lov'd to laugh, but he never laugh'd when he was praising. *Martial*, who often rallies and banters, is grave when he praises any one. And of all the Moderns I do not remember one that has hit *Voiture's* Manner, which is wonderfully delicate and agreeable. However there is Raillery among the Ancients, and particularly in *Cicero* and *Martial*, which tho' serious, is not without Savour; as where *Cicero* says to *Cæsar*, *Oblivisci nihil soles, nisi injurias*. You are won't not to forget any Thing but Injuries. *Orat. pro Ligar.* A French Orator has a fine Expression in the grave Way on the *Mareschal de Turenne's* Modesty, *Il ne tenoit pas à luy qu'on n'oubliait ses Victoires & ses triumphe*, 'Twas not owing to him, that his Victories and his Triumphs were not forgotten. And *Lewis XIV* having been once in his Life so gracious, as to come to *Paris* and dine at the Town Hall: This Verse was made on it:

Se Regem oblitus, Rex prope civis erat.

He forgot he was King, and became almost a Citizen.

Most of the Panegyricks on the Emperors which we meet with in *Martial*, are equally ingenious and agreeable. Upon *Domitian's* frequent Donatives to the *Romans*, he says,

Diligeris populo non propter præmia Cæsar,

Propter te populus præmia, Cæsar, amat.

The People do not love you for your Presents,

But love your Presents for you.

He conjures him to return to *Rome*, by telling him that *Rome* envies the Enemies of the *Roman Empire*, the Happiness of seeing the Emperor; how great soever is the Glory she acquires by his being at a Distance.

Terrarum dominum propius videt ille, tuoque
Terretur vultu Barbarus, & fruitur.

*The barbarous Nations see the World's great Lord,
They're frighted at the Sight, but still they see him.*

What the same Poet says to *Trajan*, is altogether as delicate,

Si redeant Veteres, ingentia Nomina, Patres, &c.

" If the ancient Fathers of the Common-wealth shou'd re-
" turn from the *Elysian* Fields, the generous *Camillus*, that
" Defender of the *Roman* Liberty, wou'd think it glorious
" to serve you. *Fabricius* would receive the Gold that you
" wou'd give him. *Brutus* wou'd rejoyce to have such a
" Captain and such a Master as you. The cruel *Sylla*
" wou'd resign the Command into your Hands, as soon as
" he cou'd quit it. *Pompey* and *Cæsar* wou'd have lov'd
" you, and been contented with the Condition of private
" Men. *Crassus* wou'd have given you all his Treasures.
" And in fine, *Cato* wou'd have embrac'd the Party of *Cæ-*
" *sar*." It is observable to the Glory of the *Roman* Poets,
that the best and greatest of them always espous'd the Cause
of *Liberty*; and when that generous Spirit expir'd, it dy'd
last in the Works of Men of Wit. *Cato's* submitting to
Trajan crowns the Compliment of the Submission of the
most famous Dictators, and of the more famous and for-
midable Triumvirate of *Pompey*, *Crassus* and *Cæsar*.

Ipse quoque infernis revocatus Ditis ab umbris
Si Cato reddatur, Cæsarianus erit.

*If Cato from th' Elysian Fields cou'd come,
Who dy'd to save the Liberties of Rome,
He for thy sake wou'd a Cæsarean be,
And oven she only cou'd be safe in thee.*

Martial has another delicate Thought on a Son of *Domi-*
tian, who was just born, or ready to be born;

True Race of Gods be born.

He wishes the Emperor might after many Ages associate him
in the Empire, and that the Son then an old Man might
govern the World with his Father then very old.

Quique regas orbem cum seniore senex.

Mar-

Martial took that from *Ovid* Word for Word, and only applies to *Domitian's* Son, what *Ovid* apply'd to that of *Augustus*.

Sospite sic te fit natus, quo sospes & olim
Imperium regat hoc cum seniore senex.

Such Sort of *Robbery* is allowable in Poets, when another Turn is given to the Thought or Expression, but I must leave it to the Criticks to determine, whether it be allow'd to take away the Praise that is given to one Man, and give it entire to his Enemy.

Mr. *Waller* in that excellent Poem to *Oliver Cromwell*, which begins thus ;

*While with a strong and yet a gentle Hand
You bridle Faction and our Hearts command,*

Speaks thus as a Part of the Benefits of his Government ;

*The Taste of hot Arabia's Spice we know,
Free from the scorching Sun that makes it grow.
Without the Worm in Persian Silks we shine,
And without planting drink of every Vine.
Ours is the Harvest where the Indians mow,
We plough the Deep, and reap what others sow.*

A very great Man, whom I shall not name out of Respect to his Memory, in some Verses he wrote on the Death of King *Charles II.* robs the Protector to adorn the King.

*We reap the swarthy Indians Sweat and Toil,
Their Fruit without the Mischiefs of their Soil:
In Persian Silks eat eastern Spice secure
From burning Fluxes and the Calenture,*

Again. *While Charles their Host like Jove from Ida aw'd,
Waller. Once Jove from Ida did both Hosts survey.*

But if the Thought and Expression be apt and any how vary'd, I do not see where the great Fault is in Imitation. Besides it is certain, that the same Subject will beget the same Idea's in good Genius's, and these Idea's will very often be express'd in the same or the like Terms without borrowing or imitating.

Where *Martial* rallies in a bantering Way, there is sometimes as nice a Turn in it, as where he flatters in a serious one :

Omnes quas habuit Fabiane Lycoris amicas
 Sustulit : uxori fiat amica meæ.

*Lycoris has by Poison ta'ne the Life
 Of her She-Friends : I wish she knew my Wife.*

Again. Septima jam Phileros tibi conditur uxor in agro :
 Plus nulli Phileros quam tibi reddit ager.

*This the seventh Wife who in thy Ground is laid :
 Whomore than thee, cou'd of that Ground have made ?*

Again. Nubere Paula cupit nobis, ego ducere Paulam
 Nolo anus est. Vellem, si magis esset anus.

*Feign wou'd kind Paula wed me if she cou'd :
 I won't ; she's old. If older yet, I wou'd.*

Ovid's Thought on Hercules's Amours is more fine. He makes *Dejanira* jealous of *Omphale*, who dress'd her self in the Lyon's Skin, while *Hercules* wore her Robe and Mantle, and in her Jealousy she says thus to him,

Falleris & nescis, non sunt spolia ista Leonis :
 Sunt tua, tuque feræ victor es, illa tui.

*How shameful 'tis to see a Princess dress'd
 In the rough Skin of such a ravenous Beast !
 Mistaken Man, thou'rt balkt in thy Design,
 'Tis not the Lyon's Spoils, she wears but thine.
 What more in this can to thy Glory be ?
 By thee the Lyon conquer'd, she has conquer'd thee.*

In the preceeding Pages we spoke of the Delicacy of Thought, as it arises from Surprize, particularly by a Fall, as from *Henry the Great of France*, to a Horse. That was in the serious Kind. But this Epigram of Lord *Lansdown's* is in the Gay.

*Bright as the Day, and like the Morning fair,
 Such Chloe is,———and common as the Air.*

A terrible Fall from *Aurora* to a Harlot ! but the Surprize renders it agreeable. The Delicacy of the next Epigram written by the same noble Lord, consists in the Quickness of the Turn, and the concealing of the Sense.

*Of two Reliefs to ease a Lovesick Mind,
 Flavia prescribes Despair ; I urge, be kind.*

Flavia

*Flavia be kind, the Remedy's as sure,
'Tis the most pleasant and the quickest Cure.*

Lopez de Vega the Spanish Poet has a delicate Thought, which regards that of *Ovid* concerning *Hercules* and *Omphale*, but is more moral.

*Si aquien los leones vence,
Vence una muger hermosa :
O el de flacó se averguence
O ella de ser mas furiosa.*

*If he who conquer'd Lyons
Is by a Woman conquer'd,
What Shame for him to be so weak
For her to be so fierce !*

The Reader will observe, I do not always tagg my translated Verse with Rime, and if I am not mistaken, neither these nor some others want its Assistance.

Tasso has happily express'd the Folly of *Hercules*, in dressing himself in *Omphale's* female Habits, by an Inscription over the Gate of *Armida's* Palace.

*Mirasi qui frà le Meonic ancelle
Favoleggiar con la connochia Alcide.
Se l' inferno espugnò, resse le stelle,
Hor torce il fuso: amor se'l guarda, e ride.*

Which *Fairfax* has well translated ;

*Alcides there sate telling Tales and spun
Among the feeble Troops of Damsels mild.
He that the fiery Gates of Hell had won
And Heav'n upheld ; false Love stood by and smil'd,
Arm'd with his Club fair Jolee forth did run,
His Club with Blood of Monsters foul defil'd ;
And on her Back his Lyon's Skin had she,
Too rough a Bark for such a tender Tree.
Love s'el guarda & ride, Lockt on and smil'd.*

The ridiculous Figure pleas'd Love as a Mark of his own Power to have tam'd him who had tam'd Lyons. On the Gate of *Armida's* Palace was also engrav'd the Battle of *Actium*, and especially *Anthony's* Flight, as soon as he saw *Cleopatra* was fled.

*Ecco fuggir la barbara Reina :
E fugge Antonio e lasciar può le speme.*

De l'imperio del mondo ov' egli aspira,
Non fugge no, non teme il fier, non teme ;
Ma segue lei che fugge, e feco il tira.

Exquisitely fine and delicate, well render'd by *Fairfax*:

*Antonius then himself to Flight betook,
The Empire lost to which he wou'd aspire
Yet fled not he, nor Fight for Fear forsook,
But follow'd her drawn on by fond Desire :
Well might you see within his troubled Look
Strive and contend, Love, Courage, Shame and Ire ;
Oft look'd he back, oft gaz'd he on the Fight,
But oftner on his Mistress and her Flight.*

This Version is as old as *Spencer*, much older than *Drayton*, and yet the Language and the Numbers may very well pass for modern. *Pere Bouhours* is highly delighted with the

Non fugge nò, ma segue lei che fugge !
He did not fly, but follow'd her who fled.

Mr. Prior on the same Subject,

*Antonius fled from Actium's Coast,
Augustus pressing, Asia lost :
His Sails by Cupid's Hands unfurl'd
To keep the Fair he gave the World.*

Here is no Delicacy, *His Sails by Cupid's Hands unfurl'd*, tho' metaphorically the same as *Tasso's*, yet it is open and has nothing of the Mysterious.

Tasso's Thought, according to *Father Bouhours's*, is not only delicate to the *Mind* but to the *Heart* ; and here he observes, that he has an Opportunity to play the *Heart* and the *Mind* against one another, as others had done before him ; but he rather chuses to remark, that some Thoughts may have *Delicacy* as they touch the Passions, as others are as they strike the Understanding, *l'Esprit & le Cœur*, the *Heart* and the *Mind*, the *Heart* and the *Understanding*, which you will, though neither of them pleases me, and perhaps they cannot be express'd in *English*, but by Circumlocution.

In these Sentiments he informs us, *Ovid* is excellent, and so most certainly he is to those that understand him. I do not mean Grammatically, as *Rymer* or *Joshua Barnes* did, but sensibly, as *Charles Hopkins* or *Mr. Walsh*, And this Way of understanding an Author, is what is very little known or
con-

confidest'd, especially by Academicians, who place the Intelligence of a Poet or Orator in construing and parsing him, and have generally no other Way of understanding this. *Ovid* in his *Epistles* makes *Dido* say to *Æneas*,

Exerces pretiosa Odia & constantia magno,
Si dum me fugias, est tibi vile mori.

*Your Hatred costs you much, if when you fly,
To you it seems so slight a Thing to dye.*

What *Paris* writes to *Helen* on the three Goddesses, of whose Beauty he was made Judge, is extremely delicate in Sentiment.

Vincere erant omnes dignæ, judexque verebar
Non omnes causam vincere posse suam.

*All three deserv'd to gain the Cause; to me
'Twas grievous not to give it to all three.*

Catullus is not inferior to *Ovid* in delicate Sentiments; as when he speaks of the Death of a Brother, whom he tenderly lov'd,

Nunquam ego te vita frater amabilior
Aspiciam posthac; at certè semper amabo.

*Dear Brother, I shall never see thee more,
Dearer than Life it self thou wert to me:
For ever I have lost, but shall for ever love thee.*

This Thought is very tender, but it lies a little too open, and is too well polish'd to be consistent with the Delicacy in Sentiments of which we are speaking. What *Racine* makes *Titus* say of *Berenice*, is more delicate.

Depuis cinq ans entiers chaque jour je la vois,
Et croy toujours la voir pour la première fois.

*Five Years together, every Day I saw her,
And every Time I saw her seem'd the first.*

Catullus's Thought on the Injury done by a Person one loves, in giving Occasion of Jealousy by ill Conduct, is still more fine.

————— Injuria talis
Cogit amare magis, sed bene velle minus.

——— *Such Injury compells
To love her more, and wish her less.*

It encreases Passion, and lessens good Will. The mysterious Part of this Thought is the delicate; and *Catullus's*, Sentiment on the Death of his Brother, loses its Delicacy for Want of Mystery.

The Sentiments which *Corneille* gives *Sabina*, Sister to the *Curiatii*, and Wife of one of the *Horatii*, are very delicate, tho' not so mysterious.

Albe où j'ay commencé de respirer le jour,
Albe, mon cher pais, & mon premier amour,
Lorsqu' entre nous & toy je vois là guerre ouverte,
Je crains nostre Victoire autant que nostre Perte:
Rome, si tu le plains que c'est la te trahir,
Fais-toy des ennemis que je puisse hair.

*Alba, where first I breath'd the vital Air,
Oh Alba, my dear Country, my first Love;
When between us and thee the War commenc'd
I fear'd our Victories as much as Losses.
Dost thou complain that I betray thee, Rome?
Make Enemies that I may hate.*

Pere Bouhours tells us, the two last Verses were happily apply'd to a Roman Catholick, who had turn'd Protestant to marry a Calvinist; and that the whole Mystery of Delicacy is contain'd in what a *French Dramatick Poet* makes a Confident of the *Sultana* say upon her having vow'd the Death of *Bajazet*, and yet being desirous to see him, that she might upraid him.

Je connois peu l'amour, mais je puis vous répondre,
Qu'il n'est pas condamné puis qu'on veut le confondre.
*I know not much of Love, but this I know
You ha'nt condemn'd, if you desire to hear him.*

Armida in *Tasso's Gierusalemme* being abandon'd by *Rinaldo*, follows him to Wars, engages on the opposite Side, meets him in the Battle, and lets fly an Arrow at her false Lover; but a Remain of Love makes her wish that the Arrow might not reach him.

Lo stral volò : mà con lo strale un voto
Subito uscì, che vada il colpo a vuoto.

*But Wrath prevail'd, at last the Reed outflew
For Love finds Mean, but Hatred knows no Measure.
Outflew the Shaft, but with the Shaft this Charm,
This Wish she sent. Heav'ns grant it do no Harm—*

She

*She bids the Reed return the Way it went,
And pierce the Heart which so unkind could prove.*

Armida's wish very well marks the Character of a Person, full of Resentment, Choller and Rage, which yet are not all of them enough quite to extinguish Love. The saying of *Pliny* to *Trajan* has a Mystery, which renders it as delicate as it is mysterious. *Tibi salus tua invisa est, si non sit cum Reipublicæ salute conjuncta. Nihil pro te sceleris optari, nisi expediat optantibus.* Your Life is hateful to you, if it is not join'd with the Safety of the Common-wealth. Neither do you suffer any one to wish you any Thing, unless it is for the Good of those that wish it. Is not this of *Catullus* as tender as it is delicate? 'Tis spoken of a Person whom he dearly lov'd.

In folis tu mihi turba locis.

Lib. 12.

*In desert Places you're to me,
Alone a mighty Company.*

What *Martial* says to a Roman Lady, with whom he was in the Country, seems to have more Life in it.

Romam tu mihi sola facis. Lib. 12.

Thou art alone all Rome to me.

Corneille, who was a perfect Master of the most delicate Passions, and is said to have made the Romans speak like Romans, makes the Widow of *Pompey* say, upon *Cæsar's* weeping at the Sight of his bloody Head, and lamenting the Murder of so great a Man ;

O Soudirs, ô Respect, ô qu'il est doux de plaindre
Le sort d'un Ennemi, quand il n'est plus à craindre!

*Rare Tears and rare Respect, how sweet to grieve
For a Foe's Death, whom we no longer fear.*

Cæsar's lamenting is not so sincere as that of a Dove, introduced in a little Dialogue in Verse, between a Passenger and the Bird.

Passenger. Que fais-tu dans ce bois, plaintive tourterelle?

What dost thou do here in this Wood, sweet Dove?

Dove. Je gémis, j'ay perdu ma compagne fidelle.

I mourn, for I have lost my faithful Mate.

Pass.

Pass.

Ne crains-tu point que l'Oïseleur
Ne te fasse mourir comme elle ?

*Art thou not afraid the Fowler
Will kill thee, as she has been kill'd?*

Dove.

Si ce ne'st luy, ce fera ma douleur.

Grief will, if he does not.

Nothing can be more moving, more natural, more delicate. *Lucan* has something like it, in what *Cornelia*, the Widow of *Pompey*, before-mention'd says;

Turpe mori post te solo non posse dolore.

*'Twere shameful of Grief only not to die,
Now thou art dead, my Husband.*

Sisgambis, Mother of *Darius*, dy'd of Grief as soon as she heard of the Death of *Alexander*, who had treated her not only very respectfully but very tenderly. She threw her self upon the Ground, burst out into a Torrent of Tears, refus'd to see the Light or receive Nourishment, resolving not to out-live the Death of that generous Conqueror: Upon which *Quintus Curtius* has a very delicate Thought, as delicately express'd: *Cum sustinuisset post Darium vivere; Alexandro esse superstes erubuit*: Having had the Courage to live after *Darius* was dead, she was asham'd to out-live *Alexander*.

Of Natural Thoughts.

Natural
Thoughts.

Thoughts may surprise, elevate, or touch, by Delicacy, Sublimity, or Agreeableness, and yet be vicious, because they are not natural: as those of *Crassus* were, which we have spoken of before, and which *Pere Bouhours* made the Model of right thinking. *Sententie Crassit tam integre, tam vere, tam nove, tam sine pigmentis fucoque puerili*, *Cicero*. Thoughts, as has been already hinted, are in Danger of becoming flat and insipid by following Nature too closely: They thus lose the Property which renders them lively and poignant. In Thinking as well as expressing, whatever is poor and dry is distasteful; and if what is natural in a Thought is mean and languishing

guishing, or dull and common, it will have no Charms. This is to be avoided, and a Thing may be ordinary without being insipid; as in Sauce, which may be good, and not be made up of Pepper and Salt; and a Mefs of Water-gruel may please some Persons as well as Soop, if their Palates are not vitiated.

By *Natural*, Father *Boubours* means something that is not far fetch'd, something which the Subject it self presents, and, as has been more than once said, which is born of it; a beautiful Simplicity, without Paint and Artifice, as *Petronius* teaches us: *Grandis, & ut ita dicam, pudica Oratio non est maculosa, nec turgida; sed naturali pulchritudine exurgit.* A great, and if I may so say, a modest Eloquence, is not spotted and puffy, but adorn'd with natural Beauty. *Quintilian* also, *Optima minime accersita, & simplicibus atque ab ipsa veritate profectis similia*, Lib. 8. A natural Thought is such as every one might have hit upon, such as seems to be in the Head before it was read, easy to be found out, and puts one to no Expence when we meet with it. It in some manner proceeds less from the Mind of him who thinks, than from the Thing that's spoken of: *Nihil videatur fictum, nihil sollicitum: Omnia potius à causa quam ab Oratore profecta credantur*, *Quintil.* Lib. 4. By Natural here is not understood *Naif*, which is the most agreeable of all the Manners of Thinking, and the most stor'd with Charms. Every Thought that's *Naif* is natural, but every natural Thought is not *Naif*. If Naivety is taken in its right Signification; the Grand, the Sublime is not, and cannot be *Naif*; for Naivety has ever in it something that's little or not very great. Simplicity and Grandure are by no means incompatible, as is remark'd elsewhere, but there's a Difference between a certain noble Simplicity and a pure Naivety of Thought: The former excludes Pomp only, the latter excludes even Greatness.

A Natural Thought, in some wise, represents a Stream of Water that runs into a Garden without Pipes, or being forc'd in; or a young Girl that has a fair Complexion, without the White or the Red. The Authors of the *Augustan* Age, especially *Cicero*, *Virgil*, and *Ovid*, are full of Thoughts of this Kind.

Cicero's Thought on the *Colossus's* of *Ceres* and *Triptolemus*, which *Verres* could not cary off, on account of their Weight, notwithstanding the strong Desire he had to it, offers

it self: *His pulchritudo periculo, amplitudo salutis.* Their Beauty brought them into Danger; their Greatness deliver'd them out of it. But what he says on the Death of *Crassus* is still more natural. He observes at first, that *Crassus* died before the Troubles that besell the Common-wealth; that he neither saw the Flames of the War in *Italy*, nor the Banishment of his Son-in-law, nor the Affliction of his Daughter, nor, in fine, the miserable Condition of *Rome*, dispoil'd and disfigur'd by a long Series of Misfortunes, and then adds; *Hi tamen Republicam casus consecuti sunt; ut mihi non erepta L. Crasso à diis immortalibus vita, sed donata mors esse videatur.* It seems as if the Gods had not taken away the Life of *Crassus*, but had made him a Present of Death. The Thought is drawn from the Subject it self; there's nothing foreign in it, neither is there any thing flat and insipid; *Est enim vitiosum in Sententia, si quid aut subinsulsum est* Cicer. de Opt. Gen. Orat.

On doit regretter sa mort,
Mais sans accuser le sort,
De cruauté ni d'envie:
Le siecle est si vicieux,
Passant, q'une courte vie
Est un faveur des cieux.

*His Death we justly may regret,
And without thinking hard of Fate,
Or laying Envy to its Charge,
Or Cruelty; so vicious is the Age,
That, Passenger, a Life so short,
Is a Favour of the Skies.*

The same Poet has another Thought on a Father in Affliction for the Death of his Daughter. The Father addresses himself to Heaven thus:

Hâte ma Fin que ta rigueur diffère,
Je hay le Monde & n'y pretens plus rien:
Sur mon tombeau ma fille devoit faire
Ce que je fais maintenant sur le sien.

*Hasten the Death thy Rigour has deferr'd,
I hate the World, and nothing in't regard:
My Daughter shou'd upon my Tomb have done,
What at this Time I'm doing on her own.*

The

The Sentiments of *Evander*, Father of *Pallas*, in *Virgil's Æneis*, are very natural. *Turnus* kill'd that gallant Youth in the Heat of the Battel, with his own Hand. The Father says, the Beginnings of his youthful Valour were fatal, that the Gods were deaf to the Prayers of a wretched Father who surviv'd his Son, and was left alone after him, contrary to the Order of Nature. That his Wife was happy in dying before him, and not being reserv'd for so great Affliction: In fine, that it had been more just if *Evander* had been kill'd instead of *Pallas*, and the Father's Body had lain there instead of the Son's.

Primitiæ juvenis Miseræ, bellique propinqui
Dura rudimenta ; & nulli exaudita Deorum
Vota precesque meæ ; tuque, ô sanctissima Conjux,
Felix morte tuâ, neque in hunc servata dolorem, &c.

*Oh curst Essay of Arms, disastrous Doom,
Prelude of bloody Fields and Fights to come!
Hard Elements of inauspicious War,
Vain Vows to Heav'n and unavailing Care!
Thrice happy thou, dear Partner of my Bed,
Whose holy Soul the Stroke of Fortune fled:
Precious of Ills, and leaving me behind,
To drink the Dreggs of Life, by Fate assign'd:
Beyond the Goal of Nature, I have gone,
My Pallas late set out, but reach'd too soon.*

As there is no-body who takes more Pleasure in *Dryden's* Numbers and Fancy than my self, no-body who has a better Opinion of his Mastery in the *English* Language ; so I hope I shall not be accused of Prejudice or Envy when I offer any thing against his Judgment, which was unsettl'd, or against the Truth of his Translations. There's hardly a Sentiment of *Virgil* but what is flatten'd in this Passage, as appears by the Original, and *Segrais's* Version, which *Dryden* had before him, and I perceive us'd it by the first Verse.

Funeste coup d' Essai d' un Prince valoureux.

Oh curst Essay of Arms.

O ma priere en vain aux Dieux Sourds adressée !
O mere, au moins heureuse en ta mort avancée
Davoir soutrait tes jours a mes vives douleurs,

Pour survivre au contraire a de si grands Malheurs,
 J'ay forcé les Destins.

*Ab curst Essay of a young Prince's Valour,
 Deaf to my Prayer were all the Gods, ah Mother!
 Happy art thou, to have been freed by Death
 From my tormenting Grievs, To live in Woe,
 I've put a Force upon the Destinies.*

Pere Boubours does not think the Sentiments of *Quintilian*, on the Death of his Wife and Children so natural: *Quis enim mihi bonus parens ignoscat, si studere amplius possum, ac non oderit animi mei firmitatem, si quis in me est alius usus vocis quam ut incussem Deos, superstes Omnium meorum? nullam terras despicere providentiam tester?* Lib. 6. Proëm. "Who that knows what it is to be a Father " would forgive me if I could now apply my self to Study? How can fatherly Affection suffer me to have my " Mind and my Head free enough and strong enough " for that Purpose; or that I should make use of my " Voice for any thing but to accuse the Gods, who have " taken from me all that was dear to me, and made me " an Example, that there is no such Thing as Providence " which governs the World!" He then swears by his Misfortunes, by his Conscience, by the *Manes* of his eldest Son, whom he calls the Deities of his Grief, that the prodigious Talents and extraordinary Virtues of that Child made him apprehensive that he should lose him, by reason that 'tis almost always observ'd, what ripens too fast is soon rotten, and that there is a certain, I know not what, jealous Destiny, which disappoints so great Hopes, for fear the Prosperity of Mankind should be carry'd farther than is consistent with a Human State. There may be Sense in all this, but there is not much Nature: See in the Original. *Furo per mala mea, per infelicem conscientiam, per illos manes numina doloris mei, has me in illo vidisse Virtutes ingenii; ut prorsus possit hinc esse tanti fulminis metus. Quod observatum fere est, celerius occidere festinatam maturitatem, & esse nescio quam quæ spes tantas decerpit invidiam, ne videlicet ultra quam homini datum est nostris revebantur.* Ibid. Father Boubours takes notice that *Quintilian* falls out with the Gods, and is hurry'd on by his Grief to disbelieve a Providence, whereas *Evander* blames only the too rash Valour of his Son, and complains that the Gods had not heard his Prayers.

I am apt to believe there is too much Reflection in the Sentiments of *Quintilian*, to render them so natural as they should have been; and this Fault is inseparable from even the best of our Tragedies. The Observation that the most hopeful and most lovely Children seldom reach to Years of Maturity, is the most natural Stroke in all this Passage. We meet with it every Day, both in high Life and low, among the Literate and Illiterate, the Wise and the Weak. The Truth is, those good Qualities which are the Foundation of the Parents Hopes, are apt to keep such Children more in their Eye and their Heart, and they miss them sooner and more than they do others.

Racine, in his *Iphigenia*, makes *Agamemnon* as angry with the Gods as *Quintilian* was. The Trouble he was in at the Oracles condemning him to sacrifice his Daughter, occasions his saying to her,

Montrez, en expirant, de qui vous est née :
Faites rougir ces Dieux qui vous ont condamnée.

*In Dying, shew you're worthy of your Birth ;
And make the Gods that have condemn'd you, blush.*

Pere Bouhours's Excuse for *Racine* does not seem sufficient. *Agamemnon* might be allow'd to say, on the Stage, what did not become *Quintilian* to write in his Closet. There's Impiety, and perhaps Weakness in the Thought. The Gods, according to the Pagan Theology, were incapable of doing what they must blush for, when they acted as Gods by their Oracles. This Thought has more of *Lee* in it than of the Author *Racine* himself, who is generally judicious and discreet. *Dryden* has quarrell'd with the Gods almost as much as *Lee*, and his *Maximins* and *Almanzors* kick them about the Stage, as *Wildair* wou'd *Dicky*. Nay, his *Don Sebastian*, which he wrote after the Duke of *Buckingham* had, in the *Rehearsal*, diverted the Town above Twenty Years, with his Rants and Similes, calls the Gods to Account for using him otherwise than he would have been used.

*Ye cruel Powers !
Take me as you have made me miserable !
You cannot make me Guilty ! 'Twas my Fate,
And you made that, not I.*

Otway, though a great Master of the natural Way of Thinking, cannot help having a Fling at Heaven.

*Tell me why, good Heaven,
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the Spirit,
Aspiring Thoughts, and elegant Desires,
That fill the happiest Man? Ah rather why
Didst thou not form me sordid as my Fate,
Base minded, dull, and fit to carry Burdens?
Why have I Sense to know the Curse that's on me?
Is this just Dealing! Nature?*

Impious, and consequently unnatural; nothing being more in Nature than the most sublime Idea's of the Justice, Wisdom, and Power of God, nor than Reverence and Awe, when we think or speak of Him. *Milton's* Decorum, in this Respect, is wonderful. *Dryden's* Indecencies are also as wonderful on the other hand. In his Poem entituled *Eleonora*, he speaks of the Omnipotent with a Familiarity which would hardly be decent to a small Mayor of a Corporation.

*Heav'n knew he safely might encrease his Poor,
And trust their Sustenance to her so well,
As not to be at Charge of Miracle.*

And in his Poem on the Death of King *Charles II.*

It cost Omnipotence a second Thought.

In which there is just so much Truth and Modesty, as in his Saying of that King,

The Prince who lived to God's own Heart.

Further, on the Death of the Lord *Offory*, he says,

*—— Snatch'd in Manhood's Prime,
B' unequal Fates, and Providence's Crime.*

He does not say as *Quintilian*, that there's no Providence or God at all, but 'tis a wicked Providence, and a criminal God; nay, he positively denies the Almighty's Power, to libel the Petitioners to the King for the Sitting of the Parliament.

*God cannot grant so much as they can crave.
Abf. and Ach.*

But

But his Divinity was as good as his Prophecy, when he speaks thus of King *James II.*

————— I see
*The long Retinue of a prosp'rous Reign,
A Series of successful Tears.*

Corneille was very exact in observing Decorum, when he spoke of the Gods; as in *Rodogune*, where the two Brothers *Antiochus* and *Seleucus* complain of that Prince's Cruelty.

Seleucus. Que le Ciel est injuste ! une ame si cruelle,
Méritoit nostre mere, & devoit naître d' Elle.

Antioch. Plaignons nous sans blaspheme.

Seleucus. Oh ! how unjust is Heaven, a Soul so cruel
Is like our Mother's, she should have been her
Daughter,

Antioch. Let us complain, but let us not blaspheme.

Here I cannot but take Notice of a Couplet of *Dryden's* in the before-mention'd Poem on King *Charles* the Second's Death,

*Hercules in Heav'n's peculiar Mold are cast :
They and their Poets are not form'd in Haste.*

because it seems to be borrow'd from *Taylor* the Water Poet, who row'd a Wherry on the *Thames* in *Ben Johnson's* Time, and whose Works are in Print.

*When Heav'n intends to do some mighty Thing,
He makes a Poet, or at least a King.*

I leave it to the Reader to judge which is the best Line,

He makes a Poet, or at least a King,

as the Waterman express it; or as the *Laureat*,

They and their Poets are not made in Haste.

In *Don Sebastian*, *Dryden* owns that the King did not make Fate, but *Almanzor* in his *Grenada*, does make it,

I point you the white Moment of your Fate.

Clitemnestra, in the above-mention'd *Iphigenia*, tells *Achilles*, that he is something more than the Gods, with Regard to her Daughter, whom he's bound in Honour to deliver from the Death to which the Gods had condemn'd her.

Ira t'elle des Dieux implorant la justice,
Embrasser Leurs Autels parez pour son supplice ?
Elle n'a que vous seul : vous estes en ces Lieux
Son Pere, Son epoux, son Asyle, ses Dieux.

*Shall she th' Assistance of the God's implore,
Embrace their Altars for her Death adorn'd ?
You are her only Succour : In this Place,
Her Father, Spouse, her Refuge, and her Gods.*

Father *Bouhours* is of Opinion that this Saying of *Agamemnon*, in the same Tragedy, is Nature itself.

Helas, en m' imposant une loy si severe,
Grands Dieux me deviez vous laisser un cœur de Pere ?
Great Gods, who doom'd me to this cruel Deed,
Shou'd you have left me still a Father's Heart !

Brutus, who condemn'd his Rebel Sons to Death, cast off all the Sentiments of a Father to perform the Function of Consul, according to *Valerius Maximus*, Lib. 5. c. 8. *Exiit patrem ut Consulem ageret. Livy*, who always thinks naturally, says, on the same Subject, *Brutus's* condemning his Sons to Death; *Qui Spectator erat movendus, eum ipsum Fortuna exactorem supplicii dedit. Fortune so order'd it, that he who should not have been suffer'd to assist at the tragical Sight, was himself the Author of it. Florus*, who does not think so justly as *Livy*, imitates him in this Passage: *Liberos securi percussit, ut plane publicus parens in locum Liberorum adoptasse sibi populum videretur.* "By cutting his Sons Heads off he seem'd to adopt the People of *Rome*, and to become Father of his Country." What *Voiture* writes to the Dutches of *Longueville* on the Death of her Father is as natural: "It was but just that so heavenly a Person as her self should submit to the Will of God, from whom having receiv'd all, she shou'd with Patience suffer him to take something from her." This is not only natural but well turn'd, and very just. The two following Thoughts out of *Virgil* and *Ovid* are extreamly natural. *Virgil* speaks of two Brothers, who were very like one another.

—— Simil-

——— Simillima proles
Indiscreta, suis gratusque parentibus Error.

*So wondrous like in Feature, Shape, and Size,
As caus'd an Error in their Parent's Eyes:
Grateful Mistake!*

Dryden.

Ovid describing the glorious Palace of the Sun, says,

——— Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum.

*Among them all, no two appear the same,
Nor differ more than Sisters well became.*

A Thought of *Lopez de Vega* upon Resemblance is fine and happy; he says, Nature, who delights in Painting, does not always invent; that she's sometimes weary, and satisfies her self with copying. The Subject he's upon is a *Spanish* Princess, who attended *Alphonso* King of *Castile*, in his Expedition to *Jerusalem*, in a Man's Habit, passing for the Brother of her whom she herself was.

Yva mirando el Rey el rostro hermoso,
Tan semejante a Ismenia; que a su cuenta
El pincel natural maravilloso,
Cansado alguna vez copia y no inventa.

All Thoughts of which Nature is the Subject, cannot fail of being natural, let them be ever so ingenious: Such is that of *Guarini*, Author of *Paster Fido*.

Vergogna che'n altrui stampi natura
Non si puo rinegare, che se tu tenti,
Di caccarla dal cor, fugge nel volto.

*We can't with Shame, the Print of Nature part,
'Twill in the Face appear, if not the Heart.*

In those Thoughts which have a Conformity to natural Inclinations, Nature will always be most visible: Thus as the Love of Life is very natural, so is what *Achilles* says to *Ulysses* in Hell.

*I had rather be a Villager, a Slave,
To some poor Man who labour'd for his Bread,
Than to reign here sole Monarch of the Dead.*

In

In this Answer of *Achilles* is understood what (*Odys. II.*) *Ulysses* had said before of his own Misfortunes and *Achilles's* Happiness, who in his Life-time had been honour'd as a Man equal to the Gods, and was now respected by the Dead, as their King and their Master. *Charles IX* King of *France*, was not of *Achilles's* Mind, when he said, He had rather die a King than live a Prisoner. *Solomon*, a much wiser Man than either *Achilles* or *Ulysses* himself, was not of the *French* King's Opinion; *a living Dog is better than a dead Lion*, as is said in *Ecclesiastes*. The Jesuit we are learning of, imputes the Saying of *Charles IX.* to his Ambition, which had spoil'd his Judgment but I impute it to his Arrogance and Lust of Power. A Man who cou'd be guilty of so base and barbarous an Act as the *Paris* Massacre, who could see his Subjects murder'd before his Eyes; nay, those very Subjects whom he had invited thither, as to a Marriage Feast; He who could break through the Laws of God and Man; through Hospitality, Honour, Justice, and delight himself with gazing on the slaughter'd Innocents in the Agonies of Death, such a Man not worthy of the Name of King, was incapable of that heroick Ambition, for which Death has no Terrors. Another *French* Writer has a Thought on the same Subject, much more agreeable to Nature: "There's no King who when he is dying would not be the meanest of his Subjects, and no Slave so miserable as to be willing to change Conditions with a Monarch, who had but a Minute or two to live."

What *Martial* says of those that idolize the Antients is very much in Nature.

Miraris veteres Vacerra solos :
Nec laudas nisi mortuos Poetas.
Ignoscas, petimus, Vacerra : tanti
Non est ut placeam tibi, perire.

None but the Antients you admire,
None but dead Poets Praise;
I do not think, 'tis worth the while
To dye for your Applause.

Martial has many Thoughts upon Life, as natural as that:

Si post Fata venit gloria, non propero.

Till

*Till after Death, if Glory do's not come,
I'll not make haste to get it.*

Jam vicina jubent nos vivere Mausolea :
Cum doceant ipfos posse perire Deos.

*Behold the mighty Monuments,
Rais'd near the City they are Lessons
Which shew us how to live, by shewing
The Gods themselves are not from Death exempted.*

By the Gods, he means the Emperors, who were usually deify'd, and has particularly Allusion to *Augustus's Tomb*.

Martial again.

Non est, crede mihi, sapientis dicere, vivam.
Sera Nimis Vita est crastina, vive hodie.

*Trust me, it is not wise to say,
I'll Live ; 'twill be too late to Morrow,
Live if thou'rt wise to Day.*

He refines upon his own Thought thus.

Hodie, jam vivere, Posthume, serum est :
Ille sapit, quisquis, Posthume, vixit heri.

*To Day to live, ev'n that's too late I say.
The Wiseman, Posthumus, liv'd Yesterday.*

In my Mind, these Verses of Mr. *Prior* are all together as natural.

*The hoary Fool, who many Days
Has struggled with continual Sorrow,
Renews his Hope and blindly lays
The desp'rate Bett upon to Morrow ;
To Morrow comes ; 'tis Noon, 'tis Night ;
This Day like all the former flies,
Yet on he runs to seek Delight
To Morrow, till to Night he dies.*

This Poem is address'd to Mr. *Montagu*, afterwards Earl of *Hallifax* ; and the last Stanza of it, is equally pleasant and moral.

*We weary'd should lye down in Death,
This Cheat of Life wou'd take no more,
If you thought Fame but empty Breath,
I Phillis, but a perjur'd Whore.*

If the one had been freed from Ambition and Politicks, and the other from Pleasure and Love, they might both have set a less Value on Life.

DID not *Martial* take the Thought in his last Epigram from *Horace*, Ode ix. render'd thus by Mr. *Congreve*?

*Seek not to know to Morrow's Doom,
That is not ours which is to come.
The present Moment's all our Store,
The next should Heav'n allow,
Then this will be no more.
So all our Life is but one Instant Now.
Look on each Day you've past,
To be a mighty Treasure won,
And lay each Moment out in Haste;
We're sure to live too fast,
And cannot live too soon.*

Mr. *Dryden* has translated it with less Paraphrase.

*To Morrow and her Works defy,
Lay hold upon the present Hour,
And snatch the Pleasures passing by
To put them out of Fortune's Pow'r.
Nor Love, nor Love's Delights disdain,
Whate'er thou getst to Day is Gain.*

The Marquis de *Racan*, who had more Genius than Learning, is much admir'd by *Pere Bouhours*, for his natural Way of thinking, particularly in these two Stanza's of an Ode he address'd to *Leonor de Rabutin*, Count de *Bussy*.

*Que te sert de chercher les Tempestes de Mars
Pour mourir tout en vie, &c.*

*What boots it thee to seek for Death
Amid the Tempest of the War.
Living to rush on certain Fate,
As thou art hurry'd on by Glory?
The Death which flatters thee with Fame,*

The

*The Recompence of all thy Toils,
Is the same Death which with less Trouble,
By your own Fire-Side you may find.*

2.

*What boots it those proud Walls to raise,
Which shew our Folly to the Skies,
When many a Castle crush'd to Earth
By its own Weight, have with themselves,
Bury'd the Names and the Devices
Of the vain Men who made them?*

It is certain, that Expression helps very much to render a Thought the more simple, and the more natural; and before I make any Use of Father Boubours's Examples, I will instance this of *Spencer*.

And therein sate an old, old Man half blind.

It is not a Picture; it is Nature her self, plain and simple; and every one that reads the Verse, sees the old Man as perfectly as if he was by him. *Pere Boubours's* first Example is alike just and pretty. 'Tis written on a fine young Creature, who is too much conceited of her Merit.

*Vous avez beau charmer : vous aurez le Destin
De ces fleurs, si fraiches, si belles
Qui ne durent qu' un matin :
Comme elles, vous plaisez : vous passerez comme Elles.
In vain you charm : Your Fate will be
The same with these fair Flowers you see.
They do but for a Morning last,
Their Sweets are with the Moment past.
Your Beauties are like their's alas !
You please like Them, like Them you'll pass.*

When *Eve* looks on the Flowers of *Eden* before her Expulsion, her Reflection upon it is express'd in the Simplicity of Nature.

Oh, Flowers !

*That never will in other Climate grow,
My early Visitation and my last
At Even, which I bred up with tender Hand,
From the first opening Bud, and gave you Names ;
Who now shall rear you to the Sun, or rank
Your Tribes, and water from the Ambrosial Fount?*

How bald is the Imitation of this Thought in *Dryden's*
State of Innocence ! *Farewell*

*Farewell ye Flow'rs, whose Buds with early Care
I watch'd, and to the careful Sun did rear,
Who now shall bind your Stems, or when you Fall,
With Fountains Streams your fainting Souls recal?*

The *Careful Sun*, and the *Fainting Souls* are a Shame to *Milton's* happy Image and Expression; and I have often wonder'd how it was possible for *Mr. Dryden*, who had *Milton* before him, to creep every where thro' his *State of Innocence*, when *Milton* is always on the Wing.

ELOCUTION, as *Father Bouhours* teaches us, adds sometimes to the Beauty of a Thought, by making it still more natural. A handsome well-made Suit of Cloaths is an Ornament, even to a well shap'd Person, and when it fits, shews the Shape to more Advantage. Thus there are Terms so adapted, or rather annex'd to Things that they seem to follow the Thought as Shadow follows the Body. *Ut sensibus inherere videantur, atque ut Umbra Corpus sequi.* Quint. lib. 8. præm. de verbis.

Of Affectation in Thought and Expression.

Affectation. Affectation is a Defect quite contrary to the natural Character of both Thought and Expression. 'Tis in Eloquence the worst of all Vices, as the same *Quintilian* informs us, because we avoid others, and seek after this: *Omniū in Eloquentia vitiorum pessimum: nam cætera cum vitentur, hæc petitur. Est autem totum in Elocutione.* Ibid. He adds, *est autem totum in Elocutione.* This Vice is wholly in Elocution. But without *Father Bouhours's* Help, one might have observ'd that *Quintilian* himself, is a little out here; for certainly People may as well be affected in their Manner of thinking, as in that of speaking. The learned Jesuit tells us, an *Italian* had before given *Quintilian* the Lye on this Article, *Questo ultimo è falso perche l'Affettatione consiste anche ne' concetti.* The last Part of the Sentence is false, for that Affectation is in the Thought as well as the Expression. An antient Rhetorician had taught him that *Posita autem est mala affectatio in sententia quidem, ut qui dixit: Centaurus equitans se ipsum, Demetr. Phaler. de Elocut.* The Centaur is a Horse riding himself, which is Affectation with a Witness. *Virgil* says, that *Enceladus* burnt by *Jupiter's* Light-

Lightning, vomited Flames thro' the Openings of the Mountains which the Gods had flung upon his Body. *Guarini* says, That Giant darted such Flames of Rage and Indignation against Heaven, that one cou'd not tell whether the Gods threw their Lightnings at him, or he flung his at the Gods.

La dove sotto a la gran mole Etnea

Non fò se fulminato o fulminante

Vibra il fiero Gigante.

Contra l'nemico ciel fiamme disdegno.

What *Virgil* says, is natural; what *Guarini*, affected. *Pliny* the Elder is not free from Affectation, in his Saying, that humane Blood, to be reveng'd of Iron, which is its mortal Enemy, and helps very much to spill it, brings Rust with it. *A ferro sanguis humanus se ulciscitur*. But the Saying of *Pliny* the younger, of one *Licinianus* a Senator, who had turn'd Rhetorician to get him a Livelihood, is natural; *Seque de Fortuna prefationibus vindicat*. He reveng'd himself on Fortune, by the Speeches he made against her. The Vengeance which the elder *Pliny* attributes to Man's Blood, is not in Nature. The Blood of Beasts rusts Iron as well as that of Men: But the Vengeance which the degraded Senator took of Fortune, is extreamly natural: All unfortunate Men, naturally railing against every Thing, that is the Occasion of their Misfortune. *Pliny* the elder has more of Nature in his Thoughts than the younger *Pliny* has; however, the latter thinks very naturally sometimes; but in his Panegyrick, and in his Epistles, he endeavours to be always witty, and that of Consequence leads him out of the Paths of Nature. In that Letter, where he describes one of his Country Houses, after having said that the Air of the Country, is so good that a Man can hardly dye there; and that by the Appearance of so many old People, you would think you were born an Age or two ago: He adds that his House, as serene as the Skye is, receives those Winds from the *Apen-nine*, which have nothing in them rude or violent, but are weary and broken by the Way, in coming so far, *Cumque veneris illi, putes alio te seculo natum. Accipit ab hoc auras quam libet sereno & placido die; non tamen acres & immodicas, sed spatio ipso lassas & infractas*. Lib. 5. Ep. 6. The soft and weak Winds, *non acres sed lassas*, is very far from Simplicity. Their being grown weary by the Way, has some Resemblance with what a *French* Poet said.

Il se voit pres de *Caire* une plaine deserte,
Que d' un sable mouvant la Nature a converti:
Et qui semble un espace applani sous les cieux
Pour le seul exercice ou des vents ou des yeux.

*Near Cairo lies a Tract of desert Land,
Which Nature cover'd with a moving Sand.
The boundless Plain seems levell'd to the Skies
Only to exercise the Winds and Eyes.*

There is something more natural in the Description of a Country House, " which had so vast a Prospect on " the Sea Side, that the Eye cou'd find no other Limits " than its own Weakness, which did not suffer it to discern " what it saw beyond the Bounds that Nature had pre- " scribed it." *Pere Bouhours* then proceeds to shew the Difference between a natural Thought, and one that is not so.

Terence in the *Eunuch* introduces a young Man, who is in search after a young Woman with whom he is very much in Love, and makes him say :

Ubi quæram ? ubi investigem ? quem perconter ? quam
insistam viam ?

Incertus sum : una hæc spes est ; ubi, ubi est, diu ce-
lari non potest.

" Where shall I seek her ? Where shall I inquire after
" her ? Where shall I tarry for her ?

" I am very uncertain ; but this is my Hope still, where-
" ever, wherever she is, she can't be long hidden."

—She was so charming, she must be taken Notice of. No-
thing can be more natural, *Tasso* is affected when he is up-
on a like Subject ; for having said, that the modest *Sophro-
nia* had in her Retirement stolen herself away from Men's
Eyes, He adds,

Pur guardia esser non puo, che tutto celi
Bò 'n degna ch' appataa e che s'ammiri.
Ne tu il consenti amor ; ma la riveli
D'un giovinetto a i cupidi desiri :
Amor, ch'er cieco, hor Argo ; hora ce veli
Di benda gli occhi, hora ce gli apri e giri.

*No Place is so retir'd as to conceal
Such Beauty which our Adoration claims,
Cupid will to our searching Eyes reveal*

The

*The Fires in Her's, which feed his purest Flames,
He's sometimes blind, and sometimes he can see
Like Argus; Oft he's with a Fillet bound:
His Eyes are often from all Bandage free,
And on this Side and that he turns them round.*

The Affectation is not in the Impossibility of Beauty's being long conceal'd: That is *Terence's* Thought; but in saying, Love is sometimes blind and sometimes he can see. That he has oft a Fillet over his Eyes, and often has none that he may look about him. *Fairfax* has lost this Thought entirely.

————— *Her House the Heav'n;
For there from Lovers Eyes withdrawn alone
With Virgin Beams, this spotless Cynthia shone.
But what avail'd her Resolution chaste,
Whose soberest Looks were Whetstones to Desire?
Nor Love consents that Beauty's Field lies wast.
Her Usage set Olindo's Heart on Fire.
O subtil Love! a thousand Wiles thou hast
By humble Suit, by Service, or by Hire.*

The blind *Cupid*, the *Argus*, the *Bandage*, and the *Gazing Love* are not here, and consequently *Pere Bouhours's* Criticism is lost in *Fairfax's* Version.

The learned Jesuit told us that the younger *Pliny* endeavour'd to be witty upon all Things in Season and out of Season. The same may be said of *Cowley*, not excepting his *Mistress*, tho' Affectation in Love-Verfes is most inexcusable: Love is the Darling-Child of Nature, and is as much inconsistent with Affectation as Passion is with Simile. In Love-Verfes it is most easily avoided. For let the Heart but speak, and it will carry Infection with it. When the Head is playing Tricks, the Heart of the fair One will ever be insensible; and then a Man may as well crack Jest to a Judge, as a Lover be witty to his Mistress.

*Go bid the Needle his dear North forsake,
To which with trembling Reverence it doth bend.
Go bid the Stones a Journey up'ward make,
Go bid th' ambitious Flame no more ascend:
And when these false to their old Motion prove
Then will I cease thee, thee alone to Love.* Cowley.

Which is most natural? This, or what follows out of *Hudibras*.

*Quoth he to bid me not to love
Is to forbid my Pulse to move,
My Beard to grow, my Ears to prick up,
Or, when I'm in a Fit, to hickup.*

Mr. *Walsb* in some Verses to his Mistress is natural both in Thought and Expression.

*I see Celinda's Cruelty :
I see she loves all Men but me.
I see her Falsehood, see her Pride ;
I see ten thousand Faults beside :
I see she sticks at nought that's ill :
Yet, oh ye Pow'rs ! I love her still.*

And this of Mr. *Waller* :

*Go lovely Rose,
Tell her that wastes her Time and Me.
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee.
How sweet, how fair she seems to be.*

How the Reader will like what follows out of *Cowley*, after this, I cannot tell.

*Indeed I must confess
When Souls mix 'tis a Happiness,
But not compleat till Bodies too combine,
And closely as our Minds together joyn.
But half of Heav'n the Souls in Glory taste
Till by Love in Heav'n at last
Their Bodies too are plac'd.*

For not to insist on the Indecency of confounding spiritual Love with corporal, a Lady of Delicacy wou'd think some Part of the Image a little impure ; at least that when the Poet was so much in Love with her Body, he might have let her Soul alone. I shall add one Instance more out of *Cowley*, and then leave the Rest to the Reader's own Inquiry.

*Thou robb'st my Days of Bus'ness and Delights,
Of Sleep thou robb'st my Nights ;
Ah lovely Thief, what wilt thou do ?
What, rob me of Heav'n too !
Thou ev'n my Pray'rs dost from me steal,*

And

*And I with wild Idolatry
Begin to God, and end them all in thee.*

A Mistress must needs jump out of a Garret Window to come at such a Lover. Yet what Cowley makes Cupid say in another Place, is natural and agreeable in Word and Thought.

*All thy Versè is softer far
Than the downy Feathers are
Of my Wings or of my Arrows,
Of my Mother's Doves and Sparrows.*

As full of Terror as every Idea of the Day of Judgement must be even to the most Devout, I cannot help thinking that the Reader will be far from quaking, when he meets with these Verses of Cowley on that terrible Subject.

*Then shall the scatter'd Atoms crouding come
Back to their ancient Home,
Some from Earth and some from Seas,
Some from Beasts and some from Trees,
Some descend from Clouds on high,
Some from Metals upward fly;
And where th' attending Soul naked and shiv'ring stands,
Meet, salute, and join their Hands
As dispers'd Soldiers. —————*

Here is Affectation upon Affectation, and all Affectation is Falsehood, of which Cowley does not seem to be at all sensible; and it is so far from being a Vice in Thought or Language with most Readers, that it passes off for Beauty, as the Fop passes for a fine Gentleman with most Women that judge like Women. Collier's Essays are full of this Affectation. The Wantonness of the Words also in Cowley leaves his Thought otherwise so dreadful, without the least Dread.

Of all the Moderns Bonarelli, an Italian Poet, Author of a Pastoral call'd *Filli di Spiro*, is the most affected, tho' not so philosophically as Cowley. *Amintas* being troubled at *Celia's* flying from him, always declares upon his missing her, that he will follow her, let her be where she will.

*Conosce rollo a i fiori
Ove saran più folti.*

*By the Flowers will be seen
The sweet Path where she has been.*

Conoscerollo a l' aure.

Ove faran più dolce

*When I breath the sweeter Air,
I shall know she has been there.*

Da quegli occhi tuoi, non sò qual luce

Che 'n altrui non si vede

Troppo viva risplende: a tanto lume

Non potrai star nascosa.

*In your Eyes we see a Light
As the breaking Morning bright,
Light so lovely and so fair
No where's to be seen but there.
Hide your Beauties where you will
They'll themselves betray you still.*

May not we rank some Verses of Mr. Waller to Sackarissa along with these of Bonarelli for Affectation?

*Her Presence has such more than humane Grace,
That it can civilize the rudest Place,
And Beauty too, and Order can impart
Where Nature ne'er intended it, nor Art.
The Plants acknowledge this, and her admire
No less than those of old did Orpheus's Lyre;
If she sit down, with Tops all tow'rd's her bow'd,
They round about her into Arbors crowd.
Or if she walks, in even Ranks they stand
Like some well marshal'd and obsequious Band.
Amphion so.*

But no Poets fall into this Vice of Thinking more than the *Italians*; they are always flourishing, and by this, *Tasso* is much inferior to *Virgil*. What Difference is there between *Dido's* parting with *Aeneas*, and *Armida's* parting with *Rinaldo*? What *Dido* thinks and says on that Occasion, is the Effect of the most tender and the most violent Love that ever was; whereas *Armida* hardly thinks or says a Word that is natural. She begins thus:

Forfennata Gridava. O tu che porti
Teco parte di me, parle ne lassì;
O prendi l'una, o rendi l'altra, o morto
Dà insieme ad ambe.

*O thou who half of me dost take away,
How can the other half behind thee stay?*

Or take this with thee, or do that restore,
Or let me breathe this vital Air no more.

Here is too much Art in this. *Pere Bouhours* observes, that the Heart does not explain itself in such a subtle Manner, nor is sincere Passion so playful. *I don't love Beginnings which are much study'd.* *Non me delectavit tam curiosum principium*, says *Petronius*, especially in the Violence of Passion. The Rest of the Thoughts on the Parting of *Rinaldo* and *Armida* are as affected, two or three only excepted, which are pretty natural. The *Scudiero o Scudo* is affected to a Scandal, tho' the Poet had no Need of going so far out of his Way.

Sarò qual più vorrai scudiero o scudo.
Non fia ch'è'n tua difesa io mi risparmi,
Per queste sen, per questo collo ignudo,
Pria che giungano a te, passeran l'armi.

To thee, my Knight, I'll be, or Squire, or Shield
From Wounds to ward thee in the fighting Field.
When thy lov'd Breast's in Peril from thy Foe,
I'll with my Bosom intercept the Blow.

If *Armida* had only said, I'll follow you to the War, and wait on you as your Servant, to bear your Arms, or lead your Horse, to ward off Blows from you, or to receive them for you, she wou'd have express'd her Passion in a natural Manner: But *Tasso*, as fine a Genius as he had, was a little like those Coquets, who will use Paint, be they never so handsome without it. *Unumquodque genus, cum ornatur caste pudice, fit illustrius: cum fucatur, & praelinitur, fit præstigiosum.* Aul. Gell. Those Coquets don't consider, that their using Art spoils Nature, and that they wou'd please more, if they did not strive to please so much. Mr. Prior in his Paraphrase on the old Poem, call'd the *Nut-brown Maid*, expresses *Armida's* Passion much more in the Way of Nature. *Emma* speaks to *Henry*.

Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
And fall or vanquish fighting by thy Side.
Tho' my inferior Strength may not allow
That I shou'd bear or draw the Warrior Bow;
With ready Hands I will the Shaft supply,
And joy to see thy Victor Arrows fly.
Touch'd in the Battel by the hostile Reed
Shouldest thou, but Heav'n avert it, shouldest thou bleed;
There

There is Nature.

*To stop the Wounds my finest Lawn I'd tear,
Wash them with Tears, and wipe them with my Hair.*

Tasso has not only these affected Thoughts in his *Gieru-salemme*, an Epick-Poem; you meet with them in his *Amin-ras*, a Pastoral, and one of the finest Pastorals that ever was written, tho' that Kind of Writing admits of it the least. He says, that Love, when he is first born, has but short Wings, and can't fly; and thus a Man knows nothing of his Birth, till he is grown up, and has taken his Flight.

Amor nascente hà corte l'ale, a pena.
Pud tenerle e non le spiega a volo.
Pur non s'accorge l'huom quand, egli nasce;
E quando huom se n' accorge, è grande, e vola.

The following *French* Verses are more in Nature. 'Tis a little Dialogue.

A quoi pensiez-vous Climene?
A quoi pensiez-vous d'aimer?
Ne s'aviez-vous pas la peine
Que souffre un cœur qui se laisse enflammer?

*What are you thinking of Climene?
What are you thinking of, to love?
Do you not know what Pain a Heart
Which Cupid has inflam'd endures?*

Answer.

On n'y pense pas, Silvie,
Quand on commence d'aimer;
Et sans en avoir envie,
En un Moment on se laisse enflammer.

*We do not think of it, dear Silvia,
When we begin to love,
And without any such Desire,
We're all at once inflam'd.*

Here is plain Nature, a beautiful Simplicity! Let us see whether we can know this same Love again, after *Cowley* has put another Dress upon it.

*I came, I saw, and was undone.
Lightning did thro' my Bones and Marrow run;
A pointed Pain pierc'd deep my Heart;
A swift cold Trembling seiz'd on ev'ry Part.*

My

*My Head turn'd round, nor cou'd it bear
The Poyson that was enter'd there.*

Sappho in the Ode preserv'd by *Longinus*, expresses it in a more violent Manner than *Climene*, but there is Nature.

*From Vein to Vein I feel a subtle Flame,
Whene'er I see thee, run through all my Frame :
And as the Transport seizes on my Mind,
I'm dumb, and neither Tongue nor Voice can find.
A Mist of Pleasure o'er my Eyes is spread,
I bear no more, and am to Reason dead ;
Pale, breathless, speechless, and expiring lye,
I burn, I freeze, I tremble, and I dye.*

Here is the violent Fit in *Climene* ; the soft Love steals away *Climene's* Heart, but he tears out *Sappho's* ; both are natural tho' different.

Affectation, with respect to Thought, according to an ancient Author, comes generally from the Excess to which they are carry'd, that is, from too much of the *Sublime*, or the *Agreeable*, or the *Delicate*, in the three Kinds we have been speaking of. The first are noble, great, and sublime Thoughts, the second pretty and agreeable, and the last fine and delicate. If a Man's Wit is not directed by Judgment, and kept within the Bounds of Nature, he immediately runs into Extreame, and overdoes every Thing ; *Per Affectationem decoris corrupta Sententia, cum eo ipso dedecoretur quo illam voluit Author ornare. Hoc fit aut nimio tumore, aut nimio cultu.* Diomed. Gram. Lib. 2. Then Bombast takes the Place of the Great and the Sublime ; Affectation that of the Agreeable ; and Delicacy is nothing but meer Subtlety. I don't know what else to make of *Pere Boubours's* *Enflure*, *Agrément*, and *Rafinement*. The latter especially is better understood, as it regards Thoughts by the Word *Subtlety*, than by *Nicecefs*, *Refining*, or any other Terms in our Lexicography. We can easily comprehend, that a Thought may become subtle by studying Delicacy too much, and affected by labouring to render it more agreeable, and Bombast by swelling it up to the Sublime. These Things, well consider'd, wou'd prevent the Errors Writers generally fall into in those three Kinds of Thinking, and Readers would not so generally mistake the one for the other, as we do in *England*, and as they did in *France*, 'till Father *Boubours* set them right in his *Maniere de bien penser*.
The

The *Spectator* animadverts judiciously on this Vice of Thought and Expression, N^o. 38. "The wild Havock Affectation makes in that Part of the World which shou'd be the most Polite, is visible wherever we turn our Eyes; it pushes Men not only into Impertinences in Conversation, but also in their premeditated Speeches." He then instances in the *Bar* and the *Bench*, and adds as judicious Remarks on the *Pulpit*.

"It might be born here, but it often ascends the Pulpit it self; and the Declaimer, in that Sacred Place, is frequently so impertinently witty, speaks of the Last Day it self with so many quaint Phrases, that there is no Man who understands Raillery, but must resolve to sin no more: Nay, you may behold him sometimes in Prayer for a proper Delivery of the great Truths he is to utter, humble himself with so very well turned Phrase, and mentions his own Unworthiness in a Way so very becoming, that the Air of the pretty Gentleman is preserved under the Lowliness of the Preacher."

This Fault does not so often happen in such Sort of Eloquence as in other Kinds, unless it be in the younger Orators: Besides, as it is necessary to have some small Portion of Sense to be a Coxcomb, and without it a Man degenerates into a *Blockhead*, so Affectation is not often the Companion of Dulness, and which we are in most Danger of in these Cases let the Reader determine.





P A R T III.

*How the Sublime, in the Way of
Thinking, become Bombast ;
the Agreeable, Affectation ;
and the Delicate, Subtlety.*

Bombast.

PERE BOUHOURS has already observ'd, That Thoughts often become bad, by the Author's aiming at too much Wit : That in the Noble Kind, a Thought is vicious when it is carried to an Excess of Grandeur ; in the Agreeable Kind, when it has more Agreeableness than it should have ; and in the Delicate Kind, when that Delicacy is so fine spun, as to become *Subtlety*.

THESE different Kinds of Affectation are, according to *Julius Scaliger*, Efforts of the Mind above the Subject, and its own Strength ; *Conatus supra vires & supra rem*. We proceed now to Examples.

How the Sublime may become Bombast.

GRATIAN, one of the greatest Wits of *Spain*, is not satisfy'd with saying in his *Courtier*, that a Great
Q Heart

Heart is a *Gygantick Heart*, *Un coracon Gigante*. He will have *Alexander's* to be an *Arch Heart*, in a Corner of which, the whole World was lodg'd so easily, that there remain'd Room for six other Worlds. *Grande fue el de Alexandro y el Archicoracon*, pues cupo en un rincón del todo este mundo holgadamente, dexando lugar para otros seis. *Dionysius Halicarn* teaches us, that all Puffiness, and every Thing too much studied, is indecorous; *Tumor & omne quod studio fit, indecorum est*. Sure then there cannot be greater Indecorum, than in this Passage out of *Gratian*, which Father *Bouhours* calls enormous; and by being swoln to that Greatness, it becomes even Little, if one may so say. *Gratian* does like that *Timeus*, who, as *Longinus* tells us, by aiming always at new and surprizing Thoughts, fell into great *Puerilities*. What *Voiture* says on the Good-Will which *Madamoiselle de Bourbon*, and the Princess of *Conde* bore him, is more regular, and more judicious, with the Softning he has given it: "One Heart, me-
" thinks, is not enough for *Madam* her Mother, and for
" her self; when the one has taken her Part, there is
" not enough left for the other.

GRATIAN is not the only Author who has gone beyond Bounds when he has been speaking of *Alexander* the Great. *Seneca* the Father mentions some Thoughts of certain *Roman* Orators, upon *Alexander's* deliberating with himself, whether he should push his Conquests farther than the Ocean? which are every whit as extravagant as the *Spanish* Authors. One of them said, *Alexander* ought to be satisfy'd with conquering as far as the Sun was satisfy'd with shining. *Tempus est Alexandrum cum Orbe & cum Sole desinere*. Another Fortune set the same Limits to his Conquests, as Nature sets to the World. *Eundem Fortuna Victoriæ tuæ quem Natura finem fecit*. A Third said, To the World *Alexander* is great: But the World is little to *Alexander*. *Alexander Orbi magnus est, Alexandro Orbis angustus est*. Again, *Non magis quicquam ultra Alexandrum, novimus quam ultra Oceanum*. We know nothing beyond *Alexander*, no more than we know any thing beyond the Ocean.

THESE Thoughts are of themselves not only false but excessive, and out of all Rules of just Greatness, except,

except, perhaps, that of *Alexandro Orbis angustus est*: The World is little to *Alexander*. For Ambition is insatiable, and the Hero's Soul is always above his Fortune. Had *Alexander* in Effect conquer'd the whole World, it would not have been enough for him. Which occasioned *Juvenal's* saying of him:

Unus Pellæo. Juveni non sufficit Orbis.
Æstuat infelix angusto limite Mundi.

*One World did not the Pelian Youth suffice.
Coopt up in this, He curst its narrow Bounds.*

It was so little to him, that he had hardly Room to breathe in. He was almost stifled in it. Nothing could stop, nothing could satiate him.

Victorieux du monde, il en demande un autre ;
Il en veut un plus riche & plus grand que le nôtre ;
Et n'ayant plus à vaincre en ce vaste horison,
Il sent que l'Univers n'est plus que sa prison.

*Victorious o'er the World ; he wants another
More Rich, more Great, more worthy of his War ;
Nothing beneath th' Horizon left to conquer,
Th' whole Universe to Him is but a Prison.*

Or, in fewer Words, and more livelily.

The World entire his own, He wanted Room.

Maitre du Monde entier, s'y trouve trop serré.

As many extravagant Things are said of the Conquests of the *Romans*, as of those of *Alexander*. A Greek Poet in the *Anthologia*, bid *Jupiter* shut the Gates of *Olympius*, and defend the Citadel of the Gods: The Arms of Rome have conquer'd the Land and the Sea, and there is no Place to which they have not yet been extended, but Heaven. What *Propertius* says of the Battle of *Actium*, is more reasonable; *Apello* speaks to *Augustus*.

Vince Mari, jam Terra tua est.

Conquer the Sea, the Land's already thine.

And this in *Racine's Mithradates*, spoken by his Son *Xiphares*, is noble without *Bombast*.

Tout reconnut mon Pere, & ses heureux vaisseaux
N'eurent plus d' Ennemis que les vents & les eaux.

*All round my Father's Empire, and his Fleet,
No Enemies but Winds and Seas did meet.*

THE Spaniards have naturally very high Ideas of the Success of their Nation, and the Advantages of their Monarchy. *Lopez de Vega*, in one of his Poems, entitled, *Jerusalem Conquistada*, has several *Bombast* Thoughts and Expressions in praise of the Spaniards. His Subject is not that Conquest of *Jerusalem*, when *Godfrey of Bulloigne* took it, but the second Conquest by *Richard King of England*, who had Wars with *Saladin*, for his taking that City from *Guy de Lusignan*, Successor to *Baldwin V. King of Jerusalem*. *Lopez* wrote his Poem in Honour of his Nation, the Chief of whom accompany'd *Alphonso King of Castille*, Son-in-Law to *Richard*, in his Expedition against *Saladin*. Father *Bouhours* and *Lopez* are both out, in making King *Richard* Father-in-Law to *Alphonso*, that King having no Children. *Lopez* has this Passage in his Poem.

Es una fiera gente la de Espana,
Que quando à pechòs una empresa toma,
Los tiembla el mar, la muerte los estrana.
Diga Numancia, que le cuesta à Roma.

*Above all Nations are the Spaniards brave,
And when on some great Enterprize they go,
The Ocean trembles, and Death flies before them.
Numantia say, What thou didst cost to Rome.*

It is pleasant enough to hear *Pere Bouhours* say, *Les Castillans sont un peu extrêmes, sur tout quand ils parlent d'eux*. The Spaniards are a little upon the *Extremes*, especially when they talk of themselves. And what are the *French* I pray? If they are not so haughty, they are more vain: If they are not so proud, they are more soppyish. Nothing is more natural than for every Nation

Nation to think and speak well of themselves. We *English* Men are as National as other People. What more common in History, than *Behave your selves like English Men. They fought like English Men.* If we hear say, *They fought like French Men*, we are apt to laugh, and to have an Image of Men upon the Scamper; and this may be justly observ'd in our Favour, that to say, *They fought like English Men*, is not so much a Jest to the *French* themselves, as to so say, *They fought like French Men* is to us. This makes a substantial Difference between the two Characters, and not at all to the Advantage of our Neighbours. The *Spaniards* do, as one may say, think and talk upon Stilts. They are ever using *Augmentatives*. Their swelling up their Thoughts has infected their Language, which is full of Tumor. They won't say, *Soldad a Soldier*, but *Soldado*; nor *Rodomontade*, but *Rodo mon tado*; nor *Cor un cœur*, Heart, but *Coracon*. This runs through their whole Tongue; and as in their Pace they do rather stride than walk, so in their Thoughts and Expressions, there are more Wind and Sound, than Spirit and Eloquence: As in what follows out of one of their best Authors, speaking of *Philip II. Alexander* conquer'd the Persians, *but he stop'd there: That Son of Jupiter hardly had a View of India. We are told, that Rome, the Capital of the World, added Britain to her Empire: But Cæsar only pass'd over thither, and went no farther. Farther still have you extended your Conquests than either Cæsar or Alexander. No House, most mighty King, is more Illustrious than Yours. The Sun always shines on Your Dominions, whether it be when he rises, or when he sets. To form a Frontier on Your Empire, the Land and the Sea must extend their Limits beyond what Nature has prescribed them.*

Ut sit in Orbe locus metas ubi figere possis;
Terra suos fines augeat, unda suos.

It would be finely said, according to *Pere Bouhours*, if there was less of it. There is a great deal of Difference between a tall portly Man, and a Gyant. The one is handsom, the other monstrous. *Quod turgidum granditatem ipsam superare gestit*, Long. Sect. 1.

The Fault of the Bombast Stile is, that it would go beyond the Sublime, and 'tis in Thought the same as in Expression. The putting *Philip II.* above *Alexander* and *Cæsar*, is not the most extravagant Part of the Passage, says Father *Bouhours*; not that he is for making every Conqueror take the Wall of the *Grecian* and *Roman* Conquerors: But of the Opinion of a *French* Poet, who, in some Verses on the Passing of the *Rhine*, by *Lewis le Grand*, declares against running down *Alexander* to exalt the *French* King, as some did in saying, that the Actions of the invincible Monarch of *France*, as the *Jesuit* calls him, had obscur'd those of the invincible Monarch of *Macedon*.

A ces lâches flatteurs ne te laisse surprendre,
Le Passage du Rhin, & tout ce que tu fais,
Nous font croire aujourd'hui ce qu'on dit d'*Alexandre*.

Be not by those base Flatterers betray'd.
The wond'rous Passage of the *Rhine*,
And ev'ry glorious Act of *Thine*,
Confirms whate'er of *Philip's Son* is said.

Is it not great Pity that so much of the *Sublime*, so much of the *Noble*, the *Grand*, and the *Delicate*, should be all spoil'd by a Campaign or two of the Duke of *Malborough's*, and so many great and grave Things become Ridicule and Mirth. Not so these Verses of Mr. *Prior*, in his Hymn to the Sun; speaking of King *William*.

Let the Hero in the War,
Active and Fierce like Thee, appear;
Like Thee great Son of Jove, like Thee,
When clad in rising Majesty,
Thou marchest down o'er *Delos Hills* confest,
With all thy Arrows arm'd, in all thy Glory drest:
Like Thee, the Hero does his Arms employ,
The Raging *Pithon* to destroy,
And give the injur'd Nations Peace and Joy.

THAT *Pithon* there is the very *French* King who is *Alexander'd* up in so many *French* Odes. Father *Bouhours*

hours thinks that Part of the Passage last cited out of a *Spanish* Author, which speaks of King *Philip's* extending his Conquests farther than *Alexander* or *Cæsar*, is pardonable, as it really is, on Account of the *Spaniards* Acquisitions in *America*, and the *East Indies*; and that Part where the Sun is brought in has also an Excuse, for the *Spanish* Panegyrist's always complement their Kings on the Sun's never Setting in their Dominions, but is continually paying them a Tribute of Light as their Vassal: The unpardonable Fault is, the saying, that the Sea and the Land must extend their Limits; which is excessive, and all over *Spanish*. One of the *French* Academy, flatter'd the Grand Monarque with more Conscience in this *La France n'a plus besoin, Sire, que vous etendiez ses Limites; sa veritable Grandeur est d'avoir un si grand Maitre.* France has no need, Sir, of Your extending her Limits, her real Greatness consists in having so Great a Master. The Reader will have observed, that I never let any of these fulsome Panegyrics on *Lewis XIV.* pass without some Antidote against the Poyson, taken out of the best *English* Authors; and often from those that were least Enemies to the *French* Interest. The last Flattery was upon the Passage of the *Rhine*, the Borders of which was abandon'd by the *Dutch* Troops, as soon as the *French* King appeared on the other Side; and because these Flatterers have this Passage over and over again, let us see what *Prior* says of it, in his Paraphrase on this Passage of *Horace*.

Virtus Repulsæ nescia fordidæ
Intaminatis fulget Honoribus;
Nec ponit aut sumit secures,
Arbitrio popularis Auræ.

From Danger, as from Honour free.
He bribes close Murder against open War.

In vain you Gallic Muses strive
With labour'd Verse to keep his Fame alive;
Your mould'ring Monuments in vain you raise,
On the weak Basis of the Tyrant's Praise.
Your Songs are sold, your Numbers are profane.

'Tis Incense to an Idol giv'n,
Meat offer'd to Prometheus's Man,
That had no Soul from Heav'n.

*Against his Will, you chain your frightened King,
On rapid Rhine's divided Bed,
And mock your Hero, whilst you sing
The Wounds for which He never bled :
Falshood does Poyson on your Praise diffuse,
And Lewis's Fear gives Death to Boileau's Muse.*

To shew how much this Gentleman was degenerated in his true *English* Principles, this admirable Paraphrase is left out in the Collection of his Poems ; and instead of it, there's an Imitation of *Horace*, address'd to the Right Honourable Mr. *Harley*, which cannot but move Pity in every honest Mind.

THE last cited *Spanish* Author has two Verses on the Funeral Pomp for the Emperor *Charles* the Vth, which are as tumid as any *Spaniard* could wish.

*Pro tumulo ponas orbem, pro tegmine cœlum,
Sydera pro facibus, pro lachrimis Maria.*

*Put for his Tomb, this Globe of Earth,
And for a Chapel, Heaven's high Vault ;
The Stars for Torches, and the Seas for Tears.*

As Bombast as this Thought is, 'tis stolen by St. *Gelais*, a *French* Poet, in an Epitaph on a Lady of the Court of *France*.

*O Voyageurs, ce Marbre fut choisi,
Pour publier la grande Extorsion
De Mort, &c.*

*This Marble, Passenger, was plac'd to shew
The great Extortion of grim Death,
In taking Helena de Boissy,
Of whom the smallest Portion here remains :
For if her Tomb were equal to her Worth,
The whole Earth must be her Coffin ; The great Ocean
Must serve for Tears, and for a Chapel, Heaven.*

The Lady was *Madam de Traves* ; And *Marot* also made an Epitaph on her, which has more of Nature in it.

Ne say où gît *Helene* en qui Beauté gisoit,
 Mais icy gît *Helene* où bonté reluisoit,
 Et qui la Grand'Beauté de l'autre eût bien ternie,
 Par les Graces & dons dont elle étoit garnie.

*Who knows where beauteous Hellen lies,
 With whom all Beauty lay;
 But here lies Hellen de Boissi,
 In whom all Goodness shin'd:
 Her Graces and her Gifts more charming,
 Than all the others Beauty.*

A modern Latin Poet had this Thought on *Pompey's* being depriv'd of the Honour of Sepulture.

Indignum tellus fuerat tibi Victa, sepulcrum :
 Non decuit cælo te nisi, Magne, tegi.

*The Earth you conquer'd was not worthy
 To be your Tomb, O Pompey !
 For you, no Covering but the Sky was fit.*

This is a plain Imitation of *Lucan*. Lib. VII.

Cælo tegitur qui non habet Urnam.

*Beneath the glorious Covering of the Sky,
 The starry Arch for ever round them turns
 A nobler Shelter far than Tombs or Urns.*

Rowe.

And of *Pompey's* Burial. Lib. VIII.

—Situs est qua Terra extrema refuso
 Pendet in Oceano : *Romanum* nomen & omne
 Imperium, magno est tumuli modus.

*Where there are Seas, or Air, or Earth, or Skies,
 Where'er Rome's Empire stretches, Pompey lies.*

Rowe.

Brebeuf's Translation, according to *Pere Bouhours*, is finer than the Original.

Ou n'a point de Sepulcre, ou gît dans l'Univers :
 Tout ce qu'a mis son bras sous le pouvoir de *Rome*,
 Est à peine un cercueil digne d'un si grand homme.

Or

*Or he has none, or all the World's his Tomb ;
 All that he added to the Roman Empire,
 Is scarce a Grave worthy so great a Man.*

THESE Thoughts have a Lustre in them which strikes at first, and are evident at Sight. 'Tis more noble in Appearance to have the Heavens for a Covering, than a Heap of Dirt ; tho' in Truth 'tis but a chimerical Nobleness. For the Honour of Sepulture arises from the Love and Esteem of our Relations and Friends, who erect Monuments for us ; the only Use of which is to cover Carcasses, and preserve their Corps from the Damages of the Weather, and the Cruelty of Beasts, which the Heavens do not do ; being equally a Covering to both Beasts and Men, without preserving them in any wise. *Valleius Paternulus* has a Thought on the Death of *Pompey*, which has more Stateliness in it, than true Greatness. *Hic post tres Consulatus & totidem triumphos, domitumque terrarum Orbem, vitæ fuit exitus : in tantum in illo viro a se discordante fortuna, ut cui modo ad Victoriâ Terra defuerat, deesset ad sepulturam.* Lib. 2. " Such was the End of *Pompey* ; after " three Consulates, and as many Triumphs, or rather " after having conquer'd the World, Fortune, with Respect to him, agreed so little with her self, that the " Earth, which had not been sufficient for his Victories, did not supply him with a Sepulture." Such Thoughts would have been cry'd out against in *Virgil* or *Livy*, as monstrous Imaginations. They would hardly have been allow'd in *Tacitus*, who makes *Bojocalus* in his *Annals*, and *Galgacus* in his Life of *Agricola*, talk more reasonably and handsomely : *Bojocalus* refusing the Lands which the Romans had offer'd him, said, *Deesse nobis Terra, in qua vivamus, in qua moriamur non potest.* Annal 13. We can't want Land where we live, and where we must dye. And *Galgacus*, jealous of the Liberty of *Britain*, and a declared Enemy to the Roman Power, speaks thus to his Countrymen. *Raptores Orbis postquam cuncta vastantibus defuere terræ & mare scrutantur. Si Locuples hostis est, avari ; si pauper, ambitiosi : Quos non Oriens, non Occidens satiaverit ; soli omnium opes atque inopiam pari affectu concupiscunt. Auferre, trucidare, rapere, falsis nominibus Imperium ;*

Imperium ; atque ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant. " These Robbers of the World, and Ravagers of the Universe, now the exhausted Land can no more furnish their Rapines, endeavour to rifle the wide Seas and Ocean. When they meet with opulent Enemies, their Cruelty proceeds from Avarice ; when with Poor, it rises from Ambition. The *East* and *West*, vast as they are, cannot satiate their voracious Minds. They, and They alone, with equal Greediness, grasp at the Riches and Poverty of all Nations. Devastations, Murders, and Extirpations pass with them under the false Names of Empire and Government ; and they boast of establishing Peace in those Provinces they have rendred desolate.

Whether *Galgacus* made this Speech himself, or *Tacitus* for him, it has in it a Spirit of Liberty, which is the Characteristick of a true *Briton* ; as an abject Slavery is that of the modern *French* : Of whom, and their absolute Monarch, *Dryden* said,

*Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a Reign,
His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile Train.*

On the Death of *Philip IV.* King of *Spain*, an *Italian* Poet has a Flight above the Pike of *Teneriffe*. He cries out, Help, Help, as if the World was a Fire, or the Skies were tumbling down upon his Head.

Aita oh cieli ! or che vacilla il mondo
Tremate O Mondi ! or che cadente è il cielo.

*Help Heaven, or else the World will drop in Pieces,
Or the Skies fall and crush the Globe to Atoms.*

Thus the Poet begins his Poem, and the End is answerable to the Beginning.

Restò l'Alcide à sostener il mondo
Passi l'Atlante à dominar il cielo.

*Atlas is gone to reign in Heaven,
But Hercules remains on Earth
To bear the mighty Burden.*

Philip

Philip II. is the *Atlas*, and the *Hercules* is the last King of *Spain*, *Charles* the *II*d, who was at that Time an Infant, and as it is said, wrapt up in Wool, and kept in a Box as a Bird in a Nest; His Constitution being so weak that he could not bear the Air. Thus we have an *Hercules* with the Rickets.

D R Y D E N in his Poem on King *Charles* the Second's Death, steals even this Thought, as whimsical as it is in the *Italian*: The *Atlas* is the defunct Prince, the *Hercules* King *James*, his Brother.

*So swift and so surprising was our Fear,
Our Atlas fell indeed, but Hercules was near.*

I HAVE observ'd among the Flatterers, that let the Prince be ever so much the Reverse of what they speak of him, they are sure to let the *Hyperbole* stick on something that's least able to bear it. Thus the *French* King, who never was in a Battle in his Life, is extol'd for his Valour; and after he had destroy'd more Cities and Countries than any Destroyer since *Attilas*, after he had driven a Million of his good Subjects from their Homes to Banishment and Beggary, his Flatterers cannot say enough of his Justice and Clemency. So *Charles* the *II*d of *Spain* is a *Hercules* with a Lyon's Skin, and a Club; and *Charles* the *II*d of *England* a *David*, a King after God's own Heart, as *Dryden* calls him in his Verses upon his Death. These Things are Outrages against Reason and Truth; but so wild and monstrous, that they give Mirth rather than Disgust.

THE learned *French* Jesuit tells us, 'tis a Fault not only to be grand in little things, but to be too grand in great ones; for true Grandeur ought to have its just Bounds. Whatever exceeds it is out of the Rule of Perfection. We must never suffer our Thoughts to swell, let the Subject be ever so elevated and pompous. *Demetrius Phaler*, in his Treatise de *Elocut.* teaches us, *Res omnes accommodatè efferendæ sunt, parvæ quidem exiliter, magnæ autem magnificè.* And *Longinus*, in *nugas quandoque facillimè, quæ grandia sunt, evadunt. Quid enim hæc aliud dixerimus, quam Jovis insomnia?* Nothing is so easy as to fall from the Sublime into trifling; and *Longinus* calls those vain and puffy Thoughts,
the

the Dreams of Jupiter. *Martial* is not of the Greek Criticks Opinion. His Thoughts are so frivolous in great Subjects, that they are sometimes shocking.

Par domus est coelo, sed minor est domino.

Less than its Lord the House, tho' great as Heaven.

Speaking of *Domitian's* Palace. There is no need of explaining how this Thought becomes *Pussy*; 'tis self-evident, and executes it self much better than any Treaty can. As does this other Thought of *Martial*:

Esse velis, oro, serus conviva Tonantis ;

Aut tu si properas, Jupiter, ipse veni.

Defer till late to be the Guest of Jove ;

Or if Jove wants you, let him come to you.

Does not *Martial* treat *Jupiter* a little unhandsofly to make him come from Heaven to wait on *Domitian*. I have taken Notice that *Dryden* is very apt to err in this Point. He does not only treat Heaven as inferior to the Emperor of the *Romans* ; but talks of him as of a small Mechanick. Thus in his Epistle to the Dutcheß of *Ormond*, on her Recovery out of a Fit of Sickness :

Or Heav'n, which had such Over-cost bestow'd,

As scarce it cou'd afford to Flesh and Blood ;

So lik'd the Frame he wou'd not work anew,

To save the Charges of another you.

Which is equally poor and extravagant. *Lee* is almost every where out of his Wits when he is in a Passion, and makes nothing to knock one God's Head against another, as I have seen a stout Boxer do by two Clowns.

Away, be gone, and give a Whirwind Room,

Or I will blow you off like Dust, avaunt !

Madness but meanly represents my Toil !

Eternal Discord

Fury, Revenge, Disdain, and Indignation,

Tear my swoln Breast ; make way for Fire and
(*Tempest ;*

My Brain is burst, Debate and Reason quench'd,

The Storm is up, and my hot bleeding Heart

Splits with the Rack, while Passions, like the Winds,

Rise up to Heav'n, and put out all the Stars.

Alexander

Alexander again,

——— *Ha, who talks of Heav'n !
I am all Hell, I burn, I burn agen ;
My vital Spirits are all parch'd, burnt up,
And all my smoaky Entrails turn'd to Ashes.*

I CANNOT omit here *Lee's* Description of Madneſs, the beſt I ever met with ; and who more proper to deſcribe it than a mad Poet ? In *Cæſar Borgia* :

*To my charm'd Ears no more of Woman tell ;
Name not a Woman and I ſhall be well ;
Like a poor Lunatick that makes his Moan,
And for a while beguiles his Lookers on ;
He reaſons well, his Eyes their Wildneſs loſe,
And vows the Keepers his wrong'd Senſe abuſe :
But if you hit the Cauſe that hurts his Brain,
Then his Teeth gnaw, he foams, he ſhakes his Chain,
His Eye-balls roll, and he is mad again.*

There he is ſober, and ſpeaks ſenſibly of his Subject ; but how was his Brain when he ſaid in his *Alexander*,

*I'll drown him in the deep Bowl of Hercules,
Make the World drunk ; and then like Æolus,
When he gave Paſſage to the ſtruggling Winds,
I'll ſtick my Spear into the reeling Globe
And let it bleed.*

And in *Oedipus* :

*Know, be it known to the Limits of the World ;
Yet farther let it paſs yon dazzling Roof,
The Manſion of the Gods, and ſtrike 'em deaf
With everlaſting Peals of thund'ring Joy.*

Lee had without doubt a happy Genius for Tragedy ; and where he is in his Senſes he is excellent ; for which Reaſon one ſhould not be too curious in our *Examens* of his Plays. *Dryden* ſwells his Thoughts and Expreſſions almoſt as much as *Lee* ; and is the more inexcusable, for that his is a ſtudy'd Madneſs, whereas *Lee's* was natural. Does not his *Maximin* tell the Gods they were more beholden to him than he was to them ?

*Keep you your Rain and Sun-ſhine in your Skies,
And I'll keep back my Oil and Sacrifice.*

And

And when he had forgot himself so far as to swear by him, he presently recollects himself:

But by the Gods! by Maximin I meant.

No *Spaniard* has written up to this; and yet this was the *Sublime* of the Stage during all King *Charles* the Second's Reign. Neither do I think it any Excuse that *Dryden* knew it to be Bombast and Nonsense, and sacrificed his Understanding to a Vogue, as Lord *Lansdown* represents it:

Our King return'd, &c.

*The Muse ran mad to see her exil'd Lord;
On the crack'd Stage the Bedlam Heroes roar'd,
And scarce cou'd speak one reasonable Word.
Dryden himself, to please a frantick Age,
Was forc'd to let his Judgment stoop to Rage;
To a wild Audience he conform'd his Voice,
Comply'd to Custom; but not err'd thro' Choice.
Deem'd then the People's, not the Writer's Sin,
Almanzor's Rage, and Rants of Maximin.*

Somewhat of *Maximin* we have seen; his *Almanzor* is still worse if possible:

—— *I'll squeeze thee like a Bladder,
And make thee groan thy self away in Air.*

Again,

*There's not a Star of thine dare stay with thee,
I'll rebistle thy tame Fortune after me.*

BUT it would be a Volume of it self to incert all the bombast Thoughts in *Dryden's Almanzors* and *Maximins*: Nor, as I have already observ'd, is his *Don Sebastian* free from them, though 'twas written many Years after he had been expos'd on the Stage in the Character of *Bays* for these Enormities. So I cannot say with Lord *Lansdown*, that he did not err through Choice. I believe both *Dryden*, and *Settle*, and *Ravenscroft*, and *Crown*, who all wrote *Taking Plays*, chose the Rants, as *Row* chose his Rhiming at the End of a Speech for a Clap-Trap, and it seldom fail'd. It gave Mr. *Betterton* and Mrs. *Barry* an Opportunity to heighten their Action and their Voice; and the Audience generally apply'd to the

the Poet what was only due to the Actors. The Lord *Lansdown*, in his Poem upon *unnatural Flights*, speaks of the Bombast with great Judgment and Eloquence :

*Such Vaunts as his, who can with Patience read,
Who thus describes his Hero when he's dead ?
In Heat of Action slain, yet scorns to fall,
But still maintains the War, and fights at All.
The noisy Culverin, o'ercharg'd, lets fly,
And bursts unaiming in the rended Sky.
Such frantick Flights are like a Madman's Dreams,
And Nature suffers in the wild Extreame.*

Of all the Poetical Essays on Criticism, that Poem is the shortest and the best. The Honourable Author had certainly read *Pere Bouhours*, and improv'd his own Thoughts by that learned Jesuit's, as I have hinted elsewhere. *Martial*, as *Bouhours* informs us, should not have flatter'd his Prince at the Expence of him whom the Pagans acknowledged to be the Father of human Race, the King of Kings, who with a Nod made the Earth tremble, whose Thunder had destroy'd the Giants. In a Word, he should not have jested upon *Jupiter* as he does in another Place :

Nam tibi quod solvat non habet arca Jovis.
Jove has not in his Chest enough to pay you.

HORACE never errs against Decorum, with respect either to Reason or Religion. His Understanding was right, and prevented all such Error. He is contented with saying of *Augustus*, addressing himself to *Jupiter*,

Tibi cura magni
Cæsaris fatis data : tu secundo
Cæsare regnes.

*To you the Destinies assign
The Care of Cæsar : Next to you
May Cæsar rule the Universe.*

Lib. 1. Od. 12.

At the same time that he raises the Grandeur of *Augustus*, he is careful of that of *Jupiter* ; and it is this Care which a right Understanding will always take in the sublime kind of Thinking. *Martial* knew nothing of it ;

it; and when he flatters *Domitian*, he makes *Jupiter* give him the Wall; or at least puts him Cheek by Jole with him, very far from *Horace*:

Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum.

*Nothing is greater than himself;
Nothing is like or second to him.*

Horace is so religious and so discreet, that he does not equal Men even with the Gods in general, unless there is some Reason for it on the Part of the Gods; or where he says *Diomedes* is equal to the Gods in Courage, he adds, it was by the Assistance of a Goddess: And thus he gives *Pallas* the Honour of the divine Valour, which he attributes to a Man:

Quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina;
Dignè scripserit; aut pulvere Troico
Nigrum Merionem, aut ope Palladis
Tydidèn superis parem?

*Who worthily of Mars wou'd write,
In adamantine Armour dight;
Who to Meriones's Fame be just,
When cover'd o'er with Trojan Dust;
Who worthily wou'd write of Diomede,
Whose warlike Actions, by the Aid
Of the immortal Warrior Maid,
Those of the Gods themselves exceed.*

MARTIAL does not treat the Gods with too much Ceremony; and he is not the only Author among the Heathens who uses the like Freedom with them. *Lucan* does not spare them when they lie in his Way. Not only *Cato* contends with them in his *Pharsalia*; but *Pompey* defies their Power when he is dying. However, *Marius* forgives them for his Misfortunes. Thus he on the one Hand makes nothing of them; and on the other treats them as culpable. The Poet says of *Pompey's* Looks after his Death:

*There Virtue still unchangeable abode,
And scorn'd the Spite of every partial God.*

Row, Lib. 8.

And of *Marius*, in the Second Book, he says,

R

Proud

*Proud Carthage in her Ruins he beheld,
Amidst her Ashes pleas'd he sat him down,
And joy'd in the Destruction of the Town.
The Genius of the Place, with mutual Hate,
Rear'd its sad Head, and smil'd at Marius Fate.
Each with Delight survey'd their fallen Foe;
And each forgave the Gods that laid the other low.*

BOTH *Lucan* and *Martial*, according to *Father Boubours*, were fine Wits, who lost themselves sometimes by taking too much Wing; and are not like *Sapho*, to whom *Greece* gave the Title of the Tenth Muse, for her Learning and Wit. She had no sooner written of a very valiant Man, that he was equal to the God *Mars*, than she was sensible of her Error, and corrected it immediately: For rightly judging that the Thing was impossible, she only said, he was the bravest of all Men. *Homer's* Conscience was not so scrupulous; he says, in so many Words, that *Meriones* was equal to *Mars*. But it is his Custom to give Men the Virtues of the Gods, and to give the Gods the Vices of Men; which *Pere Boubours* does not take to be the best Thing in his *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

MALHERBE refin'd upon *Homer*, in calling *Henry IV.* of *France*,

Plus Mars que Mars de la Trace.
More Mars than Mars of Thrace.

But a Poet of our Religion, who regards *Mars* only as the Fable makes him, the God of War, may, without Scruple, not only make a victorious Monarch equal, but superior to him. *More Mars* is not bolder than *less Hercules*, which *Malherb* uses in some Verses on that King's happy Expedition to *Sedan*:

Si tes labeurs, d'où la France
A tiré sa délivrance,
Sont écrits avecque foi:
Qui sera si ridicule,
Qui ne confesse qu'Hercule
Fut moins Hercule que toi?

*If thy Labours, which advance
The Welfare and the Peace of France,*

Were

*Were writ with Truth, all wou'd allow
That Hercules
Himself was less
A Hercules than thou.*

TASSO's comparing of the Souldan of *Egypt* sitting on his Throne in the Middle of his Army, cloath'd with a terrible Majesty; to *Jove* darting his Thunders, is noble and not extravagant; for the Souldan is only compar'd to an Image of *Jupiter* darting Thunder:

*Appelle forse ò Fidia in tal sembiante
Giove formò, ma Giove all'hor tonante.*

*Apelles thus or Phideas drew great Jove,
Darting his Thunders at the rebel Giants.*

What necessarily follows such an Image as this, *Jupiter* and *Thunder*, is *nôtre grande monarque*. *Lewis XIV.* who might very well be poetically spoken of as a *Jupiter*, nay, as above all the Gods: Thus in these Verses, which *Pere Bouhours* will have to be very witty and reasonable:

*Lors qu'à la main il a le cimenterre;
C'est Jupiter qui lance le tonnerre.
Pauvre Hollande, appeaisez son couroux:
Il vaut mieux voir tous les Dieux contre vous,
Que le Roi seul.*

*When in his Hand his Scimeter he bears,
Like Jove, his Thunder darting, he appears.
Appease his Wrath, poor Hollanders;
Better wou'd your Condition be
Were all the Gods your Foes, than only he.*

MR. Prior, in his Imitation of the Second Ode of the Second Book of *Horace*, has drawn as true a Picture of this French *Jupiter* as any *Apelles* could have done:

*On Norman Coasts, and Banks of frighted Seine,
Lo the impending Storms begin!
Britannia, safely thro' her Master's Sea,
Flows up her victorious Way:
The French Salmoneus throws his Bolts in vain,
Whilst the true Thunderer asserts the Main.*

He has taken the Thunder out of King *Lewis's* Hand, and put it into King *William's*.

THE Christian Poets, who know the Gods of the Heathens to be only Dreams and Chimeras, may treat them how they will: The Pagans are not justify'd by it, when they make Men equal with their immortal Gods, as they called them. If *Longinus* blames an ancient Author for calling *Xerxes* the *Jupiter* of the *Persians*, what Blame do they deserve who degrade *Jupiter*, by making Man superior or equal to him? *Pere Bouhours* owns that Flattery introduc'd this bombast Way of Thinking and Speaking. In proportion, as the *Romans* lost their Liberty, and the *Cæsars* became their Masters, Generosity and good Sense grew corrupted, and Flattery became more base and less reasonable. The *French* Jesuit acknowledges this, after he had been telling us how his Countrymen had flatter'd the *Grand Monarch*. Truth forces him to own that the absolute Power of the *Roman* Emperors destroy'd the Genius of the *Roman* People, as well as their Liberty. King *Charles II.* ask'd *Vossius* what was the Reason that the *Greeks* and *Romans* wrote better than the Authors of other Nations; he told him plainly, *They were free, and Eloquence never thriv'd under Tyranny.* In the Reign of *Augustus*, when the Liberty of *Rome* was not quite suppress'd, the Poets and Orators were satisfy'd with dividing the World between *Jupiter* and *Cæsar*:

Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.

But in *Domitian's* Reign, when a slavish Spirit had stifled all republican Sentiments, *Cæsar* was placed above *Jupiter*.

WE have seen that some of the Pagan Wits, as *Horace* and *Sapbo*, did not allow themselves in making Men equal to the Gods: And *Pliny* the Younger reproves himself for having said of a Pilot who weather'd a Storm and reach'd his Port, that he came pretty near to the Gods of the Sea. And yet we find that several Christian Orators and Poets have err'd enormously, in giving mortal Men the Attributes of the Divinity, or of heavenly Spirits. A famous Writer in *France*, in the Time of *Richieu's* Ministry, dedicated a Book to him, and makes him little less than a God, by saying, "The
" Cardinal had deliver'd the Passions from the Trouble
" which Sin gave them; that he had turn'd them into
" so many Virtues, and reduc'd them to the Necessity
" of

“ of submitting to the Law of Reason, and not to move
 “ without her Command. That whatever evil Events may
 “ happen to touch him, they would touch Angels were
 “ they mortal. That the People ought to thank Heaven
 “ that he was made a Man and not an Angel, since he
 “ had put the Weaknesses of human Nature to so noble
 “ Employment. That he had learnt of the Angel of
 “ the State to know Mens Intentions, and the Motions
 “ of their Hearts. In fine, that he imitated, in the
 “ Government of *France*, the Conduct of God in go-
 “ verning the World.”

As soon as the Cardinal was dead, this famous Au-
 thor suppress'd this flattering Dedication, in the second
 Edition of his Book, and dedicated the same Book to
 Jesus Christ, to shew publickly that he was ashamed of
 those false Thoughts, as well for the Irreligion, as the
 Excess which was in them. Indeed, Flattery could not
 be push'd farther, unless he had made the Cardinal God
 himself. Another *French* Author told a Prime Minister,
 in an Epistle Dedicatory; “ No Body had ever seen
 “ his Countenance, without being seiz'd with those ten-
 “ der Fears which made Prophets tremble when God
 “ communicated to them some visible Ray of his Glo-
 “ ry. But as he, whom they durst not approach, in the
 “ Burning Bush, and the Clap of Thunder, came some-
 “ times to them in a gentle Zephir; so the Sweetness
 “ of your august Visage dissipates the little Vapours
 “ that cover its Majesty, and change them into Dew”.
 Sweetly said; and by no less a Man than *Balzac*, who
 wasted all the *Hyperboles* of his Rhetorick in favour
 of this Minister of State. *Voiture*, in a Letter to the
 same *Balzac*, would have stretch'd his *Hyperboles* too
 much, had he not written either in Imitation of that
 Writer, or to make a Jest of his Manner, by mimicking it.
 The latter is most likely, for that *Balzac* was a little
 jealous of *Voiture*'s Reputation, and there was no very
 good Understanding between them. “ Of the many
 “ fine Things you have said to my Advantage, all that
 “ I can believe, to flatter my self with, is, that For-
 “ tune has given me a Place among your Dreams;
 “ tho' I can't tell, but the very Dreams of so sublime
 “ a Soul as yours, may be too serious and reasonable to
 “ descend so low as Me: And I should think my self
 “ too kindly us'd by you, if you had only dreamt that

“ you lov’d me. For to imagine you cou’d afford me
 “ any Room among those great Thoughts which are
 “ busied in making Distributions of Glory, and are to
 “ be the Reward of all the Virtues in the World. I
 “ have too good an Opinion of your Wit, to conceive it
 “ capable of Meanness; and I would not that your E-
 “ nemies should have that to reproach you with.

“ I HAVE seen nothing of yours since your Departure,
 “ which does not seem to me to be above what you have
 “ yet done; and by these last Productions, you have
 “ gain’d the Honour of surpassing him who has surpass’d
 “ all others.

“ ALL that are jealous of the Kingdom’s Honour, do
 “ no more inform themselves of what the Mareschal *de*
 “ *Crequi* is doing. We have more than two Generals
 “ at the Head of Armies, who do not make so much
 “ Noise with Thirty Thousand Men as you do in your
 “ Solitude. If that Law was in Use amongst us, which
 “ permitted the Banishing the most Powerful either in
 “ Authority or Reputation, I believe the publick Envy
 “ would light upon you; and that the Cardinal *de*
 “ *Richlieu* would not be in so much Danger as your
 “ self.

THIS Letter of *Voiture* to *Balzac*, has plainly two
 Edges; the one to rally *Balzac* for his *Hyperbolical*
 Way of Writing; the other, to shew he cou’d imitate
 it if he did not despise it. *Voiture* never wrote so when
 he follow’d his own Genius. You have him always in
 Sight when he seems to be most in the Clouds; as in
 what he says of the Duke *d’Anguien*’s taking *Dun-*
kirk. “ Eloquence, which of little Things can make
 “ great, cannot, with all her Enchantments, rise up to
 “ the Height of your Actions; and what, as to other
 “ Men, she calls *Hyperbole*, is as to you, but a faint Way
 “ of Thinking and Speaking”. ’Tis on such Occasions
 as these, that *Quintilian* allows the boldest *Hyperbole*
 to be rather a Perfection of Discourse, than a Defect.
Tam Hyperbole Virtus, cum res ipsa de qua loquendum
est naturalem modum excessit. Conceditur enim amplius
dicere, quia dici quantum est, non potest, meliusque ultra
quam citra stat Oratio. ’Tis plain the Lord *Lansdown*
 had all this in View in the following Lines.

Hyperbolica

Hyperboles so daring and so bold,
Disdaining Bounds, are yet by Rules controul'd ;
Above the Clouds, but yet within our Sight,
They mount, with Truth, and make a tow'ring
(Flight ;

Presenting Things impossible to View,
They wander through Incredible to True.
Falshoods thus mixt, like Metals are refin'd,
And Truth, like Silver, leaves the Dross behind :
Thus Poetry has ample Space to soar,
Nor needs forbidden Regions to explore.

Pere Bouhours observes, That when the Subject treated of does in some wise exceed the Limits of natural Valour, such as the Prince of Conde's Conquest of *Dunkirk* against all human Appearances, himself a young Commander, and the Enemy an old experienced General, with a superior Force : It is then allowable to exceed a little the Limits of *Hyperbole*, and to say more than you should, because you cannot say so much ; and it is better to go beyond, than come short of the Truth. Thus *Isocrates* being about to describe *Xerxes's* Irruption into *Greece*, with an Army of a Million of Men, and a Fleet of 1200 Gallies, says very *à propos*, *Whatever Orator would speak of it to Excess, would still say less than it was.*

IF *Balzac* had made use of *Hyperboles* only on such Occasions as these, his Exaggerations wou'd have been, at least, pardonable, and his *Sublime* as good as *Voiture's*. But the Truth is, the one is very different from the other ; and if we examine into it a little, we shall find *Balzac* in the high Tone, tho' his Subject does not deserve it : Whereas *Voiture* seldom rises, but when his Subject is worthy of Elevation. Indeed, he enters sometimes into the Character of *Lysias*, who, in the Opinion of *Dionysius Halicarnassæus*, is, with all his Naivety and Simplicity, somewhat upon the Bombast. *Simplex esse mavult quàm cum aliquo periculo Sublimis, nec tam artificium ostendit, quàm naturalem veritatem.* De Orat. Antiq. Like those Rivers whose Course is regular, and Waters clear, yet they sometimes overflow. *Æquo sublimior & magnificentior in Panegyricis.* Judic. de Isocrat. But *Voiture's* *Hyperboles* were never of the Kind of those that became frigid by the Excess. *Ex*

superlacione sententiæ, & ex eo quod fieri nequit, frigiditas nata est. Demet. Phaler. de Eloc. Such is that *Hyperbole*, where it is said of the Rock which the *Cyclops* threw against *Ulysses's* Ship, that the Goats graz'd upon it. *Malherbe*, who is generally just and discreet, offends sometimes in the same Manner, by too much Tumour ; or to speak more figuratively, this pure and peaceable River swells on a sudden into a Torrent, which makes great Havock, and falls as from Precipices. 'Tis thus when he compares the Tears of the Queen-Mother, *Mary de Medicis*, for the Death of *Henry II.* to the overflowing of the *Seine*.

L'image de ces pleurs dont la source féconde
Jamais depuis ta mort ses vaisseaux n'a taris,
C'est la *Seine* en fureur qui déborde son onde
Sur la quais de *Paris*.

*The Seine when furious, o'er his Banks he rises,
And on the Keys of Paris rolls his Waves,
Is the true Image of her Tears ; whose Source
Since Henry's Death, has never ceas'd to flow.*

His Verses on the Repentance of *St. Peter*, have something in them more violent still than this :

C'est alors que ses cris en tonnerres s'éclatent :
Ses soupirs le font vents qui les chênes combatent ;
Et ses pleurs qui tantôt descendoient mollement,
Ressembtent un torrent qui des hautes montagnes
Ravageant & noyant les voisines campagnes,
Veut que tout l'Univers ne soit qu'un élément.

*And now his Cries break out in Claps of Thunder,
His Sighs are furious Winds at War with Oaks ;
His Tears that sometimes fell in gentle Showers,
Are like a Torrent now, which from the Tops
Of Mountains, waste and drown the Neighb'ring
And into one turns all the Elements.* (Country,

MALHERB is not often guilty of such Rants, nor does he often forget himself as he does here, tho' the Sublime may be carried farther in Verse than in Prose ; and Poetry admits of bolder Thoughts than Eloquence, but that Boldness ought to have its Bounds, and even the

the *Marvellous* in an Epick Poem, becomes ridiculous as soon as it exceeds Verisimilitude.

I KNOW not how it came about, but our Poets in *England*, when they flatter'd King *Charles II.* or his Brother, tho' they fly their Fancies as high as they can, yet there is ever something flat in them; and the Lantern in the Tail of their Kite, seems only to have a Snuff in it. Whether it was from the Want of Genins in the one, or of Heroism in the other, I dare not determine: *Dryden* in his *Tbrenodia Augustalis*, a *Pindaric* upon King *Charles's* Death, endeavours to rise as high as Heaven, but he falls precipitate as often as he attempts it; nay, he is reduc'd to steal this *Hyperbolical* Simile from the *Italian* Poet who wrote on the King of *Spain's* Death, as is before hinted.

*As if great Atlas from his Height,
Should sink beneath his Heavenly Weight,
And with a mighty Flaw the flaming Wall,
As once it shall,
Shou'd gape Immense, and rushing down o'erwhelm
(the Nether Ball;
So swift and so surprizing was our Fear,
Our Atlas fell indeed, but Hercules was here.*

One of the most barefac'd Thefts I ever met with.

*Or che vacilla il mondo
Premate O Mondi. Or che cadente il cielo
Resto l'Alcide a sostener il mondo
Passè l'Atlante a dominar il cielo.*

Pere Bouhours says of it, Fancy could not fly higher; and *Pegasus* carried away that Poet into imaginary Space, into the Void, or whatever the Mind can imagine beyond Nature and Reason: Yet this very Thought has *Mr. Dryden* stolen to complement King *Charles*. And I wonder why the Lord *Lansdown*, in that excellent Poem upon *unnatural Flights*, which can never be too much admired and prais'd, should say of him;

*To a wild Audience he conform'd his Voice,
Comply'd to Custom, but not err'd thro' Choice.
Deem then the Peoples, not the Writer's Sin,
Almanzor's Rage, and Rants of Maximin.*

That

*That Fury spent, in each elab'rate Piece,
He vies for Fame with antient Rome and Greece.*

FATHER *Bouhours*, to whose Judgment I am satisfied his Lordship pays the greatest Deference, must be out in his Opinion of the *Italian's* Thought, or *Dryden* had nothing at all of antient *Rome* and *Greece* in him, when he committed this Robbery. He must here err out of Choice, or he wou'd not have wander'd so far as *Italy* for it. In the same Poem, the *Threnodia*, the *Hyperbolical*, and the *Frigid* are all strangely confounded; as where the Poet speaks of the Peoples Prayers for the King's Recovery.

——— *Th' innumerable Croud
Of armed Prayers,
Knock'd at the Gates of Heaven, and knock'd aloud.*

What Image is here but the Rapping of Footmen!

*The first well-meaning rude Petitioners,
All for his Life assail'd the Throne; (Crown.
All would have brib'd the Skies, by offering up his
So great a Throng not Heaven it self could bar,
'Twas almost born by Force, as in the Gyant's War;
The Prayers, at least, for his Reprieve were heard,
His Death, like Hezekiah's, was defer'd.*

HERE'S the *Gyant's War* and *Hezekiah*, the *Fable* and the *Bible* in a Breath. If the Prayers were like the Assaults of the *Gyant's*, they never reach'd Heaven: But allowing it had been softened by some such Expression, as it is fabled of the *Gyants*, yet the blending of Scripture-History with the Fabulous, is intolerable; and has not the least Look of *Elaborate*.

AGAIN, of the two Doctors *Short* and *Hobbes*, in the same Poem.

*Was never losing Game with better Conduct play'd:
Death never won a Stake with greater Toil,
Nor e'er was Fate so near a Foil.*

Of which I have no clearer Idea, than of another Thought of Mr. *Dryden's* on Fate.

And follow Fate, which does too fast pursue.

I HAVE said already, and cannot say it too often, that no Man has a better Conception of the Beauty of Mr. *Dryden's* Language, Versification, and Imagination, I mean as to the Latter, where his Fancy is in Mid-Air, neither out of Sight, above the Clouds, nor low and flat ; in which happy Medium we very often find it. He is the Father of our present Numbers ; and as such, deserves Respect, but not Adoration.

SOME have thought that the smaller Poems, Elegies, Epitaphs, and the like, are not so scrupulously confin'd to Rules as the greater Poems are ; but *Pere Bouhours* tells us they are, with respect to Thoughts, if the Matter be grave and serious ; and nothing can be more serious and grave, than a King in the Agonies of Death : *Dryden* sacrifices the Honour of King *David* to his Master's.

*That King who liv'd to God's own Heart,
Yet less serenely dy'd than He.*

I think we have had enough of that Poem, so we shall proceed as the *French* Critick does.

Hyperbole and *Exaggeration* ought to be banish'd from Poetry, when they are not within Bounds. There's an Epigram on the *Louvre*, which out-does that of *Martial* on the Palace of *Domitian*, in *Exaggeration*.

Quand je voi ce Palais que tout le monde admire ;
Loin de l'admirer, je soupire
De le voir ainsi limité.
Quoi, prescrire à mon Prince un lieu qui le resserre !
Une si grande Majesté
A besoin de toute la terre.

*When this Palace I behold
Which all the World admire ;
Far from admiring it, I sigh,
To see it so confin'd.
What to my Prince a Place so close prescribe,
In the whole Earth there is not Room
For so much Majesty ?*

Most of the Inscriptions on the *Louvre*, contain the same Extravagance of Thought.

Nec tales Romæ vidit sibi Jupiter ædes :
 Jove ne'er had such a House as this in Rome.
 Nec talem coluit Roma superba Jovem.
 Rome never worship'd such a Jupiter.
 Attoniti tantæ molis novitate Nepotes,
 Mirari cessent ; Regia Solis erat.

*Posterity astonish'd
 At the Magnificence of this Structure,
 Cease to admire it :
 'Twas the Palace of the Sun.*

FATHER Bouhours is of Opinion, that the following Inscriptions are less Bombast, and less Brilliant ; but at the same Time, very Noble.

The First,

Pande fores populis, sublimis Lupara : non est
 Terrarum imperio dignior ulla domus.

*Open thy Gates, proud Louvre, to the People
 Of the World's Empire : There's no House so worthy,*

This, according to our Jesuit, favours very much of the *Augustan Age*, in the same Proportion as the Owner of it resembled *Augustus*.

The next too is as fine.

Quid valeat bello Lodoix centum oppida monstrant,
 Monstrat quid valeat pace, vel una domus.

*A hundred conquer'd Cities make appear
 What Lewis can do in War ;
 And the World, by this Palace, sees
 What he can do in Peace.*

WITHOUT the Help of Father Bouhours, one might have found out, that the *Italian Verses* on the *French King's Bust*, done by Cavalier Bernino, and the Cavalier's Answer, are in the vicious Kind of the Sublime. The Pedestal for the Bust not being made, an *Italian Poet* had this Fancy come into his Head upon it :

Entrò Bernino in un pensier' profondo,
 Per far al Regio busto un bel sostegno ;
 E disse, non trovandone alcun degno ;
 Piccola base à un' tal' Monarca è il mondo.

Bernino

*Bernino studying how to make
For the King's Bust a Pedestal,
Cou'd find none worthy. The whole World's a Base
Too little for so great a Monarch.*

The *French* Author tells us, *Bernino* himself return'd this Answer.

*Mai mi fovenne quel' pensier' profondo,
Per far di Rè sì grande appoggio degno ;
Van sarebbe il pensier', che di sostegno
Non è mestier', a chi sostiene il mondo.*

*What need of studying how to make
Ought to sustain so great a King ;
He who supports the World, wants no Support.*

THESE Verses were, doubtless, made for *Bernino*, as well as the following. That Sculptor had carv'd an Equestrian Statue of the King at *Rome*, the same which is at *Versailles* : Upon this a Dialogue was written between the *Capitol* and *Bernino*. The *Capitol* complains that having been always the Place of Triumphs, this new Triumpher is to be plac'd elsewhere. *Bernino* replies,

*E' vero che il tuo luogo o quello di Trionfanti :
Ma' dove è il gran Luigo, è il Campidoglio.*

*True, Thine were all that triumph'd in old Times,
But where Great Lewis is, there's now the Capitol.*

THOUGH this Flattery is in *Italian*, the Spirit of it came from *French* Money ; and there is something so miserable in all of it, that nothing can be more grating. If the Flatterers thought such Kings could bear it, they must despise them ; and if the Kings thought such Flatterers were in earnest, they must look upon them as despicable Wretches. Thus the Givers and the Takers must either not know one another, or act against Knowledge ; which reduces them to the most lamentable State of Weakness or Ignorance.

If the Admirers of *French* Panegyrick did but see one of their Hyperboles put into a coarser Dress, how would they laugh at the Statue to which they bow, instead of an *Atlas* make a *Colossus* of the *Grand Monarch*, and then see how it looks :

The

*The great Colossus which at Rhode,
Over the spacious Haven strode,
Was but a Dwarf compar'd to thee ;
Thy Legs wou'd stride across the Sea ;
At Calais one, and one at Dover,
Or were it ten times farther over.*

THERE are few Inscriptions, Mottos, few Poems, and Harangues on the same Subject, but have Thoughts in them more extravagant than this is : The World is not big enough to hold one *Lewis* : Wherever the other is 'tis the Capitol. And when *Westminster-Hall* had no more room for Trophies, the Triumpher carry'd the Capitol about in the Coach with him. This is all said with grave Faces ; though it will turn the most grave into the most merry ones. Yet *Pere Bouhours* vouches that there is *la véritable Grandeur* in,

Ma dove è il gran *Luigo*, è il Campidoglio.

But where great Lewis is, there's now the Capitol.

So it would be, in a poetical Sense, if his Triumphs had been really greater than those of the *Camillus's*, the *Fabius's*, the *Scipio's*, the *Pompey's*, &c. The Thought, however, is taken from another said of the great *Camillus*, that where he was there was *Rome*. And a *French* Poet, speaking of a *Roman*, refines upon it,

Rome n'est plus dans Rome ; elle est toute où je suis.
Rome is no more in Rome, but where I am.

The *French* Criticks Conscience is a little scrupulous here, and thinks 'tis too much ; but the six following Verses, which a Bishop of *France* put under a Bust of the King's in his Episcopal Palace is not exaggerated in his Opinion :

Ce Héros, la terreur, l'amour de l'Univers
Avoit des ennemis en cent climats divers :
Leurs efforts n'ont servi qu'à le combler de gloire ;
Son nom les fit trembler, son bras les a faits ;
Enfin las d'entasser victoire sur victoire,
Maître de leurs destins, il leur donne la paix.

*This Hero, the Love and Terror of the World,
Had in a hundred different Climates Foes ;
Their Efforts only serv'd to raise his Glory ;*

They

*They trembled at his Name, his Arm defeated them.
Weary, at last, of Conquest upon Conquest,
And Master of their Fate, he gives them Peace.*

AFTER all, says *Pere Bouhours*, one cannot but take kindly what the *Italian* said of the King, though somewhat in Excess; because it shews what a high Idea Strangers had of our invincible Monarch. But I have other Ideas of him before me, which are much more agreeable to the Truth: The first is by Mr. *Addison*, the finest Wit of the present Age, with whom *France* has no Body to name. He is speaking of *Britannia*, her Fleets and Armies:

*Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret Dread,
Her Thunder aim'd at his aspiring Head;
And fain her God-like Sons wou'd disunite,
By foreign Gold, or by domestick Spite:
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's Arms defend, and Counsels guide.*

MR. *Congreve*, another fine Wit, for whom *France* has no equal, writes thus of King *William*, whom *Boileau* had libell'd in his Speech to the *French Academy*, and of *Lewis XIV.* whom he had at the same time deify'd. 'Tis in the *Birth of the Muse*.

*Already routed Foes his Fury feel,
And fly the Force of his unerring Steel.
The haughty Gaul——
At his foreseen Approach the Field forsakes,
His Cities tremble, and his Empire shakes;
His tow'ring Ensigns long had aw'd the Plain,
And Fleets audaciously usurp'd the Main.
A gath'ring Storm he seem'd, which from afar,
Teem'd with a Deluge of destructive War;
Till William's stronger Genius soar'd above,
And down the Skies the daring Tempest drove.*

OF this great Monarch's Method to get Victories and Cities we are inform'd by Mr. *Prior*, in his last mention'd Imitation of *Horace*:

*How long, deluded Albion, wilt thou lie
In the lethargick Sleep, the sad Repose,
In which thy close, thy constant Enemy,
Has softly lull'd thee to thy Woes?*

Or

*Or wake, degenerate Isle, or cease to own
What thy old Kings in gallick Camps have done.*

The degenerate Isle alludes to the Reigns from the Death of Queen *Elizabeth* to the Abdication of King *James*, which Mr. *Congreve* calls a Series of *inglorious Reigns*. And *Prior* has another Fling at them in the same Poem :

*See the repenting Isle awakes,
Her vicious Chains the generous Goddess breaks ;
The Fogs around her Temples are dispell'd.*
Bright.

These Fogs are what Mr. *Echard*, in his History, calls the *Northern Star* in one Place, the glorious *Sun-shine* in another ; and Beauty and Lustre from one End of the Period to the other. And when the *History of England*, during the Reigns of the royal House of *STUART* is publish'd, it will be seen that they spoke more like Historians than Poets. The Readers now, perhaps, will be able to stand the Fire of a certain *Italian Poet*, who is going to fire all his Artillery in Honour of *Lewis* the Great. Father *Bouhours*, affecting every where to give his Examples of Eloquence, by quoting those Pieces where that King is most flatter'd :

*Bellicose Provincie, e Rocche horrende
Già de più prodi inciampo,
Un' raggio sol' castaro
De la mente regal, de l'armi un lampo.*

*Whole Provinces, and dreadful Citadels,
Which had for others been the Work of Tears,
With one Reflection of his royal Mind,
One Blaze of his victorious Arms, he conquers.*

Again,

*A varie ed alte imprese appena intende,
Che all' or veloce al paro
D'ell' Eroico pensier, vien la vittoria :*

*He of his various and high Acts scarce thinks ;
But Victory comes as fast as Thought.*

Again,

*Son destin' delle genti i suoi pensieri
Da lui pendono i fati.*

*His Thoughts are Destinies to Nations,
And Fate depends on him.*

That is, *Lewis XIV.* is above *Jove* the Thunderer ; for we read in Mr. *Dryden's* Preface to *Virgil*, that Mr. *Moyle* told him Fate was above *Jove*. However, the *Italian* Poet and the *French* Critick do not leave off there :

*Egli sà fulminar solo col' tuono ;
Più vince il suo voler che l'altrui guerra.*

*He knows with his Name only how to thunder ;
And by his Resolutions can do more
Than other Kings by Arms.*

ONCE more and we have done with the *Italian*, of whose fulsome Flattery we are heartily both weary and ashamed ; yet as gross as it is, it did not rise in the Stomach of *Lewis XIV.* whose *Digestion*, as to Panegyrick, was like that of an *Ostrich* :

*Eccho in seno alla Francia or' son costretti
Con l'onde pellegrine
Abbocarfi il Tireno, e l'Oceano.
La Grecia vantatrice il picciol tratto
Tentò cavar del suo Corinto in vano,
Omai Luigi hà tratto
Mare à mar più lontano
Quasi sua forza, e suo saper profondo
Sia migliorar' la simmetria del mondo.
A te Luigi hà'l Creator serbato.*

*Lewis, a Shame to Greece, who try'd in vain,
To cut through Corinth's Isthmus a Canal,
Has to the Ocean join'd the Tyrrhene Sea,
To render, by his Wisdom and his Power,
More perfect still, the Symmetry of the World.
God, who perceiv'd how useful it would be,
Lewis, the mighty Task reserv'd for Thee.*

FATHER *Bouhours* owns, that tho' he forgives all this Extravagance in a Poet on the other Side of the Mountains, yet he could hardly forgive it in a *French* Man. For he adds, the *French* Genius is of another Temper than the *Italian* ; and they can bear nothing in *France* but *La Veritable Grandeur*. Again, *True Greatness*, and what follows out of one of their most celebrated Au-

thors, is not, in his Opinion, at all Vain-glorious, but truly Great. 'Tis on King *Lewis's* passing the *Rhine* : Of which we have heard enough already.

De tant de coups affreux la tempête orageuse
Tient un temps sur les eaux la Fortune douteuse :
Mais Louis d'un regard scait bientôt la fixer ;
Le destin à ses yeux n'oseroit balancer.

*So loud the Storm, so thick the Tempest grows,
That Fortune scarce to chuse her Party knows,
A while she stands ; but when she Lewis views,
She is no longer at a Loss to chuse.
One Glance of his soon turns the doubtful Scale,
And where he looks, she lets the Ballance fall.*

FATHER *Bouhours* excuses the Poet, by saying, he does not mean the *Destinies* in general depend on the King ; he only speaks of the Destiny of the War. The System of his Thought is entirely Poetical, and he might therefore lawfully introduce Fortune. He concludes thus, “ And as the Presence of a Prince, so magnanimous as ours, renders the Soldiers invincible, he “ might say Poetically, .

Mais Louis d'un regard scait bientôt la fixer,
Le destin à ses yeux n'oseroit balancer.

*One Glance of his soon turns the doubtful Scale,
And where he looks, she lets the Ballance fall.*

“ As much as if he had said, As soon as *Lewis* appear'd, the Army was sure of Victory. Is there any “ Thing extravagant in this ? And was not all *Europe* “ a Witness of so surprizing a Truth ? ” All *Europe* was agreed in Part of what he said, that the *French* Army was sure of Victory if their King was among them ; for it is not pretended that he ever undertook an Enterprize in Person, but he was sure of having the Country or City deliver'd to him ; and the Soldiers could not fail of Victory. Let us remember what we quoted out of *Prior*, speaking to this very *French* Poet, and others.

*Against his Will, you chain your frighted King
On rapid Rhine's divided Bed.*

And a Line or two before he told us, how we came by all this Panegyrical Sublime.

*In vain you Gallic Muses strive,
With labour'd Verse to keep his Fame alive ;
Your mould'ring Monuments in vain you raise
On the weak Basis of the Tyrant's Praise,
Your Songs are sold, your Numbers are profane.*

IT is Mr. *Prior* who says it, the same Mr. *Prior*, who, if he had not more Money of the *French King* than ever *Boileau* had, made but a sorry Business of it, considering how much it must cost a generous Mind to be ungrateful ; and a Lover of Liberty to serve the Interest of the Tyranny he had himself condemned. Monsieur *Boileau*, in his first Epistle to the King, has a Line or two which is very noble, without the Exaggeration we are treating of ; and why could not Father *Boubours* have inserted it instead of some others.

*Fortune and Fame the daring Chief advance,
Rome has her Cæsars, and her Bourbons France.*

As there had been many illustrious Warriors of the House of *Bourbon*, King *Lewis* might have stood with them, in the Comparison to the *Cæsars*, without any Offence to Decency and Modesty. Instead of this we have these Verses of the same Poet, which, he tells us, are full of Enthusiasm.

*O que le Ciel soigneux de nôtre poésie,
Grand Roi, ne nous fit-il plus voisins de l'Asie ?
Bientôt victorieux de cent peuples altiers,
Tu nous aurois fourni des rimes à milliers,*

He adds in the same Tone,

*Quel plaisir de te suivre aux rives Scamandre,
D'y trouver d'Illion la poetique cendre ;
De juger si les Grecs qui briserent ses tours,
Firent plus en dix ans que Louis en dix jours.*

*Would Heaven, in Favour to our Celtick Strains,
Great King, had led thy Arms to Asian Plains ;
A Thousand Rhimes had offer'd to our Song,
And Numbers would about the Subject throng :
A Thousand Nations we had soon subdu'd,
And pass'd, with Musick, many a Phrygian Flood.*

He adds,

*How sweetly would Scamander's Theme employ
The Muse, and how the tuneful Wars of Troy.*

*We then might have examin'd in our Days,
If Thou would'st in that Siege have spent ten Days,
Which cost the Greeks as many Tears complete,
With Hosts united, and Confed'rate Fleet.*

As I contented my self with the Translation of *Boileau*, I shall lose some of the Spirit of the Original. The Thought, as *Pere Bouhours* will have it, is strong, but then it is reasonable, because it is not express'd in the Affirmative, as in two other Verses by another Poet, which are very like *Boileau's*.

*Et ton bras endix jours à plus fait à nos yeux,
Que la Fable en dix ans n'a fait faire à ses Dieux.*

*Thy Arm has in ten Days done more
Before our Eyes, than in ten Tears,
The Fable made the Gods to do.*

Yet the *French* Critick does not think there is too much Strength in the Thought. For the Gods in the *Ilias*, are wounded and routed, which puts the Heroes on a Par with them: And *Longinus* tells us, that *Homer* did his utmost to make Gods of his Men who were at the Siege of *Troy*; and Men of his Gods, by giving them those weak and base Passions, from which Great Men are exempted; witness the Battle, where *Pluto* trembles, and believes he is about to perish, which *Boileau* has admirably well translated.

*L'enfer s'émeut au bruit de Neptune en furie,
Pluton sort de son trône, il pâlit, il s'écrie :
Il a peur que ce Dieu dans cet affreux séjour,
D'un coup de son trident ne fasse entrer le jour,
Et par le centre ouvert de la terre ébranlée,
Ne fasse voir du Stix la rive désolée,
Ne découvre aux vivans cet empire odieux
Abhorré des mortels, & craint même des Dieux.*

*Hell at the Noise of Neptune's Fury rose,
And Pluto pale and howling left his Throne,
Afraid the God wou'd reach those dire Abodes,
To the World's Center with his Trident strike,
And thro' the gaping Earth admit the Day.
Thus leave the Desert-Shoars of Styx expos'd,
And to the Living shew his hated Realms,
Abhorr'd by Men, and dreaded e'en by Gods.*

Ilias l. 20.

I HAVE not always Mr. Pope's *Homer* by me, or I would have compar'd this Translation of a Passage in him after *Boileau*, with his Version, after the Original, if it was so, to have seen whether there had been any Thing lost in the *French*, or, that Rhime was wanting to keep up the *Sublime*. Tho' Father *Bouhours* does not quote this Passage as an Example of the *Sublime*, propos'd for Imitation; yet *Longinus* introduces it with crying out, *How sublime is that where he says,*

L'enfer s'émuit, &c. *Hell at the Noise, &c.*

THO' it is not directly to the present Purpose, I cannot forbear repeating what *Longinus* quotes out of the *Ilias* immediately before it.

*What Space a Man can from a lofty Rock,
On the Seas Margin in the Air behold
Th' intrepid Coursers of th' Immortal Gods
Leap at a Bound, &c. Ilias 5.*

HE measures the Extent of their Leap, says the Greek Critick, by that of the Universe. Who is there, that when he sees the Magnificence of this Hyperbole, does not cry out, If the Horses of the Gods were to have taken a second Leap, there had not been Space enough in the World for them? How many Images still greater than this do we meet with in *Milton*? Of which we have already given so many Instances that more would be needless. I do not repent me for having said, That *Milton's* Thoughts are more sublime than *Virgil's*; that will appear sufficiently, if ever it should come into Dispute: But I ought to have added, that the Subject of the *Paradise* is so infinitely more sublime than that of the *Aeneis*, 'twas impossible but the Thought and Expression must participate of that Sublimity. The Passage in *Homer* about *Pluto's* being afraid of *Nep-tune's* laying Hell open to Light, probably put a Thought into a Portuguese Author's Head, who, speaking of a Fort in *Japan*, said, the Ditch to it was so deep, that the Devils might well be afraid of a War coming upon them, even in Hell. *Que parece se abria para ir fazer guerra a os Demonios no inferno.* Which is not to be born with in History, however tolerable it may be in Poetry, as in *Petronius*.

— Jam montibus haustis
Antra geraunt, & dum varios lapis invenit usus,
Inferni manes cœlum sperare jubentur.

*So deep for Marble in the Hills they dug,
For Stones of various Use, and various Kinds,
The Shades hop'd soon to see the Light of Heaven.*

LUCAN is more an Historian than a Poet, in Father Bouhours's Opinion, which Remark ought not to be objected against him, if he does not refer to his Plan, which is exactly Historical; for as to his Sentiments and Diction, he is every where Poetical.

DR. Welwood, in his Prefatory Discourse before Rowe's Translation of *Lucan*, repeats these two Verses, the finest Passage in the *Pharsalia*.

Phœnices primi, famæ si creditur, auri
Mensuram rudibus vocem signare figuris.

And indeed, there's hardly a finer Passage in *Virgil*, or any other Classick. Mr Rowe translates them thus,

*Phœnicians thus, If antient Fame be true,
The sacred Mystery of Letters knew,
They first by Sound in various Lines design'd,
Express'd the Meaning of the Thinking Mind;
The Power of Words by Figures rude convey'd,
And useful Science everlasting made.*

Brebeuf has translated them much better.

C'est d'elle que nous vient cet art ingénieux,
De peindre la parole & de parler aux yeux,
Et par les traits divers des figures tracées.
Donnez de la Couleur & du Corps aux pensées.

THE Merit of these four Lines ought to have sav'd Brebeuf from that Lash of Boileau.

En tous Lieux cependant la Pharsale approuvée,
Sans crainte de mes Vers va la Tête Levée.

Ep. VIII.

*Now in all Places the Pharsale appears
With Head erected, nor my Verses Fears.*

THIS shews us that the generous, impartial, discreet Boileau, was capable of so poor a Passion as Jealousy. C'étoit une petite emulation qui avoit fait ainsi parler

M. des Preaux. 'Twas a little Emulation that made Monf. Boileau talk so. For by the following Version, or Imitation of *Brebeuf*, one may see, that Mr. *des Preaux* should not have mentioned that Poet with the *Perrins*, the *Pradons*, &c.

*The noble Art from Cadmus took its Rise
Of painting Words, and speaking to the Eyes :
He first in wond'rous Magick Fetters bound
The Airy Voice, and stopt the flying Sound ;
The various Figures by his Pencil wrought,
Gave Colour and a Body to the Thought.*

THESE Verses are Mrs. *Moleſworth's*, Daughter to that Noble Lord, the late Viscount *Moleſworth*, Author of the *Account of Denmark*, and the admirable Preface to it ; in which there reigns a Spirit of Liberty, that render'd the Noble Author truly worthy of the Honour His late Majesty conferr'd on him. When one can find six better Lines, I will not only say in the Translation of *Virgil*, but also in that of *Homer*, one may allow them to be the best Versions, or Imitations in *English*, and not before.

THE four Lines of *Brebeuf*, made *Corneille* jealous as well as *Boileau* ; the former translated them himself to ruin *Brebeuf's* Reputation, and he succeeded as all such ungenerous Designs do succeed. We have mark'd what is *Brebeuf's*, in the *Italick* Character.

*C'est d'elle que nous vient le fameux Art d'écrire,
C'est Art ingenieux de parler sans rien dire,
Et par les traits divers que notre main conduit,
D'Attacher au Papier la parole qui fuit.*

WITH Dr. *Welwood's* leave, Mrs. *Moleſworth's* Version, or Imitation, seems as much after *Corneille's* Translation, as after *Brebeuf's*. *Corneille's fameux Art*, is her *noble Art* ; his *D'Attacher au papier*, is her *Fetters bound* ; his *La parole qui fuit*, is her *flying Sound* : But that beautiful Line

Of painting Words, and speaking to the Eyes,
is *Brebeuf's*. So is that

Gave Colour and a Body to the Thought.

Corneille's is the baldest Translation, or Imitation, of them all.

*From Cadmus came the noble Art of Writing,
Th'ingenious Art to speak and to say nothing:
And as our Hand directs, by diverse Strokes,
To fix the flying Word to Paper.*

IN that other Passage of *Lucan* which the *French* Critick cites, where he is treating of the Destruction occasioned by the Battle of *Pharsalia*, the Thought is equally generous and bold.

*But if our Fates severely have decreed,
No Way but this for Nero to succeed;
If only thus our Heroes can be Gods,
And Earth must pay for their divine Abodes,
If Heav'n cou'd not the Thunderer obtain,
'Till Gyants Wars made Room for Jove to reign,
'Tis just, ye Gods, nor ought we to complain.* }

I MUST repeat the very Words of *Lucan*, and we shall then see whether the Translator has given us his Thought.

*Jam nihil, O superi, querimur: Scelera ipsa nefasque,
Hac Mercede placent.* Lib. I.

*Of nothing now, ye Gods, we should complain,
At this Price, Crimes the most enormous please.*

P L I N T has a Thought something like it, in his Panegyrick upon *Trajan*, where he speaks of the Soldiers who had kill'd the Murderers of *Domitian*, besieging *Nerva* in his Palace; "Too sure it will be an eternal Blot upon the Age it was acted in: It was a deep and wounding Blow given to the State, to behold the Master and Father of the World, besieg'd, taken, and imprisoned; divested of the Power of Pardoning, of the dearest and sweetest Prerogative of Empire, to be exempt from Constraint in all the Actions of Life; yet if there was no other way for you to undertake the Preservation of the Commonwealth, by governing it, I could almost venture to say, we have not, even by that, paid too dear for the Happiness we enjoy. *Si tamen hæc sola erat ratio quæ te publicæ salutis gubernaculis admoveret: prope est ut exclamem, tanti fuisse*". There's nothing here which offends good Manners, which there is in what

Lucan

Lucan said ; and where the Thought is hardest, it is softened by *I cou'd almost venture to say* : Yet *Corneille's* Thought, where he makes the elder *Horace* say, after his younger Son had kill'd the three *Curatius*, whose Sister was his Daughter-in-Law, and one of whom was to have married his own Daughter, is better than *Pliny's*, according to *Pere Bouhours*.

Rome triomphe d'Albe, & c'est assez pour nous :
Tous nos maux à ce prix doivent nous être doux.

Rome triumphs over Alba ; that's enough
For us ; our Ills should at this Price be sweet.

THERE is no Swelling in that Sublime ; and if, as *Longinus* teaches us, such Swelling is vicious in *Tragedy*, which is naturally pompous and magnificent, what must it be in common Discourse ; and can it be avoided too carefully ? Hence it is that *Gorgias* is censured for calling *Vulturs Living Sepulchers*. He is the same who call'd *Xerxes* the *Jupiter* of the *Persians* ; though *Pere Bouhours* did not tell us so, *Longinus* informs us that *Gorgias* was rally'd for both the one and the other. However, *Boileau* thinks that *Living Sepulchers* might have pass'd in Prose. And *Pere Bouhours* says *Hermogenes*, who said the Author deserv'd a Sepulcher himself, is as liable to be rally'd for it as *Gorgias*, the Thought not being so ridiculous as to provoke Raillery. *Valerius Maximus*, speaking of *Artemisa*, who drank the Ashes of *Mausolus*, her Husband, had good Reason to term it a *Living Sepulcher*, *Quid de illo inchyto tumulto loquere cum ipsa Mausoli vivum ac spirans Sepulchrum fieri concupierit ?* Lib. 4. c. 6. And a great Man in France, having erected a Pyramid of flaming Hearts, for a Mausoleum in honour of *Anne of Austria*, Wife to *Lewis XIII.* with this Motto in Spanish: *Assi Sepultada no es muerta*, added these French Verses :

Passant, ne cherche point dans ce mortel séjour
Anne de l'Univers & la gloire & l'amour
Sous le funeste enclos d'une tombe relante :
Elle est dans tous les cœurs encore après sa mort,
Et malgré l'injustice & la rigueur du sort
Dans ces vivans tombeaux cette Reine est vivante.

Seek

*Seek not for Anna, in this mortal Dwelling,
The Love, the Glory of the Universe;
Think not, Oh Passenger, that she's inclos'd
Within the Limits of this dusty Tomb,
Dead, as she seems, she lives in all our Hearts;
She lives, in spite of Fate's unjust Decree,
Within these living Tombs.*

MR. Congreve's Conclusion of his Pastoral Poem on the Death of Queen *Mary*, Consort to King *William*, who was indeed the Glory and the Love of the Universe, has, in my Mind, a Fiction which is more greatly and beautifully imagin'd :

*But see, Menaleas, where a sudden Light
With Wonder stops my Song, and strikes my Sight;
And where Pastora lies it spreads around,
Shewing all radiant bright the sacred Ground;
While from her Tomb behold a Flame ascends
Of whitest Fire, whose Flight to Heav'n extends!
On flaky Wings it mounts, and quick as Light
Cuts thro' the yielding Air, with Rays of Light,
'Till the blue Firmament at last it gains,
And fixing there, a glorious Star remains.*

IN a Poem, entitl'd, *Triumphes de Louis le Juste: The Triumphs of Lewis XIII.* It should have been added under *Mary de Medicis* and Cardinal *Richlieu*; there is something noble enough, excepting where the Poet plays on the Word *Tomb*, *les tombeaux sont tombez*, which is lost in *English*; and, consequently, the Critick's Remark upon it :

*Ces Rois qui par tant de structures
Qui menacent encor le ciel de leurs mazes,
Oserent allier par un barbare orgueil,
La pompe avec la mort, le luxe avec le deuil.
Aussi le temps a fait sur ces masses hautaines
D'illustres châtimens des vanitez humaines.
Ces tombeaux sont tombez, & ces superbes Rois
Sous leur chûte sont morts une seconde fois.*

*Those Kings, who by so many Buildings,
Whose Ruins threaten still the Skies,
Attempted, out of barbarous Pride,
Luxury and Mourning, to unite*

And

*And pomp with Death. But those huge Heaps
Have felt the Chastisements of Time;
Those Tombs are faln, and the proud Kings
A second Time are dead.*

Juvenal has said much better,

That Tombs, as well as Men, are doom'd to perish.
Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulcris.

Sat. 10.

And Ausonius,

Mors etiam faxis marmoribusque venit.
Nor Stones nor Marble are from Death exempt.

THE Thought of a second Death is plainly taken
from Boetius :

*Quod si putatis longius vitam trahi
Mortalis aura nominis :
Cum fera vobis rapiet hoc etiam dies
Jam vos secunda mors manet.*

He maintains, that the Reputation of the most famous
Romans will one time or other be extinct, and then
those great Men will die a second Time.

THESE four Lines of Mr. Congreve, in an Epitaph
on a Father and Son who were bury'd together, have
a Nobleness and Simplicity which are preferable to any
thing *Pere Bouhours* has given us on this Subject :

*This peaceful Tomb does now contain
Father and Son together lain ;
Whose living Virtues shall remain
When they and this are quite decay'd.*

I WONDER why Father *Bouhours* dwells so long
on this *Second Death* ; I do not see any thing worth
taking notice of in any of his Examples. I suppose the
Character of the Poets might induce him to it ; but as
he has not named them, our Curiosity cannot extend so
far ; and what is there in this, I pray, that's extraordinary ?
'Tis spoken of the Ruin of the Statues of *Abel* and
Cain, among other stately Ruins in *Egypt* :

*Là le frere innocent & le frere assassin
Egalement cassez ont une égale fin :*

Le

Le temps qu'aucun respect, qu'aucun devoir ne bride,
A fait de tous les deux un second homicide.

*The Brother who was slain, and he who slew him,
Equally broken, have an equal End;
And Time, that has regard to none,
That by no Duty is restrain'd,
A second Murther has on both committed.*

FATHER Bouhours prefers the *Second Life*, in the following Verses, to the *Second Murder* in these. They are translated from a *Greek Epigram* upon a Child; who being cast away, was saved by taking hold of his Father's Corpse, which was floating on the Sea. The Child is made to speak:

*Heav'n, taking Pity on my Wreck,
When he beheld my Vessel perish,
Presented me a new one,
To reconduct me safe to Shoar;
Yet nothing on the Waves appear'd,
Nor Ship nor Mariner, no Hope
Was left me in my Misery.
After a thousand fruitless Efforts,
I saw dead Members floating near me,
Alas, whose Members but my Father's!
I knew him, I embrac'd him;
And on his Corpse to Land was safely borne:
Of Winds and Waves the Fury I escap'd.
How dear to me
Should such a Father be,
Who twice has given me Life; by Land
One Time, and once by Sea?*

THE French Jesuit tells us, he had read some where that *Cornelia*, having bury'd the Ashes of *Pompey*, which she kept by her instead of her living Husband, it seem'd as if she had lost him again, and was a second time a Widow. Which is the best Thought of all of them; the rest are certainly a little upon the *Fustian*, as is *Lucan* sometimes; especially where he would excel most, he there seldom keeps within Bounds. The Truth is, an Author who endeavours to rise high may easily over do it, it being very hard to stop exactly where he should, as *Cicero* does, who, according to
Quin-

Quintilian, never takes too much Wing, but preserves his Judgment even in his Enthusiasm: *Non supra modum elatus Tullius*, Lib. 12. cap. 10. Very far from being like those of whom *Longinus* speaks. In the Middle of that divine Fury, with which they imagine themselves inflam'd, they trifle and play the Children: *Cum videantur sibi ceu divino correpti & incitati furore, non bacchantur, sed nugantur pueriliter*. Our Critick then blames a certain *French* Author, who has a fine Fancy, and would have made an accomplish'd Poet, had he known how to have temper'd his Heat, which transported him too much sometimes; as in these Verses:

Le Chevalier Chrétien, pour aller à la gloire,
A plus d'une carrière, & plus d'une victoire:
En tombant, il s'éleve, il triomphe en mourant,
Et prisonnier vainqueur, couronné de sa chaisne,
Il garde à sa vertu la dignité de Reine.

*A Christian Knight, to reach the Goal of Glory,
Has more than one Career, more than one Victory;
He rises when he falls, he triumphs when he dies,
He's Conqueror when a Captive, his Chain's a Crown;
And to his Virtue he maintains the Dignity of Queen.*

And he makes the Soldan of *Egypt* say elsewhere in his Poem:

Ces vains & foibles noms d'amis & de parens
Sont du droit des petits, & non dudroit des grands.
Un Roi dans sa Couronne a toute sa famille:
Son Etat est son fils, sa grandeur est sa fille,
Et de ses intérêts bornant sa parenté,
Tout seul il est sa race & sa postérité.

*Those vain and idle Names of Friends and Kindred,
Are for the Little Claims, and not the Great.
A King has all his Family in his Crown;
His Kingdom is his Son, his Dignity his Daughter;
And limiting his Kindred to his Interests,
He's to himself, Posterity, and Race.*

This is swelling a noble Thought till it bursts, and there is no need of making Remarks on such Verses as these:

*His Kingdom is his Son, his Dignity his Daughter;
He's to himself, Posterity, and Race.*

Or

Or this,

And to his Virtue he maintains the Dignity of Queen.

TAMERLANE, in Mr. Row's admirable Tragedy, thinks and speaks otherwise :

*Thou Brother of my Choice, a Band more sacred
Than Nature's brittle Tie ; by holy Friendship.
Glory and Fame stood still for thy Arrival ;
My Soul seem'd wanting in his better Half,
And languish'd for thy Absence, like a Prophet
That waits the Inspiration of its God.*

I DO not know whether we have yet instanc'd any thing which is more over-strain'd than what follows out of Cowley, where he speaks of the Musick of the Woods :

*What Prince's Quire of Musick can excel
That which within this Shade does dwell ;
The whistling Winds add their less artful Strains,
And a grave Base the murm'ring Fountains play.
Nature does all this Harmony bestow
But to our Plants : Art's Musick too,
The Pipe, Theorbo, and Guittar we owe,
The Lute it self, &c.*

THE Hyperbole, in the following Description of Night, in Dryden's *Indian Emperor*, has a softning in it which is a good Guard to it :

*All things were hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead,
The Mountains seem to nod their drowsy Head ;
The little Birds in Dreams their Songs repeat,
And sleeping Flowers beneath the Night-dew sweat ;
Ev'n Lust and Envy sleep ———*

This Description is highly commended by Mr. Rymer, in his Preface to *Rapin's Reflections on Poetry* ; and indeed there is something in it extremely pretty :

*The little Birds in Dreams their Songs repeat,
And sleeping Flowers beneath the Night-dew sweat.*

But what a terrible Fall is there from the *Mountains Nod* to the *little Birds* ; and what a Start again, from *sleeping Flowers* to *Lust and Envy sleep*. Which has all the Greatness that can be desir'd in a Thought, as
the

the other has all the Agreeableness. If there is a little Confusion in it, we must allow that it is a beautiful one, and like the mixing of the Beauty of the *Corinthian* Order with the Grandeur of the *Dorick*.

THE Descriptions of Night have given Birth to many great and agreeable Thoughts: As there is something very solemn and awful in its Darkness, there is something very soft and lulling in its Rest and Silence, which naturally produces the Alternative, as in *Dryden's* Thought. *Lee*, in his *Theodosius*, has a Speech upon it, which was in the Mouths of all the Frequenters of the Theatre thirty Years ago:

'Tis Night, dead Night, &c.

But I cannot relish above four Lines of it; as these two in the agreeable Kind:

*Nor Breath of Wind now whisper thro' the Trees,
Nor Noise at Land, nor Murmur in the Seas.*

And these in the greater:

*The Owls forget to scream; no Midnight Sound
Calls drowsy Echo from the hollow Ground.*

The last Verse is over-strain'd, and has an unequal Mixture of Fustian and Flatness, as contrary as they are one to another:

The Stars, Heav'n's Centry, wink and seem to die.

Ratcliff says better in Burlesque:

The dying Snuffs do twinkle in their Urns.

I CANNOT but observe on this Subject how helpful our Poets are to one another; especially in the Description of Night, which seems to offer so great a Variety of Ideas as might have prevented so much borrowing: First as it is a Noon.

Cowley,

——— *The Moon*
Was mounted softly to her Noon.

Dryden,

——— *The Night, with silent Pace,*
Stood in her Noon———

Lee,

Lee,

Lean Wolves forget to howl at Night's pale Noon.

NEXT, as to Nature dying or sleeping :

Otway,

Now all is hush'd, as Nature were retir'd.

Lord Dorset,

In dismal Silence Nature seem'd to sleep.

Lee,

——— *Weary Nature lies
So fast as if she never were to rise.*

Dryden,

All things were hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead.

THEN as to Breezes, Trees, and Winds :

Otway,

*The feeling Air's at rest, and feels no Noise,
Except of some short Breaths upon the Trees,
Rocking the harmless Birds.*

Lord Dorset,

*No whispering Zephyrus aloft did blow,
Nor warring Boughs were murmuring below.*

Lee,

No Breath of Wind now whispers thro' the Trees.

Dryden after Virgil,

*The Winds no longer whisper thro' the Woods,
Nor murm'ring Tides disturb the gentle Floods.*

I REPEAT the rest out of *Virgil*, because it seems to be the Store from whence all the other Descriptions were supply'd :

*'Twas dead of Night, when weary Bodies close
Their Eyes in balmy Sleep and soft Repose ;
The Stars in silent Order mov'd around,
And Peace, with downy Wings, was brooding on the
(Ground ;
The Flocks and Herds, and party-colour'd Fowl,
Which haunt the Woods, or swim the weedy Pool,
Stretch'd*

*Stretch'd on the quiet Earth, securely lay,
Forgetting the past Labours of the Day.*

MILTON, contemplating the Change from Light to Darkness, thinks not of Flowers and Birds, nor Flocks, nor Herds, nor Zephirs, nor Streams ; but in the full Majesty of Epick Poetry says :

*Now had Night measur'd, with her shadowy Cone,
Half way up Hill this vast sublunar Vault.*

Is this like,

— *When not a Star
Was twinkling in the muffled Hemisphere.*

The Author is too great to be nam'd ; but one may be more free with Mr. Otway, who begins in the high Tone :

Now the perpetual Motion standing still.

And ends,

— *Short Breaths upon the Trees,
Rocking the harmless Birds—*

IT will be easily seen that I have been oblig'd to turn over most of our modern Poets and Orators, of any Reputation, which gave me an Opportunity of observing where the Moderns stole or borrow'd one from another ; and though I cannot boast of being so familiarly acquainted with the Ancients, yet I have discover'd from whence they have taken their *Beaux Endroits* ; and that they are oblig'd to Antiquity for what is most valuable in them. I do not insinuate this to lessen the Reputation which so many of them have worthily acquir'd, but to shew that several Authors, writing on the same Subject, will not only light upon the Thoughts of others which they had read before, without remembering them at that time, but will sometimes naturally think as the Ancients, or as others have done. This will indisputably happen to great Genius's. But, I must needs own, most of the Moderns, and the *English* in particular, when they do steal any thing, do it so bunglingly as to leave the Owner's Mark upon it ; if they struck out that, and put their own in its Stead, it would be very difficult to discover the

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Theft.

Theft. *Carneille*, *Racine*, and *Boileau*, do this the best of any Moderns who commit Robbery on the Ancients, *Milton* excepted : Mr. *Addison* is almost equal to them in this Art, in which Mr. *Prior* and Lord *Landsdown* are alike excellent ; but as to *Dryden*, and some living Poets and Criticks, it is easy, both in their Prose and Verse, to point out to the Place from whence they took their Poetry and Criticisms. If I have Leisure, and it would be acceptable, I may one time or other shew how they have done both, with respect to the Ancients and Moderns, unless, which would be much more useful to the Publick and my self, some abler Pen would undertake it ; and I speak this with great Sincerity. It was in the same Sentiments, with respect to Father *Bouhours* *Maniere de bien penser* ; and had I perceiv'd any Likelihood that some other Writer would have undertaken him in this Manner, I should, with great Pleasure, have left the Work to him, it being as difficult as it is ungrateful. Poets are so jealous of the Vogue they are in, or they believe they are in, that if you commend them for a hundred things, and censure them but for one only, they will never forgive you, they being all infallible in their own Conceit, excepting such as have other Characters to distinguish themselves by ; though it is a very hard Matter even for them to own they could be in the wrong, in which they are strangely mistaken ; for the Merit of one or two fine Poems, and perhaps fine Thoughts, are enough to atone for a hundred Slips and Negligences in the heat of Writing. Who is there that does not look upon Sir *Richard Blackmore* as the Author of one of the finest Poems in our own or any modern Language, I mean *Creation* ? and yet who is there that can say any thing like it of his *Arthurs*, and several other Epick Poems ; in which, however, there are many beautiful Things, both in Thought and Expression. I took this to be a proper Place for so necessary a Digression, we being come to a new Vice in Thinking, Father *Bouhours* in the next Place shewing us, *How agreeable Thoughts may become vicious by being too agreeable*.

WE have seen how *sublime* Thoughts may become mean by being made too great ; we are now about to see how agreeable Thoughts may become vicious by too much Agreeableness, Excess being a Defect in Beauty

as well as in Grandeur. Example, as *Pere Bouhours* observes, will explain this Matter better than Reasoning.

THE first Thoughts he instances in are taken out of a famous Piece, entitl'd, *La Metamorphose des yeux de Phillis changez en Astres*, written by a Member of the French Academy.

As the Author was look'd upon to be one of the topping Wits of *France*, his Errors are the more remarkable; and we must take notice, by the way, that the learned Jesuit meddles with no Poets or Orators but such as were in great Repute; and his Reason directed me to take my Examples of the Defects in Writing, as well as the Beauties, from our most famous Authors. Would any one expect a Critick on *Settle*, *Crown*, *Durfey*, *Banks*, &c. some alive some dead, in the poetical Line; or on *Baker*, *Salmon*, &c. in the Historical. There is Honour in Criticism as well as Gallantry; and as Duels are only for Gentlemen, so Criticks are only for Wits. This *Metamorphosis of Phillis's Eyes into Stars*, was admir'd by every one in *France*, Court, City, and Country; it took as certain Plays and Translations have done in our Times; *Pere Bouhours* owns he was charm'd with it when he was young, as Thousands as well as my self were with *Cowley* thirty Years ago, and as others were charm'd with *Mrs. Phillips* thirty Years before that. But, says the Jesuit, *I am come to my self now, and admire nothing in it but the Affectation*. He at first fancy'd the Beginning of it to be very pretty:

Beaux ennemis du jour dont les feuillages sombres
Conservent le repos, le silence, & les ombres.

*Fair Enemies of Day, whose gloomy Leaves
Preserve Repose, and Silence, and the Shades.*

Fair Enemies of Day has nothing of true Beauty in it; besides, a Poet should never shine out all at once. What comes after upon the Oaks in an old Forest pleases as little as *beaux ennemis de jour*, though the Author has given it all the Graces he could think of:

Vieux enfans de la terre, agréables Titans,
Qui jusques dans le ciel, sans crainte du tonnerre,
Allez faire au foliel une innocente guerre.

*Old Children of the Earth, agreeable Titans,
Who, fearless of the Thunder, lift your Heads
To Heav'n, and with the Sun make harmless War.*

Agreeable Titans is the same as pretty Gog and sweet Magog; and to make harmless War is as agreeable as the tickling one to Death. Besides, 'tis false to say, tall Trees fear not Thunder; for the taller they are the more they are expos'd to it.

ONE may add to the *French Critick's* Remark, that wherever any Thought is over-strain'd in the Sublime, or over-done in the Agreeable, it must necessarily be false; for Truth is always found in that just Medium which is wanting in both. The Description of the Fountain in the *Metamorphosis* is like that of the Wood:

C'est-là per un cahos agréable & nouveau
Que la terre & le ciel se rencontrent dans l'eau;
C'est-là que l'œil souffrant de douces impostures;
Confond tous les objets avecque leurs figures:
C'est-là que sur un arbre il croit voir les poissons,
Qu'il trouve des roseaux auprès des hameçons,
Et que le sens charmé d'une trompeuse idole,
Doute si l'oiseau nage, ou si le poisson vole.

*There by a Chaos, agreeable and new,
The Earth and Heav'n in Water meet together;
There the Eye suffering the most sweet Impostures,
Confounds all Objects with their Images;
There Fishes on a Tree, it thinks it sees,
And near the Fish-hook finds the wavy Reed.
With a false Figure there the Sense being charm'd,
Doubts whether the Birds swim, or Fishes fly.*

ANOTHER *French Poet*, in a Description of a Shipwreck, caus'd by the Ships being burnt, goes as much out of the way as the Describer of the Fountains:

Soldats & matelots roulez confusément
Par un double malheur périssent doublement;
L'un se brûle dans l'onde, au feu l'autre se noye,
Et tous en même temps de deux morts sont la proye.

*Soldiers and Seamen with Confusion roul,
And doubly perish by a double Death;*

One's

*One's burnt in Waves, another's drown'd in Fire,
And are at once to both the Deaths a Prey.*

This Verse,

*One's burnt in Waves, another's drown'd in Fire,
Is pretty near a-kin to
Doubts whether the Birds swim, or Fishes fly.*

THESE Thoughts, at first Sight, glare and please a little ; but when you consider them you find it is a false Light, which, like false Guineas, glitter more than the true ; but are worth a great deal less.

THE four first Verses of the Description of the Fountain have still more of that Glittering and Falshood :

*Au milieu de ce bois un liquide cristal,
En tombant d'un rocher forme un large canal,
Qui comme un beau miroir dans sa glace inconstante,
Fait de tous ses voisins la peinture mouvante.*

*Amid the Wood a liquid Chrystal flows,
Falls from a Rock, and forms a large Canal ;
Which, as a Mirrour, in its faithless Surface,
A moving Picture of the Neighbours makes.*

AN Author should never flourish too much, even on Subjects which admit of Flowers ; and a Thought had better be a little cloudy than to be so dazling as this : *Ludere quidem integrum est ; verum omni in re habenda est ratio decori.* Demet. Phal.

THERE was a Sonnet on a Mirrour, which every one was charm'd with in France in the last Age. The Author was the Count d'Etclan, Nephew to the Mareschal de Bassompierre ; and in it is a very odd Mixture of Beauty and Affectation. The very first Line lets us into its Character :

*Miroir, peintre & portrait, qui donne & qui reçois.
Mirrour, Painter, and Picture, who gives and re-
(ceives.*

There is flourishing with a Witness.

*Et qui porte en tous lieux avec toi mon image,
Qui peux tous exprimer, excepté le langage,
Et pour être animé n'as besoin que de voix :*

Tu peux seul me montrer, quand chez toi je me vois,
Toutes mes passions peintes sur mon visage :
Tu fais d'un pas égal mon humeur & mon âge,
Et dans leurs changemens jamais ne te deçois.

Les mains d'un artisan au labeur obstinées,
D'un pénible travail font en plusieurs années
Un portrait qui ne peut ressembler qu'un instant.

Mais toi, peintre brillant, d'un art inimitable,
Tu fais sans nul effort un ouvrage inconstant
Qui ressemble toujours, & n'est jamais semblable.

*And in all Places bears my Image with thee ;
Who, except Language, all things can'st express,
And to be animated want'st but Voice.
Thou shew'st me to my self ; at thee I view
My various Passions painted on my Face,
My Humour and my Age, with equal Pace
Thou followest ; and in their Change art ne'er deceiv'd,
The Artist's Hand in Labour obstinate,
With painful Toil of many Tears may make
A Picture, for an Instant only, like.
But Thou, with Art inimitable, makest
A changing Piece, bright Painter, without Effort,
Which still resembles, and is never like.*

WHAT Father Bouhours approves of in this Sonnet, is, *N'a besoin que de Voix*. And to be animated wantest but Voice. *Tu peux seul me montrer toutes mes Passions*. Thou shewest me to my self, at thee I view my various Passions. *Tu fais sans nul Effort un ouvrage qui ressemble toujours & n'est jamais semblable*. Thou makest a Piece without Effort, which still resembles, and is never like. But the Painter and Picture, who gives and receives, the bright Painter offends by too much of the Agreeable, and cannot please a good Taste. The learned Jesuit enters here into the Grammatical Defect, and tells us, it should be *qui donne, & qui portes*, who givest and receivest, in the second Person ; which is so visible, that I had turn'd it out of the third Person in the Translation, before I came to this Remark at the last Reading, and had forgot it in the former ; but it must be own'd, that the givest and receivest, the canst and the shewest, the followest and makest, have a Roughness in English, which is equally inelegant, and unharmonious. Indeed, the Thou, and the edst, in the second

second Person, renders it very disagreeable either in Poetry or Eloquence in our Language; tho' it has a Dignity in *French* as well as *Latin*, but the Termination in those Tongues is not all Consonants, and rude as in ours. I think this *Grammar* is the only Grammatical Criticism in all

Pere Bouhours's Book. The Reason I suppose for that, such Remarks are fit Work for Pedants and Pedagogues only, such Errors being Slips and Negligences which Men of Literature could not fall into but by Neglect or Carelessness. Besides, in modern Languages where the Grammar is not settled, as in ours, one very often finds Difference, not only between one Author and another, but between one Author and himself; and all of them Authors of the first Rank. However, I am convinced that such Criticisms are the Excellence of certain Critics, who are distinguished in the several Counties of *England*, as well as *Cambridgeshire* and *Oxfordshire*.

THE learned Jesuit inserts an *Italian* Sonnet on a Looking Glass, which, tho' enigmatical and mysterious, is more natural than the *French*, who, in his Opinion, are not so affected as the *Italians* in their Way of Thinking.

So una mia cosa la qual non è viva,
E par che viva; se gli vai dinanti,
E se tu scrivi parerà che scriva;
E se tu canti parerà che canti;
E se ti affacci seco in prospettiva,
Ti dirà i tuoi, diffetti tutti quanti;
E se sdegnoſco gli homeri le volti,
Sparisce anch'ella, e torna se ti volti.

My Picture in the Looking Glass
Has no Life, but seems to live,
When I write, or when I sing,
One wou'd think she wrote and sung,
All my outward Faults she shews;
When I go away she's gone,
And returns when I return.

Pere Bouhours thinks this is prettily said, and with good Sense: *Non è viva, par che viva*, has no Life, but seems to live, is very natural. 'Tis not so with a Thought of *Tasso* on the Figures engrav'd over the Gate of *Amida's* Palace.

Manca il parlar, di vivo altro non chiedo;
Ne manca questo ancor, s'agli occhi credi.

*For all the Shapes in that rich Metal wrought,
Save Speech, of living Bodies wanted nought.*

As *Fairfax* has translated it, but with great Injury to *Tasso*.

*The Figures were so form'd, they seem'd to live,
They wanted only Speech; nor wanted that
If you cou'd trust your Eyes.*

That is, says Father *Bouhours*, there was so much Motion and Action in the Faces of the Figures, that a Deaf Man, who had Eyes, would have thought he had seen them speak. There's Wit in it, but 'tis not such Wit as we find in *Virgil's* Description of the Graving on *Æneas's* Shield. The two Verses which follow, have a Softening that will serve for an Excuse: They treat of the magnificent Buildings in *Egypt*, where there was a Representation of *Sodom* in Flames.

Le Marbre & le Porphyre ont du feu la couleur,
Il paroît même à l'œil qu'ils en ont la chaleur.

*The Porphyry and Marble have the Colour
Of Fire, and seem to Sight to have the Heat.*

CARDINAL *Pallavicini*, in the following Thoughts, has more Simplicity than *Tasso*, in that we last mentioned. The Cardinal is speaking of a great Prelate; *La Corte di Roma la quale si gloria di non ammirare eziandio l'ammirabile; è pure ammirò voi giovane se credeva a gli occhi, vecchio se dava fede all'udito*. "In his Youth he was admir'd by the Court of Rome, who glory in not admiring even Things that are admirable. To look on him, one wou'd take him for a Youth; to hear him talk, one wou'd think he was an old Man. So mature and solid were his Discourses even in the Flower of his Age.

BEING upon the Life in Pictures, and the natural or unnatural Description of it, I cannot keep these Verses of *Dryden* out of my Head. They begin his Poem to Sir *Godfrey Kneller*.

*Once I beheld the fairest of her Kind,
And still the sweet Idea charms my Mind;*

True,

*True, she was dumb, for Nature gaz'd so long,
Pleas'd with her Work, that she forgot her Tongue ;
But smiling, said, she still shall gain the Prize,
I only have transferr'd it to her Eyes.*

THE Thought is pretty, but it receives Damage from the Affectation. She had a Tongue, and Nature never forgets any Thing. Accidents may intervene to spoil her Work, which is the most we can make of it. However, the Thought is so pretty, and so gallant, that I believe every Reader will forgive what is affected in it. In what follows, *Dryden* is much more discreet and natural than the *French* or the *Italian* Poets on the same Subject ; Good Painting and Sculpture :

*Such are thy Pictures, Kneller, such thy Skill,
That Nature seems obedient to thy Will,
Comes out and meets thy Pencil in the Draught,
Lives there, and wants but Words to speak her
(Thought ;
At least, thy Pictures look a Voice, and We
Imagine Sounds deceiv'd to that Degree,
We think 'tis somewhat more than just we see.*

But *Dryden* had hardly ever a true Thought which he did not spoil by over-doing it, by dwelling upon it, and dividing and sub-dividing it, as a Country Parson does his Text.

*Such are thy Pieces, imitating Life
So near, they almost conquer in the Strife ;
And from their animated Canvas came
Demanding Souls, and loosen'd from the Frame ;
Prometheus, were he here, wou'd cast away
His Adam, and refuse a Soul to Clay.*

WHAT a Confusion is there ! The Figures bolt out of the Canvas, as they do out of the Scene in *Dioclesian*, when the Chairs dance about the Stage. They demand Sails before they have any Souls to think of them. *Prometheus's* Man is confounded with *Adam*, who was the immediate Workmanship of God ; and that Man Maker of the Fable, drawn like a Maker of Mugs, with his Dirt and Water about him, one can hardly forgive.

*Of various Parts a perfect Whole is wrought,
Thy Pictures think, and we divine their Thought.*

WERE

WERE not these Lines in Company with those that follow ?

Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler Part,
But Titian's Painting is like Virgil's Art.
Thy Genius gives Thee both ; where true Design
Postures unforc'd, and lively Colours joyn,
Likeness is ever there ; but still the best,
Like proper Thoughts in lofty Language drest,
Where Lights to Shades descending plays, not strives,
Dies by Degrees, and by Degrees revives.

I KNOW a Poet who wou'd not have us'd the Term
Postures, on this Occasion : He wou'd have said, *Al-*
titudes unforc'd, if the Word cou'd have been squeez'd
into the Verse.

MR. Waller to Vandyke, says very finely and naturally ;
Strange that thy Hand should not inspire
The Beauty only, but the Fire :
Not the Form alone and Grace,
But Act and Power of a Face.

And when he mentions *Prometheus*, he plainly infers
the Fable so much, that the *Hyperbole* is warranted by
it.

No, for the Theft thou hast climb'd higher
Than did Prometheus for his Fire.

BUT Coreley has out-done Dryden himself and all o-
ther Poets, in his Thought of a Picture.

Men thought so much of Flame, by Art was shown,
The Picture's self would fall in Ashes down.

UNDER the Picture of St. Bruno in his Solitude, pain-
ted to the Life, an Italian wrote, *Egli è vivo, e par-*
lerebbe se non osservasse la regola del silentio. He is
alive, and wou'd speak, if it was not against the Rule
of Silence. Malherbe has a like Thought on an Image
of St. Catharine.

L'Art aussi-bien que la Nature
Eût fait plaindre cette peinture :
Mais il a voulu figurer,
Qu'aux tourmens dont la cause est belle,
La gloire d'une ame fidelle,
Est de souffrir sans murmurer.

*As well as Nature, Art had shewn
The living Picture making moan ;
But Figures by this just Design,
That torments from a Cause divine,
Are glorious to the suffering Saint,
Who bears the Pain without Complaint.*

THE *Italians* delight mightily in the florid Way of Thinking and Speaking. It is certain, that the Manner of a Nation participates of the Climate ; and what a lovely one *Italy* enjoys, *Virgil* has amply described : Nor is our *English Virgil*, Mr. *Addison*, without Beauty, in his Description of that charming Country.

*See how the golden Groves around me smile,
Ev'n the rough Rocks with tender Myrtle bloom,
And trodden Weeds send out a rich Perfume.
Bear me some God to Bajas's gentle Seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green Retreat,
Where Western Gales, &c.*

THO' *France* is not so fine a Climate as *Italy*, yet its warm Sun, the Serenity of the Air, its generous Wines, and the Vigour of vegetable Life, keep their Spirits a-float ; and that is very apt to run into Foppery and Affectation. I'll engage if any Critick did understand *Dutch*, and wou'd be at the Pains to read the Poetry and Eloquence in that Language, he might read himself blind, before he would find either Delicacy or Affectation. It must be own'd, we are our selves too far *North* for the beautiful Productions of the Mind, but the Coldness of our Air is temper'd by the warm Breezes of the Sea that surrounds us : And without the Bombast of the *Spaniards*, or the Affectation of the *Italians* and *French*, we have Writings to boast of, in all Kinds of Thinking, from the *Sublime* to the *Pretty*, of which the Antients needed not to have been ashamed ; and there will not be wanting Instances of it in this Undertaking.

THE Cavalier *Marini* plants all his Lands with Flowers. There's scarce a Thought of his but is fit for a Garland : As when he says,

*The Rose is the Eye of the Spring,
The Ball of Loves Eye,*

The

*The Purple of the Vallies,
And the Flower of all Flowers.*

L'occhio di primavera,
La pupilla d'Amor,
La porpora de prati,
Il fior de gli altri fiori.

And that the Nightingal is,

Una voce pennata,
Un suon volante,
Una piuma canora,

*A Feather'd Voice.
A Flying Sound.
An Harmonious Feather.*

The Stars,

Sacre lampe dorate
Ch'i palchi immensi
Del firmamento ornate.
De l'esquie del di chiare facelle.
Specchi de l'universo e di natura,
Fiori immortali e nati
Ne le campagne amene
De' sempiterni prati.

*The golden Lamps of Heaven,
The Flambeaux of the Day's Funeral,
The World and Nature's Mirrour,
Th' Immortal Flowers of the Celestial Plains.*

BUT what need of Quotations out of *Marini*, who does not pretend to confine himself to Rules, or to make Nature his Guide, as *Tasso* does in his *Aminta*, a Pastoral, so very *Pastoresque*, if I may imitate the Translator of *Homer*, that 'twas said of him, *he never went out of the Woods* in his *Aminta*: But we shall see presently 'twas *Rus in Urbe*; and that his Shepherdesses are not without a Spice of Coquetry. *Pere Boubours* assures us, that he is in a thousand Places more agreeable than he should have been: He describes a Shepherdess decking her self out with Flowers; and says, "Sometimes she took a Lilly, sometimes a Rose, and held them up to her Cheeks to compare Colours; and "finil'd, as if she rejoyc'd in the Victory; and seem'd "to tell the Flowers, I have the Better of you; and "'tis not for a Dress that I use you, but to make you "ashamed.

——— *Io pur vinco*
Ne porto voi per ornamento mio,
Ma porto voi sol per vergogna vostra.

THIS Thought has had its Admirers ever since the *Aminta* was published, and will have as long as it lives, which probably will be as long as the *Italian* Language. Is it natural for a Shepherdess to make such Reflections while she's a Dressing? Flowers are the Ornaments of Nature; a Shepherdess wears them when she would be finer than ordinary, but she does not think of making them ashamed. The Admirers of this Thought would, doubtless, be wonderfully taken with that upon a *French Song*, *An Air which flies with Wings of Honey*. Upon a *Peacock's Tail*; *A Field of Feathers*. On a *Rainbow*; *The Smile of a weeping Sky*. *A Bow without Arrows*, and which only strikes the Eyes. I don't doubt, but these Thoughts put into soft Numbers, and well chim'd, would pass still for extreme pretty ones. So little is it consider'd, that Metaphors taken from what is most sweet and *riant* in Nature, (I borrow the Word from the Notes upon *Homer*) never please if the least Constraint appears in them. *The Air*, *The Peacock*, *The Rainbow*, &c. are too far fetch'd, and made so good, that they are good for nothing.

COWLEY, who did not study to be Natural, so much as to be Witty, has a very pretty Allegory about his Muse, which probably he wrote in his Garden at *Chertsey*, in *Surrey*; where I have walk'd with much Pleasure, in reflecting that those Walks had been his.

While, alas! my timorous Muse
Unambitious Tracks pursues,
Does with weak unballast'd Wings,
About the mossy Brooks and Springs,
About the Trees new blossom'd Heads,
About the Garden's painted Beds;
Like the harmonious Bee,
For little Drops of Honey flee,
And there with humble Sweets content her Industry.

Of Metaphors and Allegories.

Allegories. **N**Othing is more agreeable than a Metaphor well pursued, or than a regular Allegory: And nothing is more disagreeable, than a Metaphor spun out too long, or an Allegory too far extended. *Pere Bouhours*, as an Instance of a very happy Allegory, mentions a little Dialogue in *Latin*, upon the Advancement of Pope *Urban VIII.* to the Pontificate. That Pope's Arms was *Bees*, and *Bees* represent him allegorically. The Dialogue is between a *French Man*, a *Spaniard*, and an *Italian*: The *French Man* begins, by saying,

Gallis mella dabunt, Hispanis spicula figent.

To the French Honey, To the Spaniards Stings.

The *Spaniard* answers,

Spicula si figent, emorientur Apes.

If the Bees sting, they dye.

The *Italian* endeavours to reconcile what they have both said.

Mella dabunt cunctis, nulli sua spicula figent:

Spicula nam Princeps figere nescit Apum.

*Honey to all they give, and Stings to none,
For never has the King of Bees a Sting.*

THIS Allegory, as *Father Bouhours* observes, is very just, and kept within Bounds. The Spectator, in his Discourse of Allegories, does not seem to confine them to so little Extent as *Pere Bouhours* does. N^o. 421.
 “ Allegories, when well chosen, are like so many
 “ Tracks of Light in a Discourse, that make every
 “ Thing about them clear and beautiful. A noble Metaphor, when it is plac'd to Advantage, casts a Kind
 “ of Glory round it, and darts a Lustre thro' the whole
 “ Sentence: These different Kinds of Allusion, are
 “ but so many different Manners of Similitude. Perhaps it might be said, that the Difference consists only in the Size and Turn; and that they may please
 “ the Imagination, the Likenessought to be very exact,
 “ or very agreeable”. For want of due Care in the
 Conduct

Conduct of Allegories and Metaphors they very often miscarry, they are either stretch'd too far, or spun out too long, or blown up too much, or not equally pursu'd; they often begin well, and flag or ramble at the End. Lord *Lansdown* teaches us very well how to manage our Metaphors and Allegories:

*As Veils transparent cover, but not hide,
Such Metaphors appear, when right apply'd;
When, thro' the Phrase, we plainly see the Sense,
Truth, with such obvious Meanings will dispense;
The Reader, what is Reason's Due, believes,
Nor can we call that false which not deceives.*

Pere Bouhours gives us an Instance of an Allegory, which begins as well as one could wish, and ends as ill. 'Tis taken out of *Iesti*, whom he calls the *Horace* of the *Italians*, in the Preface to his Second Volume of Lyrick Poems. "These Songs, says he, which I may call the Daughters of an old Father, and Daughters too that are not very young themselves, were every Day representing to me their Age and Time, being tir'd of dwelling so long in their Father's House, and impatient to get out of it. Some of them have ventur'd abroad already; and being more bold and free than the rest, have thrown themselves into Company, and gone where they could go; which reflects upon me, and is a Sort of Disgrace to me; for we do not now live in an Age when the *Erminia's* and *Angelica's* ran up and down the World without bringing Dishonour to their Families, or scandalizing any one." So far is agreeable; but what is to come exceeds Bounds. "I have therefore come to a Resolution to remedy this Disorder, by marrying them, that is, by having them printed: *Ho dunque havuto per bene di rimediare al disordine, e di sposarle in legitimo matrimonio a i torchi delle stampe.* But knowing that the Poverty of my Wit might be a Hindrance to their being well provided for; and considering, besides, that generous Persons are ever ready to assist poor Damsels that are in danger of being lost, I pray you, kind Reader, to give them your Protection out of Charity, and it will serve instead of a Portion."

THE Marriage, the Poverty, the Portion, is what renders the Allegory vicious: Had it not been so long con-

continu'd, and so over pleasant, it had been good : *Scire oportet quousque in singulis sit progrediendum*. Long. Sec. 29. I very often found *Pere Bouhours* copying after *Longinus* ; and he does it particularly where he directs us to use softning Terms, when it is convenient to use bold Figures. That is taken from the 26th Chapter of the Treatise of the *Sublime* ; where the Greek Critick says, " *Aristotle and Theophrastes*, to excuse the Boldness of " Metaphors, think it is convenient to soften them, by " saying, *to say so, if I may so say, if I durst make* " *use of those Terms, to speak a little more boldly.*" *Longinus* adds, he's of the same Mind : But, continues he, *the most natural Remedy against the Abundance and Boldness of Figures, is never to use them, unless 'tis to the Purpose.* The Beginning of *Testi's* Allegory was very much to the Purpose, the End of it *Mal a propos*, out of the way. His poetical Daughters were not likely to get Husbands by his turning them into the World ; nor would every Reader wed himself to his Book. But that is not the chief Defect in his Figure, 'tis the Continuance of it, and the over-doing of it, that makes it defective. He might well enough have said, his latter Poems were Daughters of an old Father ; that they were not very young themselves, and were quite tir'd with living at home ; that they wanted to see the World, and some of them had already seen it. There he should have stop'd, so far was natural and pleasant ; all beyond it is out of Nature and disagreeable. *Cicero* instructs all Poets and Orators what to do in this Case ; and others, relating to their Arts, to consider how far they may go, what Measures to go by, and that they are more likely to offend by too much than too little : *In omnibus rebus videndum est quatenus : Etsi enim suus cuique modus est, tamen magis offendit nimium quam parum.* Cic. Orat.

THIS Remark will be very useful to *English* Writers, whose greatest Fault is, if they have hit upon a good Thought they do not care to part with it, but dwell upon it till they have wasted all its Substance. *Dryden* was very apt to offend in this kind ; he generally began his Metaphors and Allegories well ; but he surfeited you with them before he had done. I have instanc'd in his Poem to *Sir Godfrey Kneller*, and in that to *John Dryden*, Esq; Knight of the Shire for *Huntington*, he does the same, when his Satyr is against Matrimony :

Long

*Long Penitence succeeds a short Delight ;
 Minds are so hardly match'd, that even the first,
 Tho' pair'd by Heav'n, in Paradise were curst ;
 For Men and Women, tho' in one they grow,
 Yet first or last return again to two ;
 He to God's Image, she to his was made,
 So farther from the Fount the Stream at random
 (stray'd.*

Supposing there had been nothing false, I will not say impious, in the insinuating that *Adam* and *Eve* were curst for their Marriage, though marry'd by God, and not for their Fall ; the Allegory naturally ended at the *Stream at random stray'd* ; but he revives it again :

*How cou'd he stand, when put to double Pain,
 He must a weaker than himself sustain !
 Each might have stood, perhaps ; but each alone ;
 Two Wrestlers help to pull each other down.*

That, perhaps, is a great saving to the Thought ; for without it he would have provided for the first Man and the first Woman better than God himself, who, as soon as they were pair'd, blest them, as in *Milton*. The Angel speaking to *Adam* :

*Male he created thee ; but thy Consort
 Female for Race ; then blest Mankind, and said,
 Be fruitful ———*

KING Alphonso, the *Astronomer*, lamented that he had not had the making of the Planetary World, he found so many Faults in the Creation, which he said he could have mended ; but he did not pretend that he could have given to Man a better Soul.

WE must now return to our *French Critick* ; and I shall take hold of this Opportunity to let the Reader see how he manag'd his Dialogue ; by which he will perceive that we have lost nothing by leaving it out. *Pere Boubours* is speaking still of *Testi's* marrying his Daughter *Poems*, which should not have been, adds he, " because the Muses are Virgins. *Philanthus* reply'd " briskly, perhaps it is because they are Beggars, and " have nothing to bring to their Husbands. Be it as it " will, says *Eudoxus*, Authors frequently offend against " the Rules of Justness, by extending an agreeable
 U " Thought

" Thought too far. And would you think *Voiture* is sometimes guilty of it, as in his Letter of the Tossing in a Blanket, and even that of the Carp? Indeed, I did not think, says *Philanthus*, that you would allow *Voiture* to be ever in the Wrong, and rejoyce that you do so in this, for *Balzac's* Sake. I'm in earnest, reply'd *Eudoxus*; and Friendship never blinds me so much but that I can see the Defects of my Friends." As this Conversation is of very little Edification to the Reader, I have thrown it out; for in other Places it is still more foreign to the Subject, and serves only to give *Philanthus* an Opportunity to admire the Quickness and Solidity of *Eudoxus's* Wit and Judgment; which *Eudoxus* being *Pere Bouhours* himself, as I hinted at first, I am satisfy'd there will be no Miss of the Dialogue: The Air of it is entirely *French*, tho' the Subject is otherwise the best handled as may be, and it is no where better. The Vanity of the Dialogue is as visible in Dr. *Echard's Philautus*, and *Timothy* against *Hobbes*; and still more so in *Oldisworth's* Dialogues, or *Timothy* the Second: But his Understanding was so poor, that, as willing as he was, he could not say much Good of himself. *Collier* is outrageous in his own Praise in his Dialogue; as when he says, *you are right, you are smart, you have brought your self off well, &c.*

Of all ingenious Authors, *Bouhours* tells us, *Seneca* is he who knew least how to keep his Thoughts within due Bounds: He is always endeavouring to please, and so afraid that a Thought, which is of it self beautiful, will not strike, that he puts it into all the Lights it can be seen in, and sets it off with all the Colours that can render it agreeable; insomuch that one may say of him what his Father said of *Montanus*, an Orator of their Time: *Habet hoc Montanus vitium: sententias suas repetendo corrumpit: Dum non est contentus unam rem semel bene dicere, efficit ne bene dixerit.* Controvers. 5. Lib. 9. " By repeating the same Thought, and turning it several Ways, he spoils it: Not being contented with having said a good Thing at first, he so manages it, that at last it ceases to be good." *Scaurus*, a Contemporary of this *Montanus*, used to call him the *Ovid* of the Orators; for *Ovid* knew not how to keep within Compass, nor to leave off when he had done well: *Propter hoc solebat Montanum Scaurus inter Oratores Ovidium*

Ovidium vocare : Nam & Ovidius nescit quod bene cessit relinquere. Controvers. 5. Lib. 9. Though, according to the same Critick, to know when to have done, is as much an Excellence as to know what to say: *Ajebar Scavrus, non minus magnam virtutem esse scire desinere, quam scire dicere.* Ibid.

THIS Matter, well study'd and well pursu'd, would save half the Writing and half the Paper that is wasted by Modern Poets and Orators. Sir *Samuel Garth* shews himself to be Master of this Secret in his Dispensary; so does Mr. *Addison* in all his Writings; but as to Mr. *Cowley* he offends to Enormity, by saying more than he needed, and spoils what was well imagin'd and well said, by turning and winding it, and putting it in too many Lights, which is well known to every one that knows *Cowley*. *Dryden* seems to have enter'd as far into the Genius of *Ovid* as any of his Translators. That Genius has more of Equality with his own than *Virgil's*; and, consequently, his Versions of *Ovid* are more perfect than those of *Virgil*. The Relation between their Genius's may probably have some Influence on Mr. *Dryden's* Manner, which was too diffuse, and ran him often into the Error *Pere Bouhours* speaks of. The merry Poem, *Hudibras*, is full of Allegories, which, as laughable as they are, may, for Justness, serve for an Example to the sublime Writers, *Butler* almost always keeping within Bounds.

CARDINAL *Pallavicini* says of the same *Seneca*, whom Father *Bouhours* censures for exceeding Measures: *Profuma i suoi concetti con un ambra & con un zibetto che a longo andare danno in testa : nel principio diletano, nel processo stancano.* "He perfumes his Thoughts " with Amber and Civet, which at length gets into the " Head, they please in the Beginning, and are very " tiresome in the End." There are some Criticks who think otherwise of *Seneca*, who reckon him more lively, more poignant, and more close than *Cicero*; whose Style is fuller of Turns, more extensive, broken, without Number, and without Connexion. But it is of Thoughts that *Pallavicini* and *Bouhours* are speaking; and in that he is more diffus'd than *Cicero*. *Seneca* seems to say more, and *Cicero* actually says it: The one lengthens out his Thoughts, the other heaps Thought upon Thought. And Cardinal *Perron* said very justly,

there's more to be learnt in one Page of *Cicero* than in five or six of *Seneca*. Examples are needless; and besides there would be no End of them; all that have read both the one and the other know it, and so will all that shall read them with Attention; and every one cannot but join in with *Quintilian*, who says of *Seneca*: " 'Tis to be wish'd that when *Seneca* wrote he had made use of his own Wit and another's Judgment: "*Velles eum suo ingenio dixisse, alieno judicio.*" *Quint.* lib. 10. cap. 1.

THIS Page or two cannot but give us an exalted Idea of the Delicacy and Penetration of the Ancients, which few who read them are sensible of; so few, that I question whether there's one in a Hundred of those we call Scholars who ever made this Distinction of themselves. What follows in the *maniere de bien penser* puts Armies of fine Thoughts to the Rout, and deprives the younger Fry of Orators and Poets of the Cream of their Eloquence. Among those Thoughts that become vicious by being too agreeable, we may reckon all affected Antithesis; as *Life and Death, Water and Fire.*

FLORUS, speaking of those brave *Roman* Soldiers who were found dead after the Battle of *Tarentum*, lying upon their Enemies, their Swords in their Hands, and Threats in their Countenances, says, that the Rage which animated them in the Fight liv'd in Death it self, *Et in ipsa morte ira vivebat.* It would have been enough, if he had said there remain'd a threatening Air in their Looks, *relicta in vultibus minæ.* He should have stop'd there, and *Livy* would have taken care not to have let such an Expression come from him, that their martial Rage liv'd in Death it self.

A *French* Poet, describing the Army of *St. Lewis* landing before *Damietta*, and the Courage of that King in throwing himself into the *Nile*, says at first:

Tandis que les premiers disputent le rivage,
Et qu'à force de bras ils s'ouvrent le passage:
Louis impatient faute de son vaisseau;

And adds afterwards,

Le beau feu de son cœur lui fait mépriser l'eau.

While those that landed first dispute the Shoar,
And ope themselves a Way with Strength of Arm,

Lewis,

*Lewis, impatient, from his Vessel leaps,
The Fire within his Breast made him despise the
(Water.*

THO' the Author was a Brother Jesuit, yet Father *Bouhours* would have said, if he had not been afraid of falling into the Error he condemns, *that the Fire there, in opposition to the Water, is very cold.* We see the Critick had a great Mind to pun, and it should be a Lesson to all Criticks not to be too severe with the Punters; they don't know how they may be tempted. He contents himself with saying, this playing with Fire and Water is a Grace that is over-strain'd in so serious a Place as that is; which is self-evident; and yet one might fill Volumes with Instances of the like or worse Over-straining in our own Authors, as well as *Italian* and *French*. 'Twas impossible for the learned Jesuit to forget the miraculous Passage of the *Rhine* by *Lewis XIV.* when *Lewis VII.* was passing the *Nile*; and therefore we are put in mind of an admirable Couplet on that Occasion:

*Louis les animant du feu de son courage,
Se plaint de sa grandeur qui l'atache au rivage.*

*Lewis inspires them by his flaming Courage,
And grieves his Greatness binds him to the Banks.*

MR. Prior, who knew that King better than any other good *English* Protestant, says, it was not his *Greatness*, but his Fear which bound him:

*Against his Will you chain your frighted King
On rapid Rhine's divided Bed,*

As it is well known how King *Lewis* came to the *Rhine*, and how he got away, it would be impertinent to add to Mr. Prior's Account of it. But it is as well known how King *William* march'd to the *Boyne*, and how gloriously he return'd. Thus Mr. *Addison* of his Muse, address'd to that King:

*She oft has seen thee pressing on the Foe,
When Europe was concern'd in ev'ry Blow;
But durst not in heroick Strains rejoyce,
The Trumpets, Drums, and Cannons, drown'd her
(Voice.*

*She saw the Boyne run thick with human Gore,
 And floating Corps lye beating on the Shore.
 She saw thee climb the Banks, but try'd in vain
 To trace her Hero through the dusty Plain,
 When thro' the thick embattel'd Lines he broke,
 Now plung'd amid the Foes, now lost in Clouds of
 (Smoke.*

King William's Greatness lifted him up the Banks of the Boyne, King Lewis's bound him fast to the Borders of the Rhine; that's all the Difference; just as much as between Magnanimity and Pusillanimity.

Lopez de Vega, in his *Jerusalem Conquestada*, makes an Epitaph on the Emperor Frederick, who came to Constantinople with his victorious Army, and was drowned in the River Cydnus as he was bathing himself after Hunting: Upon which says the Spanish Poet,

Nací en tierra, fui fuego, en aqua muero.

*Born on the Earth, he in the Water dy'd,
 And was himself all Fire.*

IN the Spectator, N^o. 62. we have a Touch or two on this very Subject, which will very much enlighten what is said of it by Father Bouhours, who, in the same Spectator, is said to be the most penetrating of the French Criticks, "The Passion of Love in its Nature, has been thought to resemble Fire;

" for which Reason the Words Fire and Flame
 " are made use of to signify Love. The witty Poets
 " therefore have taken an Advantage, from the double
 " Meaning of the Word Fire, to make an infinite Num-
 " ber of Witticisms. Cowley observing the cold Regard
 " of his Mistress's Eyes, and, at the same Time, their
 " Power of producing Love in himself, considers them
 " as *Burning-Glasses made of Ice*; and finding himself
 " able to live in the greatest Extremities of Love, con-
 " cludes the Torrid Zone to be habitable. When his
 " Mistress has read his Letter, written in Juice of Le-
 " mon, by holding it to the Fire, he desires her to read
 " it over a second Time by Love's Flames: When she
 " weeps, he wishes it were inward Heat that distill'd
 " those Drops from the Limbeck: When she is absent,
 " he is beyond Eighty; that is, Thirty Degrees nearer
 " the Pole than when she is with him. His ambitious
 " Love

" Love is a Fire that naturally mounts upwards. His
 " happy Love is the Beams of Heaven, and his unhappy
 " Love the Flames of Hell. When it does not let him
 " sleep, it is a Flame that sends up no Smoak; when
 " it is oppos'd by Counsel and Advice, it is a Fire that
 " rages the more by the Winds blowing upon it. —
 I confess, I am quite tir'd with repeating so much of it,
 and yet the *Spectator* has not half done; nor does he
 part with it upon ill Terms, giving the Author the
 Character of having as much *true Wit as any Poet that*
ever writ. If by Wit, he meant Fancy or Imagination,
 it is right; *Cowley's* Genius was ever fruitful, and would
 bear on the most barren Ground: But if by true Wit,
 he meant what he himself says afterwards, that *all*
Thoughts to be beautiful, must be just, and have their
Foundation from the Nature of Things; then *Cowley*
 had not so much of true Wit as *Theocritus, Anacreon,*
Catullus, Tibullus, Horace, &c. among the Antients;
 as *Voiture, Sarasin, La Fontaine, Waller, Walsh, Prior,*
 &c. among the Moderns. But I have observ'd, that the
Spectator, in Opposition to his own Rule, seldom takes
 Notice of any Beauties which had not been distinguished
 before by others as well as by himself, either in Writing
 or Conversation. I do not say this in the least Diminu-
 tion of the Merit of that Gentleman as a Poet or Critick.
 He had as much of it as any Man, but to let the Rea-
 der a little into the Art of the *Spectator*; for if we are
 not to remark Beauties which have been remark'd before,
 he has, in a great Measure, engross'd the Market to him-
 self, by transcribing the most beautiful Passages of *Mil-*
ton, and other Poets. Besides, that Art appears visibly,
 in his Caution as to the Character of Authors, there be-
 ing no better Way to secure his own valuable one, than
 by doing Honour to that of others. Thus of *Cowley*,
 he says, *he was an admirable Poet, had as much true*
Thought as any Author that ever writ, and indeed,
all other Talents of an extraordinary Genius; which
 was *Cowley's* Characteristick 60 or 70 Years ago, before
 Numbers and Versification were so well understood as
 now they are. And it is most certain, that *Cowley* did
 not understand Versification and Numbers, in the Per-
 fection to which *Waller, Dryden, &c.* have brought
 them; and consequently had not that Talent of an ex-
 traordinary Genius. The *Spectator*, as a Critick, is

not without a Smack of the Character of Lord *Plausible* as a Gentleman. But I think it is something like a Surgeon, who shou'd tickle his Patient's broken Leg, instead of setting it : For after all I have said of Mr. *Cowley's Love and Fire*, there is this still to come ;
 " Upon the Dying of a Tree, in which he had cut his
 " Loves, he observes, that his written Flames had burnt
 " up, and wither'd the Tree : When he resolves to
 " give over his Passion, he tells us, that one burnt like
 " him, for ever dreads the Fire ; *which, by the way,*
 " *is as low and vulgar, as it is affected ; A burnt*
 " *Child*, his Heart is an *Ætna*, that instead of *Vul-*
 " *can's Shop*, incloses *Cupid's Forge* in it. His endea-
 " vouring to drown his Love in Wine, is throwing
 " Oil upon the Fire. He would insinuate to his Mi-
 " stress, that the Fire of Love, like that of the Sun,
 " (which produces so many living Creatures) should not
 " only warm but beget. Love in another Place cooks
 " Pleasure at his Fire. Sometimes the Poet's Heart
 " is frozen in every Breast, and sometimes scorched in
 " every Eye : Sometimes he is drowned in Fears, and
 " burnt in Love, like a Ship set on Fire in the Middle
 " of the Sea". The very false Thought which *Pere*
Bouhours had just censur'd.

L'un se brulle dans l'onde au feu l'autre se noye.

One's burnt in Waves, another's drown'd in Fire.

I AM the longer upon this, because it is very dangerous to recommend Authors who abound in false Wit, tho' they may also abound in true, as *Cowley* does ; as it is to deal with a Banker whose Money is half Counterfeit. A nice Judgment distinguishes the true from the false, but in common Currency the one passes for the other ; and he that keeps it by him, is sure to be the Loser at last. And thus we are come again to *Allegory*, as also to that of *Seneca*, speaking of *Priamus* King of *Troy*, whose dead Body remain'd unburied. *Ille tot Regum parens caret sepulcro Priamus, Et flammâ indiget ardente Troja*. In *Troad. Act. 1.* The Father of so many Kings had no Sepulcher, and wanted Fire while *Troy* was in Flames. *Pere Bouhours* tells us, this Thought is *trop recherché*, too far fetched ; which, I think, is too soft a Term for it. 'Tis false, he wanted

wanted not Fire: 'Tis Quibbling in the most serious Matter. A King dead, and a City in Flames. And that is *monstrum horrendum*. Another Poet has almost the same Thought, on the same Subject.

Priamumque in littore truncum
Cui non Troja rogos.

*For Priam's Body breathless on the Shore,
Not flaming Troy wou'd make a Funeral Pile.*

THIS is not however, so extravagant and jejune as that of *Seneca*. Nothing is more vicious in a Thought, than when it is affected on a melancholy Subject. Passion will not admit of the least Affectation. 'Tis an Emotion of Nature, and spends it self in Thinking. Thus at once fall all our Similes in Tragedies; and the Poets have been told of it a thousand Times.

*So Boar and Sow, when any Storm is nigh,
Snuff up.* Rehearsal.

Laugh'd out of Countenance *Dryden's*,
*So two kind Turtles, when a Storm is nigh,
Look up.* Cong. Gran.

YET the Poets are still so fond of Similes, that they are perpetually stealing them from one another, to adorn their Tragedies with them. Their Similes, like their Rants, are generally rhim'd; and the Actor, as well as the Poet, delighting himself extremely in being clapt right or wrong, it will be a hard Matter to bring them off from this ill Custom. *Motteux* wrote a Tragedy, as he call'd it, which, when it was acted, occasioned a Laugh and a Clap, from one End to the other, to the great Satisfaction of the Poet and Player: For a Day or two *Motteux* hugg'd himself behind the Scenes, and cry'd, *I knew it wou'd take*; upon which, *Mr. Rowe*, who over-heard him, look'd about upon him, and retorted, *D'ye call that Taking?* Ay, certainly; it has been the Way of Taking ever since I knew the Playhouse, and we despair of any better Way for the Future. The *English* Drama, if not the *English* Muse, being almost as much lost, as ever were the *Greek* and *Roman*, if I ought to quibble my self when I am impleading others for Quibbling, I cou'd add, our Poets do indeed raise Pity, but it is for themselves, and not for their Heroes and Heroines. *Mr. Rowe* offends very much in the Matter of Simile; *Mirza*, in the

the *Ambitious Step-Mother*, when he had no less in his Head than

To fire the Temple, and then kill the King.

Speaking of his Master's cursing the happy Fraud that caught him, brings in a Lyon to be his Likeness.

Like a Lyon,

*Who long has reign'd the Terror of the Woods,
And dar'd the boldest Huntsmen to the Combat ;
Till catch'd at length, he bites the Toils that hold
And roars, and rolls his fiery Eyes in vain. (him,
While the surrounding Swains at Pleasure wound him,
And make his Death their Sport.
Thus Wit still gets the Mastery, &c.*

I KNOW not what the Poets cou'd have done, without the *Lyon*, the *Boar*, the *Bear*, the *Bull* in the Grand Way of Writing ; the *Dove*, the *Nightingal*, the *Lark* in the Agreeable Way ; the *Fox*, the *Monkey*, the *Ox* in the Merry Way ; the *Dragon*, the *Griffin*, and the *Vulture* in the Terrible. In *Lee's Caesar Borgia*, *Bellamira*, is eternal Spring ; the blue Heavens, a Cherubim ; *Paradise*, the *Land of Love* ; distilling Balm, and the *First Maid*, all in one Speech ; at the same Time that her Lover says,

*She reigns more fully in my Soul than ever ;
She garrisons my Breast, and mans against me
Even my own Rebel Thoughts.*

AND as to the *Lyon* aforesaid, *Dryden* has him in almost all his Plays and Poems.

Thus as a hungry Lyon, &c.

So when the generous Lyon.

As when the Swains the Lybian Lyon chase.

Thus as a Lyon when he spies.

And an Hundred more in Passion, and out of Passion ; with Reason, and without Reason, as it happens ; *Lightning* and *Thunder*, *Storms* and *Shipwrecks*, *Seas*, *Rivers*, *Floods*, and *Inundations* ; *Fountains* and *Streams* ; the *Rose*, the *Lilly*, the *Briar*, the *Oak*, the *Poplar*, the *Elm*, and the *Vine* ; *Day* and *Night*, *Morning*, *Noon*, and *Evening* : Every Wind upon the Compass, and every Star in Heaven, are Part of the Poets Stores,
and

and serve for *Simile* upon all Occasions ; nay, very often upon no Occasion at all. As *Mirza*, in the *Step-Mother*, when he is in the very Transports of Desire, and ready for a Rape, begins with a *Simile*.

*Fierce as a tow'ring Falcon from her Height,
I stoop to strike the Prey.*

Yet all the while his Soul was in such Agonies, that he cou'd not bear

*The fierce convulsive Starts, the raging Flame
That drinks his Blood.*

And *Orchanes* coming to tell him that his Daughter was dead, begins his Message as much in haste as it was with a *Simile*.

Loud as the roaring Ocean in a Storm.

And *Axallas*, in *Tamerlane*, courts *Bajazet's* Daughter with *Similes*.

*So breathe the gentle Zephirs on the Spring,
So cheers some pious Saint a dying Sinner.*

And when he's mad with Love, and hears his Mistress, he cries,

*Not Voices, Instruments, nor warbling Birds,
Not tuneful Nature, not according Spheres,
Not Winds, not murmuring Waters, &c.
Utter such Harmony.*

'Tis endless to repeat such Instances: Every Play is cramm'd with them. *Otway* makes them every where in the greatest Distress: The Violence of Rage, and the Meltings of Tenderneſs, when the Soul is either lost in a Hurricane of Fury, or in sweet Confusions of Love and Joy, and has not Leisure for Reflection, of which *Simile* is the greatest Effort; and particularly in serious Subjects. Every Thing that is not in Nature, is monstrous. Points are the most *Points*. unnatural Things in the World; yet what *Tancred* says on *Clorinda's* Tomb, is full of them.

O Saffo amato & honorato tanto
Che d'entro hai le mie fiamme, e fuori il pianto:
Non di morte sei tu: ma di vivaci
Cenere albergo ovo è riposto Amore.

*Oh dear and honour'd Marble, thou within
Dost hold my Flames of Love, my Tears without ;
Thou shalt not be the Dwelling of the Dead,
But of the living Dust where dwells my Love.*

THIS playful Way of Thinking does not agree with Tears, and a Soul in Grief has not Leisure to be stringing of Points : And what is said of *Tancred* before, is much more reasonable.

*Pallido, freddo ; muto, e quasi privo
Di movimento el marmo gli occhi affisse :
Al fin sgorgando un lagrimoso rivo
In un languido obime proruppe e disse.*

*Pale, cold, sad, comfortless, of Sense depriv'd,
Upon the Marble grey he fixt his Sight,
Two Streams of Tears were from his Eyes deriv'd,
Thus with a sad alas ! began the Knight.*

Fairfax,

To do what ? Why to say pretty Things ; just as decent as it would be for a Chief Mourner at a Funeral, to dance a Jigg with his black Cloak and Weeds. *Tasso* had much better have made *Tancred* say nothing, as he did, upon that *Knight's* discovering the Person whom he had mortally wounded in Fight, to be *Clorinda*, whose Helmet was taken off from her to be baptiz'd before she dy'd. He then says only,

*La vide e la conobbe ; e restò senza
E voce e moto. Ahi vista ! ahi conoscenza !*

*With trembling Hands, her Beaver he unty'd,
Which done, he saw, and seeing, knew her Face :
And lost therewith his Speech and Moving quite,
Oh woful Knowledge ! Ah unhappy Sight !*

But as soon as he comes to himself he speaks, and very finely too for a Man in his Condition.

—— O viso che puoi far la morte
Dolce ; mia raddolcir non puoi mia forte.

*O Face in Death, still sweet and fair,
Thou canst not sweeten yet, my Grief and Care.*

Fairfax.

Where

Where is that Simplicity which is the only true Beauty in such Kind of Sentiments : What *Tancred* says at first is more natural, and pleases more.

*Io vivo ? io spiro ancora ? e gli odiosi
Rai miro ancor di questo infausto die !*

*What ! Live I yet ? And do I breathe and see
Of this accursed Day the hateful Light.*

'Tis with *Sancerre* in the Princess of *Cleves*, as with *Tancred* in the *Gierusalemme* : His Affliction has more of Nature in it in the Beginning, than in the End. *Sancerre* is in extreme Grief at the Death of *Madame de Tournon*, and cries, *She is dead, and I will live no longer*. There he should have stopp'd ; instead of which, he goes on : *I am as much griev'd for her Death, as if she had been constant ; and as sensible of her Inconstancy, as if she had not been dead : I cannot receive any Comfort, nor can I hate her : Her Loss troubles me more than her Infidelity. I don't think her guilty enough to consent to her Death, and pay to the feign'd Passion she had for me the same Tribute of Grief that would have been due to true Love*. All which is much too ingenious for a Man in Sorrow. All Conceit on such Occasions are unseasonable, as *Dionysius Halicarnassæus* teaches us, *Omnes in re seria verborum deliciae etiam non ineptæ, intempestivæ sunt, & commiserationi plurimum adversantur*. In *Judic. de Isocr.* Can there be a Subject more dreadful than the Plague of *Athens*, as it is describ'd by *Thucydides* ? Yet *Dr. Sprat*, late Bishop of *Rocheſter* in his Poem upon it mixes Flowers and Graces with Sickness and Death : Speaking of the burning Fevers which consum'd the Infected, he says,

*The Woods gave Funeral Piles no more,
The Dead the very Fire devour ;
No Place is sacred, and no Tomb,
'Tis now a Privilege to consume.*

Then speaking to the Plague.

*Carry thy Fury to the Scythian Coasts,
The Northern Wilderſſ, and Eternal Froſts !
Against thoſe barb'rous Crowds thy Arrows whet,
Where Arts and Laws are Strangers yet,
Where thou mayſt kill, and yet the Loſs will not
(be great.
There*

*There rage, there spread, and there infect the Air,
 Murther whole Towns and Families there ;
 Thy worst against those Savage Nations dare,
 Those whom Mankind can spare ;
 Amidst that dreadful Night and fatal Cold,
 There thou may'st walk unseen and bold ;
 There let thy Flames their Empire hold,
 Unto the farthest Seas, and Nature's Ends,
 Where never Summer's Sun its Beams extends ;
 Carry thy Plagues, thy Pains, thy Heats,
 Thy raging Fires, thy torturing Sweats,
 Where never Ray nor Heat did come,
 They will rejoyce at such a Doom ;
 They'll bless thy pestilential Fire,
 Though by it they expire ;
 They'll thank the very Flames with which they do
 (consume.*

WE remember when the Plague went farther North than *Scythia*, when it left the beautiful City of *Dantzick* a Desert. Did the *Poles* and *Russes* thank the fiery Pestilence that devour'd them? Is it at such Fires that People covet to warm themselves! It will not bear Remark. The Numbers and Sentiments of that Poem are rude and disagreeable, and I wonder that it ever had its Admirers. I have already taken notice that Mr. *Rowe*, who had an excellent Genius for Tragedy, uses no Conscience in breaking in upon Decorum, with respect to Simile, a Subject I cannot part with till I have explain'd his Art in it a little farther. *Rodogune*, in his *Royal Convert*, is a Character of Love and Fury mixt; *Aribert* refuses to answer her Passion: On the contrary, he owns the Violence of his Love for *Ethelinda*: Upon which, *Rodogune*, who has them both in her Power, condemns them to die:

*Then take thy Wish, and let both die together.
 Yes, I will tear thee out from my Remembrance:
 Hence with them, take 'em, drive 'em from my Sight.*

Similes. Here's the utmost Violence of Passion, and in the very Agony her Love follows him with her Eyes.

That Look shall be my last.

A fine

A fine Stroke, extremely natural, if he had stopt there; but she goes on:

*I feel my Soul, impatient of its Bondage,
Disdaining this unworthy idle Passion,
And struggling to be free. Now, now it shoots,
It towers upon the Wing to Crowns and Empire,
While Love and Aribert, those meaner Names,
Are left, far, far behind, and lost for ever.*

This is very plainly said on purpose to introduce the Simile she has the good Luck to think of in the Height of her Transport. And by the *Shooting*, the *Tow'ring*, and the *Wing*, you might foresee it would be an *Eagle*:

*So if by Chance the Eagle's noble Offspring,
Ta'en in the Nest, becomes some Peasant's Prize.*

Thus far without Rhime; but the rest of the Verses are tagg'd with it to prepare for a Clap at the End, which it seldom mist, as has been already hinted:

*Compell'd a while, he bears his Cage and Chains,
And like a Pris'ner with the Clown remains;
But when his Plumes shoot forth, and Pinions swell,
He quits the Rustick, and his homely Cell,
Breaks from his Bonds, and in the Face of Day,
Full in the Sun's bright Beams he soars away,
Plays with Jove's Shafts, and grasps his dreadful
(Bow,
Dwells with immortal Gods, and scorns the World
(below.*

Now has not all this fine Image any Agreement with the State of her Mind: If she means that by the *Eagle*, and *Aribert* by the *Clown*, it is all Extravagance, if not Nonsense; but in Season or out of Season, we must have the *Wing*, the *Soaring*, the *Tow'ring*, the *Beams*, the *immortal Gods*, a rant Rhime and a Clap. This was one of the Traps that Mr. Row laid for Claps; the *Exits* of the principal Persons in this Play are all tagg'd with Rhime, and there was clapping from one End to the other, though the Sentiments had seldom any just Relation to the Subject in those Places at least. The Players never did or ever will mind that; if they are applauded, whether right or wrong, 'tis all one; and probably they do not know when it is right and when it is

is wrong; or if they do, their Vanity is superior to their Judgment. The Author of the *Tatler*, N^o 43. has taken some Notice of this: *There is nothing so forced and constrain'd as what we frequently meet with in Tragedies, to make a Man under the Weight of a great Sorrow, or full of Meditation upon what he is to execute, cast about for a Simile to what he himself is, or the Thing which he is going to act.* I can hardly think Mr. Addison wrote that *Tatler*, there being in it a just Complement upon himself; but what is there said is very well worth repeating: "There is nothing more proper
 " and natural for a Poet, whose Business is to describe,
 " and who is Spectator of one in that Circumstance,
 " when his Mind is working up a great Image, and
 " that the Ideas hurry upon his Imagination; I say,
 " there is nothing so natural for a Poet to relieve and
 " clear himself from the Burthen of Thought at that
 " time, by altering his Conception in Simile and Meta-
 " phor. The highest Art of the Mind of Man, is to
 " possess it self with Tranquility in eminent Danger,
 " and to have its Thoughts so free as to act at that time
 " without Perplexity. The ancient Authors have com-
 " par'd this sedate Courage to a Rock that remains un-
 " moveable amidst the Rage of Winds and Waves; but
 " that is too stupid and inanimate a Similitude, and
 " could do no Credit to the Hero. At other times they
 " are all of them wonderfully oblig'd to a *Lybian* Lion,
 " which may give, indeed, very agreeable Terrors to a
 " Description, but is no Compliment to the Person to
 " whom it is apply'd. Eagles, Tygers, and Wolves,
 " are made use of on the same Occasion, and very
 " often with much Beauty; but this is still an Honour
 " done to the Brute rather than the Hero: *Mars*,
 " *Pallas*, *Bacchus*, and *Hercules*, have each of them
 " furnish'd very good Similes in their Time, and
 " made, doubtless, a greater Impression on the Mind
 " of a Heathen than they have on that of a modern
 " Reader. But the sublime Image I am talking of,
 " and which I really think as great as ever enter'd into
 " the Thought of Man, is in the Poem call'd *The*
 " *Campaign*, where the Simile of a ministring Angel
 " sets forth the most sedate and the most active Courage,
 " engaged in an Uproar of Nature, a Confusion of Ele-
 " ments, and a Scene of divine Vengeance. Add to all,
 " that

“ that these Lines complement the General and his
 “ Queen at the same time ; and have all the natural
 “ Horrors heightned by the Image that was still fresh in
 “ the Mind of every Reader :

*'Twas then great Marlboro's mighty Soul was prov'd,
 That, in the Shock of charging Hosts unmov'd,
 Amidst Confusion, Horror, and Despair,
 Examin'd all the dreadful Scenes of War ;
 In peaceful Thought the Field of Death survey'd,
 To fainting Squadrons sent the timely Aid ;
 Inspir'd repuls'd Battalions to engage,
 And taught the doubtful Battle where to rage.
 So when an Angel, by divine Command,
 With rising Tempests shakes a guilty Land ;
 Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
 Calm and serene he drives the furious Blast ;
 And pleas'd th' Almighty's Orders to perform,
 Rides in the Whirlwind and directs the Storm.*

THE Thought is doubtless very grand ; but the Critick had forgot Milton, when he said, *'tis as great as ever any was*. Read that Passage where the Son of God drives the fallen Angels out of Heaven :

*So spake the Son, and into Terror chang'd
 His Count'nance, too severe to be beheld ;
 And full of Wrath bent on his Enemies.
 At once the Four spread out their starry Wings
 With dreadful Shade contiguous, and the Orbs
 Of his fierce Charriot roul'd as with the Sound
 Of torrent Floods, or of a num'rous Host.
 He on his impious Foes right onward drove,
 Gloomy as Night ; under his burning Wheels
 The stedfast Empyræan shook throughout,
 All but the Throne it self of God.*

Here one must pause. Intelligence cannot extend it self equally to the Imagination of the Poet, without Pain and Resting.

———— Full soon

*Among them he arriv'd, in his right Hand
 Grasping ten thousand Thunders, which he sent
 Before him, such as in their Souls infix'd
 Plagues : They, astonish'd, all Resistance lost,
 All Courage ; down their idle Weapons dropt :*

X

O'er

O'er Shields and Helms, and helmeted Heads he rode,
 Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim, prostrate,
 That wist'd the Mountains now might be again
 Thrown on them, as a Shelter from his Ire:
 Nor less on either Side tempestuous fell;
 His Arrows, from the four-fold visag'd Four,
 Distinct with Eyes; and from the living Wheels,
 Distinct alike, with Multitude of Eyes,
 One Spirit in them rul'd, and every Eye
 Glar'd Lightning, and shot forth pernicious Fire.

MR. Congreve, in his Ode upon the taking of Namur, has a Thought something like that of Mr. Addison's:

*Amidst this Rage, behold where William stands,
 Undaunted, undismay'd!
 With Face serene dispensing dread Commands,
 Which heard with Awe, are with Delight obey'd.
 A thousand fiery Deaths around him fly,
 And burning Balls his harmless by;
 For ev'ry Fire his sacred Head must spare,
 Nor dares the Lightning touch the Laurels there.*

I FLATTER my self the Reader will be pleas'd to see how the same Thought imagin'd by two Poets stands in the same Light. In Mr. Congreve's Ode before mention'd there is this Image of the Gyants War with Heaven, an Allegory of the Storming of Namur:

— Resembling thus, as far
 As Race of Men inferior may,
 The fam'd gygantic War,
 When those tall Sons of Earth did Heav'n aspire,
 A brave but impious Fire!
 Uprooting Hills with most stupendous Hail,
 To form the high and dreadful Scale.
 The Gods with Horror and Amaze lookt down,
 Beholding Rocks from their Basis rent
 Mountains on Mountains thrown,
 With threatning Hurl, that shook th' Ætherial
 (Firmament.
 Th' Attempt did Fear in Heav'n create,
 E'en Jove desponding sat;
 Till Mars with all his Force collected stood,
 And pour'd whole War on the rebellious Brood;
 Who

*Who tumbling headlong from th' empyreal Skies,
O'erwhelm'd those Hills by which they thought to rise :
Mars on the Gods did then his Aid bestow,
And now in godlike William storms with equal Force
(below.*

In this Image the Poet takes a great deal of Pains to rise ; but the Reader is left behind : Whereas *Milton's* Muse takes him upon her Wing, and bears him with her to the Skies : As where the Angels encounter Satan and his Crew within the Walls of Heaven :

*Rage prompted them, at last, and found them Arms ;
Light as the Lightning Glimps they ran, they flew ;
From their Foundations, looking to and fro,
They pluckt the seated Hills, with all their Load,
Rocks, Waters, Woods ; and by the shaggy Tops
Uplifting, bore them in their Hands. Amaze,
Besure, and Terror seiz'd the rebel Host,
When coming towards them, so dread they saw
The Bottom of the Mountains upward turn'd,*

*———— And on their Heads ;
Main Promontories flung, which in the Air
Came shadowing ———
So Hills amid the Air encounter'd Hills,
Hurl'd to and fro, with Faculation dire.*

As Similes are vicious in all Thoughts of Sorrow or Passion of any Kind, so are *Antitheses* and *Apostrophes* : According to *Demetrius*. *Phaler. Lenitati & compositioni numerosæ studere non est hominis commoti, sed ludentis, & potius sese ostentantis.* De Elocut. Of this Kind is what *Tasso* makes *Tancred* say :

*Dunque i vivrò tra memorandi essempli ;
Misero mostro d'infelice amore ;
Misero mostro, à cui sol pena è degna
De l'immenfa impietà la vita indegna.*

*A woful Monster of unhappy Love,
Who still must live least Death his Comfort prove.*

Fairfax.

Here all the Criticism of *Pere Boubours* is lost ; the playing upon the Words *dega* and *indegna* agrees not with extream Grief ;

*A woful Monster of unhappy Love ;
A woful Monster, who for this curst Deed,
Is only worthy an unworthy Life.*

Unworthy and Worthy in English do not play so well together as degna and indegna in the Italian. Tancred's Apostrophe to his Hands and Eyes are intolerable :

*Ahi man timida e lenta, hor che non offi,
Tu che fai tutte del ferir le vie ;
Tu ministra di morte empia & infame,
Di questa vita rea troncar lo stame !*

*Ah base and coward Hand, why dost thou fear
To cut my Thread of Life, who knowest so well
To cut the Thread of others Lives ?*

And again,

*And ah! you Eyes, as cruel as my Hand,
She gave the deadly Wound, and you behold it.*

*O di par con la man luci spietate !
Essa le piaghe fe, voi le mirate.*

He had said much better before,

*Io vivo ? io spiro ancora ? e gli odiosi
Rai miro ancor di questo infausto die !*

*What, live I yet, and do I breathe and see
Of this accursed Day the hateful Light !*

Mr. Sprat, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, on the Death of his Mistress who was drown'd, has some pretty Thoughts, which have just as much of Affliction in them as they have of Divinity :

*Sweet Stream, that dost with equal Pace
Both thy self fly and thy self chase,
Forbear a while to flow,
And listen to my Woe ;*

*Then go and tell the Sea, that all its Brine
Is fresh, compar'd to mine ;
Inform it that the gentler Dame,
Who was the Life of all my Flame,
Has past the fatal Flood ———*

HIS Head was so full of Trouble for the Death of his Mistress, that he has no Room for Simile, Apostrophe, Hyperbole, false Thought, &c. as may be seen by the above Verses, which are very plainly an Imitation of *Cowley's* Mistress; and an Imitation too of the very worst Part of it, the Affectation. I expect to be censur'd by many Lovers of Poetry, for being so free with the Character of the great *Cowley*, who, as a Wit, deserves that Title; but as a Poet he seems to have lost almost all his Merit in our Time. *Dryden* tells us, in his Preface to *Juvenal*, that *Cowley* copy'd Dr. *Donne* to a Fault in his *Metaphysicks*, which his Love Verses abound with: "It throws, says he, his Mistress infinitely below his Pindaricks. Again, I look'd over the Darling of my Youth, the famous *Cowley*; where, instead of Turns of Wit, I found Points and Quirks of Epigram, even in the *Davideis*, a Heroick Poem, which is of an opposite Nature to those *Puerilities*; but no elegant Turns, either on the Word or on the Thought." Now that Mirrour of Criticism, Dr. *Felton* assures us, that *Cowley's* *Davideis*, is as excellent a Poem as the *Ilias* on *Aeneis*; and I must needs say the Poet and the Critick are very equal: The *Davideis* being exactly in Comparison with the *Aeneis*, as the Doctor would be to *Varro* or *Quintilian*. I have often wonder'd how it came into the Head of that reverend Divine to criticise on others, unless it was from his being so safe himself; for a Man must have very little to do that can find time to examine such Criticisms as his are.

THE Prince, in Sir *John Denham's* *Sophy*, has an Apostrophe to the Gods, just before his Eyes are burnt out, where he plays upon a Word too:

*Can ye behold, ye Gods, a wronged Innocent;
Or sleeps your Justice like my Father's Mercy?
Or are you blind, as I must be—*

And the King his Father, in the Bitterness of his Sorrow for his Cruelty towards his Son; and in the last Moments of his Life, knowing himself to be dying of Poison, has two or three Similes to the Princess, his Son's Widow:

*Thou, like unhappy Merchants, whose Adventures
Are dash'd on Rocks, or swallow'd up in Storms;
Trust all thy Losses to the Fates; but I,*

*Like wasteful Prodigals, have cast away
My Happiness, and with it all Men's Pity.*

Yet two or three Lines after his Grief and Despair distract him:

*Oh save, save me: Who are those that stand
And seem to threaten me?
Yes, that's my Brother's Ghost, whose Birth-right
Twixt me and Empire——* (stood

As mad as he is, he's cool enough to think of a Simile.

—— *Like a spreading Cedar,
That grows to hinder some delightful Prospect,
Him I cut down——Next my old Father's Ghost;
Then my enraged Son——I come, I come.*

Nay, he dies with a Metaphor in his Mouth:

—— *But sure one Hell's
Too little to contain me, and too narrow
For all my Crimes——*

THE Prince, his Son, amidst the strong Struggle between Tenderneſs and Revenge, when he was about to murder his little Daughter *Fatyma*; because his Father lov'd her, has Simile upon Simile:

*Toſt like a Ship 'twixt two encount'ring Tides,
Love that was baniſh'd hence wou'd ſain return,
And force an Entrance; but Revenge,
That's now the Porter of my Soul, is deaf,
Deaf as the Adder, and as full of Poiſon.*

MR. Waller, in his Alterations of the *Maid's Tragedy*, puts an Allegory into the Mouth of the King, upon his being ſenſible of ſome Wrong he had done:

*My Paſſion's gone, and Reaſon's in the Throne,
Amaz'd, I ſee the Miſchiefs I have done:
After a Tempeſt, when the Winds are laid,
The calm Sea wonders at the Wrecks it made.*

Which is as deficient in Truth as in Decorum; and when he goes off in a Transport for his Deliverance, there's a String of Similes in four or five Lines:

*Of all we offer to the Pow'rs above,
The ſweeteſt Incenſe is fraternal Love;*

*Like the rich Clouds that rise from melted Gums,
It spreads it self, and the whole Isles perfumes :
This sacred Union has preserv'd the State,
And from all Tempest shall secure our Fate,
Like a well-twisted Cable, holding fast
The anchor'd Vessel, in the loudest Blast.*

If this is to be excus'd any how, it is by what the King says himself.

His Passion's gone, and Reason's in the Throne.

BUT Father *Bouhours* will not allow, that Persons in Affliction, or in the Hour of Death, should be over witty ; their Thoughts should be simple : And he tells us, he's surpriz'd to read the *Last Words of Seneca*, in a little Book bearing that Title : His Sentiments and Expressions favour much of the Declaimer and Academician. He is introduc'd, speaking after his Veins were opened, and he did not bleed freely. " It seems as if " Nature would keep me alive against my Will, and " stop the Channels, by which my Life should flow out. " This Blood, which does not run out at my opened " Veins, is an Enemy to its Liberty, and much more " to mine. It comes but Drop by Drop, tho' my Desires push it forward, as if it wou'd justify *Nero*, and " shew he is not unjust in spilling it, since it rebels against his Commands.

" THE Blood that is with Difficulty stopt in the " Wounds of others, will not issue out of mine, and " seems to have an Understanding with Death, by sticking closer to me, as she keeps farther from me.

" THIS Dagger, which only blushes with the Blood of " *Paulina*, as being ashamed of having wounded a Woman, and often having made the first Openings to no " Purpose, shall make the last with Effect". His Mind must, indeed, be very much at Ease, to turn and wind one Thought so many Ways, when his Veins were all opened to let out Life.

Theophile, in his *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, has this very Thought of the Dagger.

Ah voici le poignard qui du sang de son maître
S'est fouillé lâchement ! il en rougit le traître.

*Ab see the Dagger with its Master's Blood
Basely desl'd. It blushes like a Traytor.*

IN *Seneca's Last Words*, there is this also, "As insensible as it is, it has Pity on *Nero*; and seeing him labour under an insatiable Thirst, it opens him Fountains, where he may quench his Cruelty with Blood; which is his common Drink". *Pere Boubours* says he is not surpriz'd at *Seneca's* making Points at his Death. Men dye as they live, and it would be a greater Surprise to him, if the Approach of Death made any Alteration in their Turn of Thought: I must needs say, I should not be at all surpriz'd at it; and there is something so much against Nature in the Losing her very Being, that it might well alter a Man's Manner of Thinking; not from the Serious to the Pleasant, but from the Pleasant to the Serious. However, it is no strange Thing to see People preserve their wonted Serenity, and even Gaiety in their last Hours. We have two Instances of it, in two Martyrs, a Popish one, and a Protestant one; Sir *Thomas More*, the Popish Martyr, as the Papists term him, in *Henry the VIII's* Reign; and Dr. *Taylor* of *Hadley*, in *Queen Mary's*. The Knight crack'd Jest as he was going to the Scaffold, and the Doctor as he was going to the Stake. Sir *Thomas More* desired the Hangman to take Care of his Beard, for he was to behead him, and not shave him. And Dr. *Taylor* told the Sheriff, *he was deceiv'd, and had deceiv'd many*: Being ask'd what he meant, *Why*, says he, *I am a fat jelly Fellow, as you see here, and thought I should have dy'd, and been buried in my own Church-yard at Hadley, to have been a Feast for the Worms there, which have long expected me; but this plump Body of mine being to be burnt, I am deceiv'd in my Grave, and the Worms are deceiv'd in my Carcass*. Though such Sentiments have more Complexion than Reflection in them, yet they are sure Signs of a Calmness of Mind, and that the Distress the Persons are in, have not been able to disturb it.

BUT of this Kind, nothing is more extraordinary than what *Shakespear* and *Orway* make *Sulpitius*, a Roman General say in *Caius Marius*, as he's carry'd off wounded, immediately after the utter Ruin of *Marius* and his Party; "My Wound is not so deep as a Well, nor so wide as a Church-Door, but 'tis deep enough, 'twill serve; I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this World: A Pox on all mad Men hereafter; if I get a Monument, let this be my Epitaph.

Sulpitius

*Sulpitius lies here, that troublesome Slave,
That sent many honefter Men to the Grave,
And dy'd like a Fool, when he'd liv'd like a Knave.*

I AM sensible that *Shakespear's* Plays will not bear Criticism, as to Decency and Decorum; and I should not have mentioned it, had not *Orway* given it his Passport.

Maistre Adam, the famous Joyner of *Nevers*, made Verses, which were commended by *Maynard*, and the best Poets of his Time. He has also the Honour of being quoted by *Pere Bouhours*, for a Thought a little like that of *Seneca's* Dagger. 'Tis on the Princess *Maria's* Beauty.

De honte a fait rougir les roses,
De jalousie a fait palir les lys.

*It makes the Roses blush with Shame,
And the Lillies turn pale with Jealousy.*

I HAVE seen a Sonnet of this *Maistre Adam's*, which is truly *Anacreontick*; tho' the Joyner understood no more of *Anacreon*, than *Taylor* the Waterman did of *Homer*.

Si la Parque in humaine
Souffroit pour l'Argent,
De Quinzaine à Quinzaine,
Comme fait un sergent,
Pour vivre d'avantage,
Je ferrerois du bien,
Mais nargue du Menage,
Puis qu'il ne sert rien.

*If there was hope inhuman Death
Wou'd for our Money, spare our Breath
From Week to Week, as we see daily
For Debtors done by Catch-pole Baily;
To bribe him I'd in Coffers lock
All I cou'd scrape, and save a Stock;
But since we know that's not the Drift
Of Death, a Fig say I for Thrift.*

As *Anacreon* has the same Thought, and there had been no Translations of his Odes when *Maistre Adam* wrote, he could not have borrow'd it; which proves
what

what I have said elsewhere, that different Poets, whether they be antient or modern, writing on the same Subjects, will frequently light upon the same Thoughts.

THE Author of a Poem, call'd, the *Magdelene*, who was a Priest, has this Apostrophe to the Women of the World, in proposing to them the Pattern of the Penitent of St. *Baume*.

Ne rougirez-vous point de ses pâles Couleurs ?

Do you not blush to see her look so wan ?

Which puts me in Mind of a jolly Fellow's Defiance of the Rising Sun, after he and his Company had been all Night a Topping.

And make him blush to see us look so red.

AN Italian Preacher said of a she Saint, whose Beauty had kindled impure Desires, and who disfigur'd herself to cure the Evil she had been the Cause of ; *If the Fairness of her Face cou'd blacken the Soul of her Brethren, her Blood wou'd make them blush for Shame.*

How the Delicacy of Thought may become Vicious by being too Delicate.

VITIUM est ubique quod nimium est, says *Quintilian*, Too much is a Vice in all Things, and Delicacy has its Bounds, as well as Greatness or Agreeableness. By refining upon a Thought to make it the more Fine, it often degenerates into Subtlety, which is the Vice of Delicacy. Father *Bouhours* calls it an exquisite Affectation, not Fineness, but Refining ; in short, he does not know what to call it : *Les termes manquent pour exprimer des choses si subtiles, & si abstraits.* Terms are wanting to express Things, which are so subtle and abstracted, they are scarce conceivable, and cannot be explain'd but by Example. This is, indeed, a Thread very finely spun, and consequently so apt to break, that it must be touch'd with very tender Fingers. There are several Ways of turning the Delicacy of Thought into Subtlety, as will be seen in the *French Critick's* Instances ; particularly this of a *French Poet*, on the Roof of the before-mentioned St. *Baume*, which is very moist, and continually dropping.

Alambic lambriffé fans diminution,
Lambris alambiqué fans interruption.

*The Still's a Cieling without Diminution,
The Cieling's a Still without Interruption.*

WHERE the Words are as affected as the Thoughts, 'tis a hard Matter to turn them out of one Language into another, and preserve the Affectation. We shall find it difficult to do it in the following Epigram, made by a Poet we have more than once quoted: After having said of *Rome*, that proud City, there's nothing left of her, but her Ruins, in which there's something august and threatening; he adds,

Vicit ut hæc mundum, nisi est se vincere; vicit
A se non victum, ne quid in Orbe foret.

*As she the World has conquer'd, she would now
Conquer her self: Her self she now has conquer'd,
That there might nothing in the World remain
Which has not been her Conquest.*

HE wou'd say, the Masters of the World turn'd their Arms against themselves, and that *Rome* was destroy'd by *Romans*; if he had said that only, it had been right. The Refinement is in the Reflection, that *Rome* is conquer'd, that there might be nothing that she had not made her Conquest,

As *English* Authors do not very well understand what this Delicacy of Thought is, and if they have any Thing of it, come by it by Chance; so we shall not have many Examples from them, upon the Subject Father *Bouhours* is treating of. For I cannot think any one will accuse the following Lines of Mr. *Roxe*'s of too much Delicacy. He is speaking of the Battle of *Ramelies*.

*See where, at once, Ramellies' noble Field,
Ten thousand Themes for living Verse shall yield:
See where, at once, the dreadful Objects rise,
At once they spread before my wond'ring Eyes,
And shock my lab'ring Soul with vast Surprise.
At once the wide extended Battles move,
At once they joyn, at once their Fate they prove.*

MR. *Roxe* has out-done Mr. *Waller* in the Use of *at once*, which repeated so often, wou'd have murder'd the

the finest Thought that Imagination cou'd have produc'd. The learned Jesuit has discover'd in *Pliny's* Panegyrick upon *Trajan*, a great deal of Refinement which is infected with Subtlety, and renders the Sentiments vicious. As where he speaks of the Death of *Nerva*, after he had adopted *Trajan*. *Nervam dii cælo vindicaverunt, ne quid post illud divinum & immortale factum, mortale faceret. Deberi quippe maximo operi hanc venerationem, ut novissimum esset, authoremque ejus statim consecrandum: Ut quandoque inter posteros quæreretur; an illud jam Deus fecisset.* "The Gods withdrew *Nerva* " from the World, for fear that after having done so " divine an Action, he should do any Thing human. " So great a Work as that, ought to be the last; " and the Man who was the Author of it, should have " taken his Place in Heaven soon after it, as he did; " that Posterity might enquire, Whether he was not already a God when he did it? This Imagination is very subtle, but there's too much of it; and it is plainly one of those Quintessential Places, that made *Voiture* value *Pliny's* Panegyrick not so much as a Dish of Pottage at *Balzac*, which the Master of the House had invented.

THE Comparison is somewhat coarse for so fine a Wit as *Voiture*, but he was upon Raillery; and amidst his Pleasantry, could not help shewing his Dislike of this Panegyrick. Some Persons may wonder how *Voiture* cou'd dis-relish an Oration, in which there are so many shining Places: But his Reason was doubtless, that it glar'd instead of shining; that it is too brilliant; and he therefore lov'd a plain Dish of Pottage better: As much as to say, he preferr'd a Mess of Water Gruel to a Soop. *Balzac's* Pottage being, as Father *Bouhours* supposes, what we call Milk Pottage, or Water Gruel. And *Voiture*, loving Plainness and Simplicity in every Thing, could not approve of the Subtlety in the Panegyrick, any more than of *Hautsgouts* in Soop: Yet that Oration is not to be entirely condemned. There are many fine Things in it which *Cicero* himself needed not to have been asham'd of; tho' in many Places *Pliny* is too refin'd, too poignant, and his Panegyrick has not the Relish of the *Augustan* Age, of which Kind is the Thought upon *Trajan's* Love of the People. *Pro nobis ipsis hæc fuit summa votorum, ut nos sic amarent Dii, quomodo tu.*
Quid

Quid felicius nobis, quibus non jam illud optandum est, ut nos diligat Princeps, sed Dii quemadmodum Princeps. Civitas religionibus dedita semperque Deorum indulgentiam piè merita, nihilque felicitati suæ putat adstrui posse, nisi ut Dii Cæsarem imitentur. “We have
 “ nothing to pray for more for our Happiness, than that
 “ the Gods would love us, as you do. What Men
 “ are so happy as we, who have not to desire that our
 “ Prince wou’d love us, but that the Gods wou’d love
 “ us as our Prince does. This City, as religious as it
 “ is, and which has, by its Piety, merited the Good-
 “ Will of the Gods, believes nothing can render it more
 “ fortunate, than their imitating the Emperor. —
 Here is a little more Delicacy than there should be, and
Pere Bouhours adds, if the Reader does not perceive it
 of himself, he does not know how to explain it to him.
 It is much easier to be imagin’d than express’d. When
 profane Authors subtilize too much, ’tis generally at the
 Expence of their Deities. *Lucan* does it every where :
 His Imagination was naturally violent, very apt to swell,
 and sometimes to burst, when the Gods are brought into
 a Thought: As in the Passage we have already quoted.

Solatia fati

Carthago, Mariusque tulit, pariterque Cadentes
 Ignovere Diis. —

*There in the lone unpeopled Desert Field,
 Proud Carthage, in her Ruins, he beheld ;
 Amidst her Ashes pleas’d, he sat him down,
 And joy’d in the Destruction of the Town.
 The Genius of the Place with mutual Hate,
 Rear’d its sad Head, and smil’d at Marius’ Fate ;
 Each with Delight survey the fallen Foe,
 And each forgave the Gods that brought them low.*

I REPEAT this Quotation as *Father Bouhours* has done,
 not only to shew how *Lucan* has made the Gods culpa-
 ble, and in a State to need Forgiveness, but also to give
 an Instance of *Mr. Rowe’s* copious Version ; for it may be
 express’d ;

*Carthage and Marius mutual Comfort took
 Each in the other’s Fall, and each alike
 Forgave the Gods.*

THE Lord Rochester, in the Tragedy of *Valentinian*, goes beyond *Lucan*, in subtilizing at the Expence of the Gods ; yet, sure he is not to be reckon'd among the profane Authors. *Maximus* speaks,

*Gods, wou'd you be ador'd for doing Good;
Or only fear'd for proving Mischievous ;
How would you have your Mercy understood ?
You, who decree each seeming Chance below,
So great in Power, were you as good in Will,
How cou'd you ever have produc'd such Ill ?
Had your eternal Minds been bent on Good,
Cou'd human Happiness have prov'd so lame ?*

DRYDEN, of all the Poets that ever wrote, makes most free with the Gods. He seems to be pleas'd when he has an Opportunity to fall upon them, and he does it without Ceremony.

IN his *All for Love*, he gives them Advice to behave better.

*Be juster Heaven ! Such Vertue punish'd thus,
Will make us think that Chance rules all above ;
And shuffles, with a random Hand, the Lots
Which Man is forc'd to draw.*

He reasons the Case with them in more Places than one, and shews them wherein they are deficient in Justice, Mercy, and even common Sense.

*Eternal Deities,
Who rule the World with absolute Decrees,
What is the Race of human Kind your Care,
Beyond what all his Fellow-Creatures are ;
Nay, worse than other Beasts is our Estate,
Them to pursue their Pleasures you create :
We, bound by harder Laws, &c.*

Pal. & Arcite.

AND in his *Spanish Fryar*, he expostulates the Matter with them more furiously.

*Good Heavens, why gave you me
A Monarch's Soul,
And crusted it with such Plebeian Clay ?
Why gave you me Desires of such Extent,
And such a Span to grasp them ? Sure my Lot,
By some o'er hasty Angel was misplac'd
In Fate's Eternal Volume.*

A.

As a Bookseller in a Shop might clap an *Ogilby's Homer* on the Shelf, instead of *Mr. Pope's*; or any other egregious Blunder might be committed. Foreign Poets, as much Papists as they are, do seldom err so flagrantly as the *English*, who, however, have otherwise demeaned themselves as very good Churchmen; I mean, in the modern Sense only. *Otway* was a Minister's Son, and had a regular Education at *Cambridge*; yet he is often at *Dagger's* drawing with the Deities:

*Tell me why, good Heav'n!
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the Spirit,
Aspiring Thoughts, and elegant Desires,
That fill the happiest Man! ———
Is this just Dealing? as before.*

A VERY hard Case truly, that he might not be as wicked as he pleas'd without being accountable to good *Heaven* for it. *Dryden* is sometimes in a better Humour with the Gods, and allows that they do know more than he does: As in *Tyrannick Love*.

*Thus with short Plummets Heaven's deep Will we
The vast Abyss where humane Wit is drown'd.* (sound,

And borrowing from himself in *Oedipus*:

*But Man, vain Man, would with this short-lin'd
Fathom the vast Abyss of heav'nly Justice.* (Plummet,

THE Author of the Critical Letter in the *Guardian*, says *Dryden* is generally wrong in his Sentiments, as has been remark'd elsewhere. He really seems to have no Regard to the Justness of Thought, and to let his fruitful Imagination rove at random, either not knowing when it was just or unjust, or not regarding it; or thinking his Reader would either not know or not regard it. *Mr. Row* is much more discreet in his Way of Thinking; yet he can't help giving into the same Weakness sometimes; as where *Mirza* says, in the *Ambitious Step-Mother*, speaking to the Princess of *Persia*:

*Such Juno was, except alone those Tears,
When upon Ida's Top she charm'd the God;
Made him forget the Business of the World,
And lay aside his Providence, & employ*

The

*The whole Divinity upon her Beauty ;
And sure 'twas worth the while.*

HERE too the *Persian* shews himself to be wonderfully well acquainted with the Gods, the Goddeffes, the History and Country of *Greece*. I have already spoken of this Fault in modern Tragedies ; it is so apparently one, and so easily amended, that I wonder it prevail'd so much as it did in all of them : And I take Notice of it here again, to shew that it is common with the Poets to commit this double Fault, to confound Systems of Religion, and to bully or rally the Gods at the same time.

A *Roman* Historian has much such a Thought as that of *Lucan* about *Marius*, only he does not bring Heaven into it. After having said that *Marius* suffer'd all the Inconveniencies of poor Life in a Cottage, among the Ruins of *Carthage* ; he adds, that the *Roman* looking upon *Carthage*, and *Carthage* upon the *Roman*, it might serve for a sort of Consolation to both of them. If that is not Subtlety 'tis somerhing very like it ; but a Poet had more Pretence to make use of the Term than an Historian, who ought to be more natural and more simple. I could name an *English* History which is full of Refinement, especially in the Characters, wherein there's hardly any thing that is so simple and natural as History requires, according to Father *Bouhours* ; will any one say that there are not all the evident Signs of Study and Art, both in the Thought and Expression ? There is Beauty, 'tis true, but it is that Beauty which is owing to Paint, and not to Complexion : It is florid and shining, like Art ; but it is not plain and charming, like Nature. In Mr. *Echard's* History there is not much Refinement, and, indeed, there could not be ; for there is not a Sentiment of the Historian's, from King *Cassibelan* to King *James*, which has the least Delicacy in it ; the Author did not know what was meant by it, at least, when he wrote the History : And if at any time there is Simplicity in his History, it is not that which Father *Bouhours* compares to the Manner of a Country Girl of good Sense ; but that of a Country Girl without it ; of which Instances enough have been given elsewhere.

IN the Thought of the Historian about *Marius*, the learned Jesuit observes, that the Author might have imagin'd

imagin'd the *Roman* to have taken Consolation at the Sight of *Carthage* in Ruins, without adding that *Carthage* took Comfort in the Fall of *Marius*. That Turn is more than was necessary, and is what he means by Refinement and Subtlety. What *Plutarch* tells us of the same *Marius* is delicate, without Subtlety or Refinement: A *Roman* Prætor, who was Governor of *Lybia*, having sent an Express to *Marius*, forbidding him to set Foot within his Province, *Marius* reply'd to the Message: Tell *Sextilius* thou saw'st *Marius* sitting among the Ruins of *Carthage*. Which is said to warn him of the Inconstancy of Fortune; that by the Destruction of so mighty a City, he might learn to fear a like dreadful Change in his own Condition; which not being said but understood, makes the Delicacy of the Thought.

LIVY and *Salust* do not offend in Delicacy, by Refinement, as *Tacitus* does; and they are therefore prefer'd to him by the Criticks. He was a great Politician; and had a great deal of Wit and good Sense; but in my Author's Judgment he was not an excellent Historian. I have upon this often reflected, that a Politician must necessarily be a bad History Writer, there being nothing more contrary to the Simplicity of Nature than those Maxims of Art by which Politicians govern themselves in both Thoughts and Actions. In *Tacitus's* Annals there is neither that Simplicity nor that Perspicuity which are requisite in History; he reasons too much on Events, and rather guesses at the Intentions of Princes than discovers them; he does not relate Things as they happened, but as he would have had them happen. In a Word, his Reflections are too fine, and not enough within Verisimilitude. An ingenious Writer is now upon a Version of *Tacitus*; it is to be hoped he is as well acquainted with him as *Father Bouhours*; that he has discovered, and will direct us to it, where the *Annalist* is out of Nature and Verisimilitude, where his Reflections are too fine, where he only guesses at Things, and where he reasons too much of Events. It is to be hoped, I say, that we shall know all this from him, if he knows it himself; and if he does not, it were to be wish'd he had pitch'd upon some other Historian. I remember an Observation made in Conversation by the Translator, that the Duke of *Rochefaucault's* Manner, in his Memoirs, resembled that of *Tacitus's* in his Annals; and the

Company were of his Mind ; for they could not believe but a Man who could translate a Book must needs understand the Manner of the Author as well as he who wrote it ; but he was opposed by a Gentleman then present. I have met with a Passage very *a propos*, in a Treatise, entitl'd, *Melanges d'Histoire & de Literature* ; by which I understood that the Translator had taken his Observation from *Amelot de la Houffay*, who translated *Tacitus* into French : *Je ne scay pour quoi M. Amelot de la Houffay qui a mis la main a cette Edition & en a brode les Marges de lieux communes, compare Monsr. de la Rochefaucault a Corneille Tacite. Jamais Auteurs au Monde ne sont moins ressembles, ni pour le Stile, ni pour la maniere de traiter l'Histoire. Si M. de Rochefaucault a imite quelq'un ancien illustre, il faut que ce soit Sallust.* “ I can't imagine why *M. Amelot de la Houffay*, who was the Publisher of the Duke de “ *Rochefaucault's* Memoirs, and interlac'd it with Marginal Notes, should compare that Duke to *Cornelius Tacitus* ; never were two Authors so little like one “ another, both as to Stile and Manner. If the Duke “ *de Rochefaucault* imitated any ancient Historian, it was “ *Sallust.*” Which shews us, at least, that the Gentleman who oppos'd the Translator in this Observation, was as well acquainted as himself with the Manner and Stile of the Original. An Instance of *Tacitus's* refining too much is what follows : *Ne Tiberium quidem caritate, aut Reipublicæ cura successorem ascitum ; sed quoniam arrogantiam sevitiæque ejus intropexerit, comparatione deterrima sibi gloriam quæsisisse.* *Augustus* preferred *Tiberius* to *Agrippa* and *Germanicus*, only for his Glory's Sake ; that by comparing his Arrogancy and Cruelty with the Clemency and Moderation of his Predecessor, the one might serve as a Shade to the Lustre of the other. Father *Bouhours* thinks this is doing an Injustice to the Memory of *Augustus*, and making him think otherwise than he did. As in this Passage also : *Primores civitatis scripserat plerosque invisos sibi, sed jactantiâ gloriaque ad posteros.* He named those of the principal Citizens of *Rome*, whom he hated most, among his Heirs, out of Vanity, and to leave a good Name to Posterity. Whereas probably it was out of a Principle of Goodness and Humanity, and to shew he bore them no ill Will when he went out of the World. A Sentiment

ment becoming not only the Generosity of a *Roman*, but the Piety and Charity of a *Christian*. *Tacitus* is not the only Historian who subtilises too much; several modern Writers of History have fallen into the same Error by imitating him. One of his *Apes*, as *Pere Bouhours* calls him, made no Scruple to say of the Duke of *Wirtemberg*: "That he lov'd to do Mischief only for the Pleasure of doing it. That he hated the Rank of a Sovereign in all things, except the Power of doing ill with Impunity." And of a Bishop of *Utrecht*, of the last House of *Burgundy*, he said, "That he despis'd those who prais'd Chastity, as much as those who kept it; and that the only Way to his Palace was by publick Fornication." Where did the Author meet with such Memoirs? Who told him that there was no Way to the Episcopal Palace but by Whoredom? Could he be furnish'd with such fine Ideas by any thing but his own Imagination? or with such as the following, concerning Queen *Katherine de Medicis*, the Duke of *Anjou*, and the Prince of *Conde*? where he says, on occasion of a Quarrel between the two Princes: *That the Prince of Conde hated the Duke of Anjou to as great a Degree of Excess, as if he had not at the same time drained his Aversion by redoubling his Hatred to the Queen.* Which is starched and affected to the last Degree; more even than what *Megara*, in *Seneca*, says, in the Height of her Indignation against the Murderer of her Family, and the Usurper of her Kingdom:

*Patrem abstulisti, regna, germanos, larem,
Patriam: Quid ultra est? Una res superest mihi,
Fratre ac parente carior, regno & lare,
Odium tui: Quod esse cum populo, mihi
Commune doleo: Pars quota ex isto mea est.*

Herc. Fur.

"After having lost all, she comforted her self in some wife for her Losses, by the Pleasure she took in hating him. That her Hatred was dearer to her than her Family, her Crown, and her Country. That one Thing only troubled her; which was, that the People also hated him; because she would fain have all the Hatred that was born to so cruel and hateful a Tyrant, collected within her own Breast." All the Makers of political or moral Reflections do not re-

semble the Duke de Rochfaucault, in those he has given the World full of Delicacy and good Sense. However, with Father *Bouhours's* Leave, one may venture to affirm, that most of his moral Reflections are really common Thoughts turned after a new Manner, and exprest in Terms that strike more than what we are daily used to. Most political Reflections are somewhat visionary; and one may apply the *Italian* Proverb to them: *Chi troppo l'assotiglia, la scavezza*. There are the *Malvezzis* and the *Ceriziers*, who sophisticate their Thoughts, and will tell you, that those who have Recourse to the Sword which Justice holds in one Hand, seldom take hold of the Ballance she holds in the other; that Beauty is the most powerful and the most weak Enemy Man has; that she wants only a Look to conquer, and that not to look on her is to triumph over her. One cannot say these Thoughts are not just and witty; but there's too much of it; too much Shew and too little Substance, like Blades of Swords or Knives which are filed down almost to Nothing; or little Pieces of Ivory that lose their Consistence by too much Delicacy. Such an Author as this would say of a Lady he attempted to praise, *That the most odd Grimaces have an inexpressible Grace with them, when she counterfeits those that make them*. The terrible Graces in *Homer*, and the fair Horror in *Tasso*, have past; but the agreeable Grimaces will never be passable; and to make them, or counterfeit those that do so, is equally disagreeable: *Homerus in ludendo majorem truculentiam præ se fert; ac primus etiam dicitur horrentes veneres reperisse*. Demet. Phaler. de Elocut. The agreeable Grimace is a new Whim: And 'tis of such sort of Thoughts the *Italian* says, *Questo a bizzarmente pensato*. There is something noble and fierce in *Homer's Cyclops*, which pleases; and *Tasso's Camp* is a like fair and formidable Sight:

Bello in sì bella vista anco è l'horrore.

But what sort of Grimace must it be to please? That of Grinning had all this Agreeable in it, when the Fellows grin'd for a Hat. After this Rate, *Bullock* and *Penkyman* must be the two most agreeable Persons of the Age, and Yawning the finest Posture a Lady can put her Face into. You laugh at the Grimaces of *Scaramouch* and *Harlequin*; but it is not that you are pleased with

them,

them. There is a Laugh of Contempt as well as Pleasure ; and what Sight is more contemptible than that of good Features distorted, and a Man's Visage made to mimick a Monkey's. Those poor Creatures who abase their Maker's Image thus on the Stage, are pity'd by all reasonable Persons ; as lewd Women who prostitute themselves for a Piece of Silver, and sometimes less. *Scarron*, the first Husband of *Madam Maintenon*, said much better of a *Spanish* Lady : That no Body ever drest so well as she ; and the least Pin, stuck by her Finger, had a particular Charm in it. This is natural, at least ; but the agreeable *Grimace* is monstrous ; yet how often is it made the Entertainment of the rural Quality ; not to say the Urbane, though by the Reception that *Estcourt* and others met with, one may doubt whether it is not a Diversion to them too ? The *Mimes* of old, who could represent all human Passions to the Life, by their Looks only, and could move the like Passions in others, were always suppress'd in the best Times of the *Roman* Government, though that Government was *Pagan* ; and the *Mimes* were much greater Masters of their Art, than our modern *Harlequins* and *Scaramouches*, who sacrifice their Character of Men to that of Apes ; and of tolerable humane Figures become sorry Monkeys. Boys, and the Rabble, may be diverted with such Entertainments ; but they are below the Dignity of humane Nature, and must be shocking to Persons who have the least Sense of it. The Encouragement that *Grimace* had from the Town two or three Winters ago, is a melancholy Instance of the Degeneracy of the Age, and a sad Omen, among many others, of our running back to Barbarism. It is too plain, our Poetry of all Kinds, our Language, and every thing that concerns polite Literature, are going down apace. The Poets make Verses without Genius, and our Orators make Speeches without Eloquence. What this will come to in the next Age may be guess'd at, by comparing *Catullus* and *Martial*, *Cicero* and *Pliny* ; tho' it is to be fear'd that our Fall will be faster than was that of the *Romans*, as to what regards Poetry and Eloquence. I think it is a general Observation, that no Language ever recover'd it self after it began to decline. The *English* Tongue was very much refin'd in Queen *Elizabeth's* Reign ; and in the next Age receiv'd as

much polishing as perhaps it was capable of; after which, can we expect better for our Tongue than what beſel the *Roman*; and the Criticks will hardly allow it to have retain'd its Perfection above a hundred Years. The Productions which we ſee daily offer'd to the World, are Proofs that our Language is at its Criſis, if not paſt it. I fell into this Digreſſion all at once, and unawares; but I hope it will not be tireſome. Father *Bouhours* takes a great Part of the Subtlety, in the Thoughts of modern Writers, to ariſe from their endeavouring to refine upon the Ancients: *Coſtar* has obſerv'd that *Bion* makes the Loves only to weep over the Tomb of *Adonis*; and *Pindar* is contented with making the Muſes mourn over that of *Achilles*; but *Sannazarus* has ſhut up the Loves in the Tomb of his *Maximilla*:

Hoc ſub marmore Maximilla clauſa eſt,
Quâ cum frigiduli jaçent Amores.

And *Guarini* has bury'd the Muſes with his Miſtreſs;

Piange Parnaffo e piagnerian le Muſe:
Mà qui teço ſon elle e morte e chiuſe.

*Parnaffus and the Muſes wou'd have wept,
But that they dy'd when ſhe did.*

ANOTHER *Italian* Poet does not only bury the *Graces* and the *Muſes*; but *Apollo*, their Father, too:

E vedove le Gratie, orbe le Muſe
Parean pur col lor padre in tomba chiuſe.

*The Graces, Muſes, and their Father, Phœbus,
Seem to be bury'd with her.*

Seem to be bury'd, ſoftens it a little; and 'tis well the Poet did ſo; for his own Poetry would have ſared the worſe for it, if he, in effect, had ſhut them all up in the ſame Tomb. What great Damage would it have been to his Brother Poets, had there been no *Graces*, no *Muſes*, and no *Apollo* left in the World? Could we have born with the Loſs of them, as well as with that of the Smiles and the Sports, which a learned Man has ſhut up with the *Latin, French, Italian, and Spaniſh* Muſes, in the Tomb of *Voiture*:

Etruſcæ

Etruscæ veneres, Camœnæ Iberæ,
Hermes Gallicus, & Latina Siren;
Rifus, deliciæ, Dicacitates,
Lusus, ingenium, joci, lepôres,
Et quidquid fuit elegantiarum;
Quo Vecturius hoc jacent sepulcro.

*The Tuscan Loves, the Spanish Muses,
The Gallick Hermes, the Latin Siren,
The Laughs, the Joys, fine Railleries,
The Sports, the Turns of Wit, the Jests,
The Graces; and, to sum up all,
Whatever was in Eloquence,
In Voiture's Tomb is bury'd.*

ONE may perceive *Pere Boubours* was highly pleas'd with *Voiture's* Wit and Manner, which, indeed, were as agreeable as could be, and rais'd the Jealousy of *Boileau*, who not only endeavour'd to outdo him in his Way, by the Letter to the Duke de *Vivonne* from the *Elysian* Fields, in Imitation of his Manner; but also fell upon him in his Art of Poetry; for the following Verses refer to *Voiture*:

Je hais ces vaines Auteurs, dont la Muse forcee
M'entretient de ses feux toujours froide & glacee,
Qui s'affligent par Art, & sous de sens rassis,
S'erigent pour rimer en amoureuse transis.

I shall make bold with Sir *William Soam's* and *Dryden's* Translation, though 'twill appear to be short of the Original:

*I hate those luke-warm Authors, whose forc'd Fire,
In a cold Stile describe a hot Desire;
That sigh by Rule, and raging in cold Blood,
Their sluggish Muse whip to an am'rous Mood.*

HERE is the Judgment of a very great Critick, contrary to that of as great a Critick as himself, *Pere Boubours*, who, p. 356. says, *Voiture*, si je ne me trompe estoit naturel en tout. *Voiture*, if I am not mistaken, follow'd Nature in every thing. Nay, *Boileau* himself, in his Letter to *Perrault* on their Reconciliation, confesses that *Voiture's* Elegies are wonderfully charming; yet what he writes against him refers particularly to the

Elegy. Nor was he contented with attacking him once, he does it again in the same Poem:

(vaines,

Leurs transports les plus doux ne sont que phrases
Ils ne savent jamais que se changer de chaines,
Que benir leur Martyre, adorer leur Prison,
Et fais quereller le Sens & la Raison.

*Their feign'd Transports appear but flat and vain,
They always sigh, and always hug their Chain,
Adore their Prison, and their Sufferings bless,
Make Sense and Reason quarrel as they please.*

THAT he means *Voiture* is confirm'd by what we read in the *Nouveau Recueil des Epigrammatistes* & il continue ainsi sa Critique qui designe *Voiture* d'une maniere a ne le pouvoir meconnoitre. He marks *Voiture* out so plainly that one can't be mistaken in him. Thus we see that Jealousy in Fame, as well as in Love, debases the most generous Mind, and makes him say and do Things which subject him to our Pity, if it does not expose him to our Indignation. Father *Bouhours*, having in this Place bury'd *Voiture* very handsomely, we shall meet with him no more in this Treatise of his.

THE learned Man, who made the *Latin* Epitaph for *Voiture*, in all probability, took the Hint from *Martial*, who says of a Comedian of his Time, that all the Jest, all the Pleasantry, and all the Diversions of the Stage were bury'd with him. This is exactly like *Martial* and the *Italian* Poets, of whom their Father, *Petrarch*, speaking of the Death of his visionary Mistress, *Laura*, says,

Nel tuo partir, partì del mondo amore
E cortesia.

*When she departed, gentle Love
And Courtesy departed with her.*

All alike false. The Graces, the Muses, the Smiles, the Joys, the Jest, live still, as well as Love and Courtesy, notwithstanding the Poets bury'd them in Epitaphs. The Poet who wrote that for *Voiture's* Tomb wrote another for *Scarron's*, which is very pretty:

Deliciæ

Deliciæ procerum, tota notissimus aula
Venerat ad Stygias Scaro facetus aquas.
Solvuntur risu mœstissima turba silentum.
Hic Jocus & Lusus; hic lacrumant Veneres.

*When Scarron went to t'other World,
The Dead there at his coming laught;
But since his Death the Sports and Smiles
Do nothing in this World but weep.*

THIS Thought, taken according to the Divinity of *Parnassus*, is natural, as it is extremely delicate. I was a little surpriz'd to meet with an Instance of Refinement and Subtlety in a Thought of *St. Austin's*; for having not read much of the Fathers, I always took it for granted that there was nothing in their Writings but Piety and Simplicity; whereas the Passage *Pere Bouhours* cites out of *St. Austin's* Confession, is as subtle and affected as any we have met with in *Martial* or the *Italian* Poets. He is speaking of the Death of a Friend whom he dearly lov'd; and having said he wonder'd how other Mortals could live, since the Man he had lov'd as a Person who was not to die, was dead; and he wonder'd still more that he liv'd himself, his Friend, who was another himself, being dead: He adds, " 'Twas very well said of my Friend, that he was my other Half; for I felt that my Soul and his was but one Soul in two Bodies; and on his Account it is that I abhor Life; because I would not live by halves. On the same Account also it is that I fear'd to die, lest he, whom I lov'd so well, should entirely die." *Ideo mihi horrore erat vita, quia nolebam dimidius vivere; & ideo fortè mori metuebam, ne totus ille moreretur, quem multum amaveram.* I should as soon have thought that *St. Austin* could have danc'd a Jigg, as that he could have had so much Subtlety and Refinement in a Sentiment. *Father Bouhours* seems to believe he borrow'd part of it from *Horace*, where he calls *Virgil* the Half of his Soul:

Et serves animæ dimidium meæ.

Dryden has translated it,

*And save the better Part of me
From perishing with him at Sea.*

Horace,

Horace, in another Place, gave *St. Austin* a Hint for Part of his Thought, where he says to *Mecenas* :

Ah, te meæ si partem animæ rapit
Maturior vis, quid moror altera ?
Nec carus æque, nec superstes
Integer.

*If cruel Death should force you from me,
You, who are one Part of my Soul ;
How should I with the other live,
Not lov'd as now, and not entire ?*

St. Austin has spoilt this Thought of *Horace* by refining upon it ; but sometimes a Thought may be improv'd with Refinement, as that of *Horace* where he says,

Post equitem sedet atra cura.
Care always rides behind him.

Which *Boileau* has very well improv'd without Subtlety, in his Epistle to *Monf. de Guilleragues* :

Un fou rempli d'erreurs que le trouble accompagne,
Et malade à la ville ainsi qu'à la campagne,
En vain monte à cheval pour tromper son ennui ;
Le chagrin monte en croupe, & galope avec lui.

*In vain a mad Man, full of Errors, shuns
The Care that follows him where-e'er he runs.
In Town 'tis with him, in the lonely Shade
His Heart's still sick, and loaded is his Head :
In vain he from his Horse Relief would find ;
Care mounts as fast as he, and rides behind.*

THE *French Critick* thinks the *French* has something in it more lively and beautiful than the *Latin*. But *Horace*, in another Place, makes *Care* embark with the *Seamen*, and run after *Horsemen* faster than *Stags* or *Winds* ; which last Thought he says is full of *Vivacity* :

Scandit æratas vitiosa naves
Curæ : Nec turmas equitum relinquit
Ocyor cervis, & agente nimbos
Ocyor Euro.

Thus

Thus render'd into *English* by Mr. John Hughes:

*But swifter far is execrable Care
Than Stags, or Winds, that thro' the Skies
Thick driving Snows, and gather'd Tempests bear,
Pursuing Care the sailing Ship out-flies.
Climbs the tall Vessels painted Sides,
Nor leaves arm'd Squadrons in the Field;
But with the marching Horsemen rides,
And dwells alike in Courts and Camps, and makes
(all Places yield.*

Few Authors are capable of improving a Thought of the Antients; their Sentiments have that Height of Perfection, that there's no Room left for adding any Thing; yet some were of Opinion in *France*, that *Maynard* had improv'd a Thought of *Lucan's*, in the ninth Book, on *Cornelia's* Mourning for the Death of *Pompey*.

Perfruitur lacrymis, & amat pro conjuge luctum.

*Still with fresh Tears the living Grief wou'd feed,
And fondly loves it in her Husband's Stead.*

Rowe.

Maynard turns it thus, on a Father's mourning for the Death of his Daughter.

*Qui me console, excite ma colére,
Et le repos est un bien que je crains:
Mon deuil me plaist, & me doit toujours plaire;
Il me tient lieu de celle que je plains.*

*Who comforts me, my Wrath excites
I fear from Rest to find Relief;
In Grief alone my Soul delights,
And always shou'd delight in Grief.
For Her, alas! who now is dead,
My living Grief must stand in Stead.*

BOUHOURS says he has not improv'd, but only translated, or paraphras'd it, without adding any Thing new; and justly observes, that it is very difficult to heighten the Beauty of a Thought which was beautiful before; as *Aristotle* tells us that antient Author did who improv'd the Saying of another, *Fair Persons carry Letters of Recommendation in their Foreheads.* Thus those Letters are written with Nature's own Hand, and are legible in all Nations. 'Tis dangerous to endeavour
to

to have more Wit than those that have most. This leads directly to Refinement, unless great Care be taken: But those Wits that subtilize, need only follow their Genius to take Flight, and lose themselves in their own Thoughts. Dr. *Donne*, and Mr. *Cowley* are sufficient Instances of this Vice in our Language: The Latter, as has been hinted, copy'd the Former in his Faults; and it seems strange to me, that after *Suckling* and *Waller* had written, whose Genius's were so fine and just, Mr. *Cowley* should imitate Dr. *Donne*; in whom there's hardly any Thing that's agreeable, or one Stroke which has any Likeness to Nature: Two or three Examples will serve to shew his Manner; as this of his falling in Love.

*Love swallows us but never chaws,
By him, as by Chain-Shot, whole Ranks do dye,
He is the Tyrant Pike, and we the Frye.
If 'twere not so what did become
Of my Heart when I first saw Thee?
I brought a Heart into the Room,
But from the Room I carry'd none with me,
If it had gone to Thee I know,
Mine wou'd have taught thine Heart to show
More Pity unto me. But Love alas!
At one first Blow did shiver it as Glass.*

BUT what follows is still more extraordinary. 'Tis on Love too, the most natural Subject which can be thought of.

*Our two Souls therefore which are one,
Though I must go, indure not yet
A Breach, but an Expansion,
Like Gold to airy Thinness beat.
If they be two, they are two so,
As stiff twin Compasses are two,
Thy Soul, the fixt Foot, makes no shew
To move, but doth if t'other do.
And tho' it in the Center sit,
Yet when the other far doth rome,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes Home.
Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like t'other Foot, obliquely run,*

Thy

*Thy Firmness makes my Circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.*

WHAT Woman's Heart in the World could stand out against such an Attack as this, after she once understood how to handle a Pair of Compasses? Both *Donne* and *Cowley* were Men of Learning, and must consequently have read the Antients over and over. They could never learn this from them, but owe all the Extravagance in it to their own Genius's. I have elsewhere taken Notice of *Boileau's* imitating the Wits of antient *Greece* and *Rome* in his Writings, and paraphrasing upon their Thoughts, without pretending to make them better than he found them. 'Tis very well if he preserves the Spirit that was in the *Greek* and *Latin* in his own Language; and this he does very often, as may be seen by the Citations out of the antient Authors, in the latter Editions of his Works, compar'd with his Verses which are taken from them. He sometimes borrows from *Virgil's* most serious Poems, what he makes use of in his *Satyrs*; as particularly this Passage in the Fourth of the *Æneis*.

Nec tibi Diva parens, generis nec Dardanus Auctor,
Perfide sed Buris genuit te cantibus harrens
Caucasus. Hyrcanæque admorunt Ubera Tigres.

Non ton Pere a Paris, ne fut point Boulanger
Et tu n'es point du sang de Gervais Horloger:
Ta Mere ne fut point la Maitresse d'un Coche,
Caucase dans ses flancs, te forma d'un Rochè:
Une Tigresse affreuse, en quelque Antre ecartè
Te fit, avec son lait, succer sa Cruauté.

*Thy Father never was a Paris Baker,
Nor Thou the Blood of Gervais the Clock-maker;
Thy Mother never was a Coachman's Bride,
Form'd of a Rock in Caucasus's Side,
Or a Fell Tygress in some horrid Cave,
Thee with her Milk, her cruel Nature gave.*

SIR *John Denham* translates *Virgil* thus, and, I think, better than *Dryden*.

*Thy Mother was no Goddess, nor thy Stock
From Dardanus, but in some horrid Rock,
Perfidious Wretch! rough Caucasus Thee bred,
And with their Milk, Hyrcanian Tygers fed.*

STRADA,

STRADA, in his Wars of *Flanders*, after having told us, that the Cannon carried away the Legs of some of the Soldiers, the Heads of others, and Arms and Shoulders in Abundance ; that their Members so carry'd away wounded their Companions which were dying, as one may say, by the Hands of their own People and their Friends : He adds, *Dimidiato corpore pugnabant, sibi superstites, ac peremptæ partis ultores*, some were cut in two by Chain-Shot, and fought with half their Bodies ; and thus out-living themselves, revenged that Part of their Bodies which they had lost. Such a Description as this is hardly sufferable in the *Amadis's*, and *Don Quixot's*, and is scandalous in serious History ; How much more natural is that of *Widdrington* in *Chevy Chase*, whom the Poet allows to be

—— In doleful Dumps,
Yet when his Legs were both cut off,
He fought upon his Stumps.

Which he might very well be suppos'd to do, allowing him a little of the Courage of the *Saraten* in *Tasso*, who threaten'd the Christians after he was dead.

E morto anco minaccia.

BUT for one half of a Body to fight after the other is lost, and to revenge the Loss of it, is not Subtlety properly, but Nonsense ; and hardly worth Criticism, were it not for the Character of the Author. Of the many fine Things in the Ballad of *Chevy Chase*, I wonder this should be omitted by the Author of *Spectator*, N^o. 70. which is a Comment upon it ; and he endeavours to shew how the Old *English* Poet has refin'd upon the Latin, even the Prince of the Latin Poets, in *Earl Douglas's* last Words, and other Places ;

Lord Piercy sees my Fall.

The *Spectator* acknowledges that *Turnus* does not dye in so Heroick a Manner.

—— Vicisti & Victum
Ausonii videre.

*The Latian Chiefs have seen me beg my Life,
Thine is the Conquest.*

And

And again,

*The Child may rue that is unborn
The Hunting of that Day.*

As in *Horace*,

Audiet pugnas vitio parentum
Rara juvenus.—

BUT, after all, I am apt to believe that the Old *Eng-
lish* Poet took his Thoughts from Nature only, and as
they were born of the Subject, *Virgil* being little stu-
died, and less imitated at the Time he wrote, which
was in that of *Chaucer*, or not long after.

IT has been more than once remark'd, that *Tasso* is
very apt to go too far in his Way of Thinking, as he does
where *Tancred* says to his Hand,

Passa pur questo petto, e fieri scempi
Còl ferro tuo crudel fa del mio core :
Ma forse usata a fatti atroci & empi
Stimi pietà dar morte al mio dolore.

Thus very well renderd by *Fairfax*.

*Pierce through this Bosom, and my cruel Heart
In Pieces cleave, break ev'ry String and Vein ;
But Thou to Slaughters vile which used Art,
Thinkst it were Pity thus to ease my Pain.*

OF the same Kind is *Tasso's* Thought upon *Tan-
cred's* Supposition that *Clorinda's* Body might be devour'd
by wild Beasts.

Honorata per me tomba, e felice
Ovunque sia, s'esser con lor mi lice.

Fairfax again,

*But if some Beast did from the Hills descend,
And on her tender Bowels made his Feast,
Let that fell Monster me in Pieces rend,
And deep entomb me in his hollow Chest :
For where she bury'd is, there shall I have
A stately Tomb, a rich and costly Grave.*

As passionate as this Thought seems to be, there's
more Subtlety in it than Passion ; and *Tasso* is full of
such Sort of Sentiments. In the following one the Re-
finement is so visible, that it cannot escape one : He is
speaking

speaking of the Combat between *Tancred* and *Clorinda*, in which the Combatants gave each other such deep and wide Wounds, that if the Soul did not issue out at them, it was retain'd by Rage.

E se la vita

Non esce, sdegno tien la al petto unita.

Fairfax,

*And if weak Life did in their Bosoms lie,
They liv'd because they both disdain'd to die.*

Tasso has a Thought quite contrary to this; speaking of a *Saracen*, who, fighting valiantly to the last Gasp, was so wounded all over, that his Body seem'd but one Wound:

E fatto è il corpo suo sola una piaga.

After which he said,

La vita nò, mà la virtù sostenta
Quel cadavero indomito, e feroce.

*'Twas Valour, and not Life sustain'd
That Corpse untameable and fierce.*

Is not all this too fine, and too far fetch'd, as well as what was said of a brave *Grecian*, who dy'd standing upright. His Body stuck full of Arrows at the Battle of *Marathon*, stood erect after he was dead, supported by those Arrows. 'Tis in a Declamation of *Daniel Heinsius*, put into the Mouth of the Father of *Callimachus*, which abounds with lively Strokes; but the Affectation in it is exquisite from the Beginning to the End.

" There's Room to doubt, says *Callimachus's* Father,
" Whether my Son conquer'd in Dying, or dy'd in
" Conquering. Death did not interrupt his Victory,
" but she continu'd it: He supported all *Asia*, and is
" not fallen. He is dead, but he dy'd erect. Why
" didst thou give him, *Nature*, so heavenly a Mind, or
" a mortal Body? He cou'd not fall, he could not be
" conquer'd, but was compell'd to dye. He did not
" quit his Body, but his Body quitted him. He is the
" first who yielded to Nature at the same Time that he
" triumph'd over her. He is the first whom Death has
" not overthrown; who gave Proofs of his Valour after
" he was dead; and by his Death, extended the Glory
and

“ and Duration of his Life. I know not whether I ought to
 “ demand a *Mausoleum* for him, or to refuse it. Wou’d
 “ to Heaven, *Callimachus*, thou couldst talk after thy
 “ Death, as well as thou couldst conquer ! Then wouldst
 “ thou doubtless express thy self thus : Instead of a Mo-
 “ nument, Oh *Athenians*, I demand that you have me
 “ Immortal in your Memory. I should be asham’d to
 “ be buried among the other Dead, some of whom fell
 “ before they dy’d, and none remain’d upright after
 “ they were slain. Whoever you be, do not touch me,
 “ least you be more cruel than the Enemy who could
 “ indeed kill me, but cou’d not throw me down,
 “ nor make me change Place. Let no Body raise a
 “ Statue for me ; this Corpse is sufficient : Let none
 “ prepare a Trophy, this Carcass is one. But why,
 “ Oh Hands, did you fight no longer ? Were you a-
 “ fraid it would be thought that you had not fought ?
 “ Posterity will as soon believe a dead Man might
 “ fight, as that he did not fall down”. Sure this is
 subtilizing with a Witness, but the most witty, accord-
 ing to *Pere Bouhours*, that one can meet with ; and it
 has charm’d many an ingenious Man, who cou’d not
 take any Thing to be Witty, that was only Natural : Such
 an one must be delighted beyond Measure with such a
 Chain of Paradoxes, and to see Truth and Falshood so
 many Ways confounded. We have been taught by the
 learned Jesuit, that the *Anthologia*, a Collection of
 Greek Epigrams, has as much Simplicity and Naivety
 in it, as any Collection whatever. I had forgot what
 Mr. *Dryden* had said of it in the Preface to *Juvenal* ;
 but I have in several Places remembred, that he fre-
 quently offends himself, against Simplicity, and most of
 all in his Tragedies, which ought to be the Reverse
 of Affectation. I find now that he was not so well
 taught in the Vices of Eloquence, as the *French* were
 by *Bouhours* ; and was not sensible that Naivety and
 Simplicity are the most charming of all the Beauties
 which adorn either Thought or Expression ; for as full
 of these Beauties as is the *Anthologia*, he assures us, ’tis
 one of the worst Books of Poetry which was ever pub-
 lish’d. Having confess’d that *Tasso* is full of Points of
 Epigrams and Witticisms, and ought to forfeit his Cha-
 racter as an Heroick Poet on that Account ; he condemns
 all who were guilty of the like Fault, to be turn’d down

from Homer to the *Anthologia*, from Virgil to Martial and Owen's *Epigrams*, and from Spencer to Fleckno; that is, from the top to the bottom of all Poetry. It must be own'd, that the learned Jesuit allows there are several Poems in that Collection, wherein one finds too much Subtlety and Refinement; but I am satisfy'd that was not the Fault which sunk them so, in Mr. *Dryden's* Judgment. If the Refinement and Subtlety had been what he took Offence at, the Simplicity and Naivety must have pleas'd him, and he wou'd not have plac'd the *Anthologia* at the very Bottom of all Poetry. I can't say I was sorry to meet with such a Confirmation of the Opinion I had of the Liberty he gave himself in Thinking, but I was sorry so fine a Genius should have been so little careful to correct it.

BOUHOUS confines the Refinement and Subtlety of the Authors of the *Anthologia* chiefly to Physicians and Misers. The Latter can hardly be dealt with too roughly, the Vice is so detestable, as it is an Enemy to Society, that one can hardly help speaking of them without Indignation, which will of Course make one say too much. But as it is the Abuse of Physick only, which has expos'd Physicians to the Raillery of the Poets, so when they subtilize too much in it, they are to be condemned. As where 'tis said in the *Anthologia*, that a Man, who before was in a good State of Health, dy'd suddenly, upon dreaming only that he had seen the Physician *Hermocrates*. That was going too far, it cou'd not kill him to dream that he saw him, whatever it might have done to have really seen him. A covetous Man hang'd himself for dreaming that he had spent some Money. There was no great Loss of him indeed, and if all the Misers we know had the same Dreams with the same Effects, we need not go into Mourning about it. That other covetous Man who wou'd not hang himself, because the Rope was too dear, is much more reasonable, for it was not a Dream.

THE poor Man and the Miser, in *Horace*, talk more in Reason and Nature, according to their different Characters. The poor Man is in Dispair, and wants a Rope to hang himself, but he has not Money to buy it.

Cum deerit egenti Æs, laquei pretium.

The Miser being sick, and wanting a Cordial, which would have cost three Pence, cries out,

Eheu ! quid refert Morbo aut furtis pereamne
Rapinis.

*Wretch that I am, what matters if I perish
By Sicknefs, or The Rapine of these Robbers.*

No Subject has given more Occasion to the Poets and Makers of Romances, to subtilize and refine in their Way of Thinking, than the Eyes of their Heroines ; They have said all the silly Things which could come into their Imaginations ; and that too when they talk'd seriously. A *Spanish* Poet in Praise of black Eyes, says, they were in Mourning for those they had kill'd. If I do not differ from Father *Bouhours* in any Thing, it would be in this, which seems to me to be Nonsense, and not Subtlety ; as I said on another Occasion.

*Unos ojos negros vi
Y dixen los viendo negros :
Ojos cargados de luto
Sin duda que tienen muertos.*

And for grey Eyes, they are cloth'd in Grey, as Children at Funerals.

*Como niños de entierro
De azul se visten.*

How whimsical and foolish is this ? And that of another *Spanish* Poet, who having an Enemy which he wanted to get rid of, asks a Lady to lend him her Eyes to kill him.

*Tenez dame tus ojos
Por una noche ;
Porque quiero con ellos
Matar un hombre.*

In a Book entitled, *L'Histoire des Grands Vifirs*, the Author says, the Eyes of the *Sultana* were so bright and lively, that one cou'd not tell what Colour they were of. And in another, call'd the *Conquista de Granato*, the Eyes of *Elvira* are said to have so much Fire and Lustre, that the Stars themselves are beautiful only in as much as they resemble them.

*Occhi, appo cui tanto son belle,
Quanto simili à lor sono le stelle.*

Eyes are generally compar'd to Stars, and have so much the more Beauty, by how much they resemble them: But here the Stars are not beautiful, but in Proportion, as they resemble the Eyes of the Princess of *Granada*. The same Thought, as extravagant as it is, may be found in *Testi*, and almost in the same Terms.

*Adorerò nel sole e nelle stelle
Gli occhi, che del mio cor sono il focile:
Quello è vago dirò, queste son belle;
Sol perche havran sembianza à voi simile.*

HERE'S a Robbery committed on *Testi*, but the Reader thinking to have got a Diamond, finds a Piece of Glass only. Mr. Rowe, in the *Ambitious Step-Mother*, goes as far as any of them upon Eyes.

*Thy Eyes which cou'd the Sun's bright Beams decay,
Might shine for him, and bless the World with Day.*

Lord Rochester, in *Valentinian*, makes them to be Fire and Water at the same Time.

*Who knows how Eloquent these Eyes may prove,
Begging in Floods of Tears, and Flames of Love.*

See in his *Theodosius*,

As fair as Winter-Star, or Summer's Setting-Sun.

MR. Waller thinks sometimes like *Testi* and the Spanish Poet, in his Verses to the Lady Carlisle in Mourning.

*When from black Clouds no Part of Sky is clear,
But just so much as let's the Sun appear;
Heaven then wou'd seem thy Image, and reflect
Those sable Vestments, and that bright Aspect.*

IT has been already observ'd, that Christian Poets, when they make bold with *Heathen* Deities, do not concern Religion in it, for that they do not believe their Existence, so much as even the Visions of a Dream: And therefore Mr. Waller's Gallantry has no Impiety in it, when he is speaking of *Sacharissa's* Eyes as she lay asleep.

*More proud than Phœbus of his Throne of Gold,
Is the soft God those softer Limbs to hold;
Nor wou'd exchange with Jove to hide the Skies
In darkning Clouds, the Pow'r to close those Eyes.*

Nor is there too much Subtlety or Refinement where he speaks of Queen Henrietta Maria :

*So happy 'tis you move in such a Sphere,
As your high Majesty with awful Fear,
In humane Breasts might qualify that Fire,
Which, kindled by those Eyes, had flamed higher
Than when the scorched World like Hazard run,
By the Approach of the ill-guided Sun.*

But I am afraid the same gallant Poet has over-shot himself in the following Thought on the same Subject. He addresses himself to the Sun :

*Stay, Phœbus, stay,
The World to which you fly so fast,
Conveying Day
From us to them, can pay your Haste
With no such Object, and salute your Rise
With no such Wonder as de Mornay's Eyes.*

So far the Gallantry of it may make the Thought passable; but the next Stanza is what Father Bouhours calls Refinement and Subtlety :

*Well does this prove
The Error of those antique Books,
Which made you move
About the World; her charming Looks
Wou'd fix your Beams, and make it even Day,
Did not the rowling Earth snatch her away.*

HERE is the Copernican System prov'd by the Position of the Lady's two bright Eyes; and sure every one will easily perceive that this is over-doing it. Testi, the Italian Poet just nam'd, says of a young Knight of Majorca, taken by an Algerine Pirate, and plac'd by him as a Labourer in his Garden by the Sea Side :

*E più de gl' occhi al lampo
Ch' all'opre della man fiorir fa il campo.*

*The Brightness of the Gard'ner's Eyes,
More helpt the Flowers and Plants to rise,
Than the Labour of his Hands.*

THE Author of the New Idylls in *French*, thinks like *Testi* :

Les beaux yeux de Nais d'un seul de leurs rayons
Rendent aux fleurs l'éclat, la verdure aux gazons.

*A Look of Nais's bright Eyes will make
Their Beauty Flowers, and Grass its Greenness take.*

THE Eyes of another Shepherdes are not confin'd to the setting Hearts on fire :

Ils brisent l'herbe encor, mettent les fleurs en poudre,
Brillent comme un éclair, & brûlent comme un
(foudre.

*They scorch the Grass, the Flowers to Powder turn,
Like Lightning glare, and like the Thunder burn.*

FATHER *Bouhours* tells us, that these Thoughts, though frivolous and overstrain'd, are not so subtle as the *Spanish* Poet, *Gratian*, on *Elvira's* Eyes ; and, besides, are not so blamable in an Idyll, or Eclogue, as in an Heroick Poem. We will therefore look on the following Verses, written on a Garden in the North, to be of the Eclogue or Idyll Kind :

*What Charm is this, that in the midst of Snow,
Of Storms and Blasts, the noblest Fruits do grow !
Melons on Beds of Ice are taught to bear,
And Strangers to the Sun, yet ripen here.
On frozen Ground the swiftest Flowers arise,
Unseen by any Light but Flavia's Eyes ;
Where e'er she treads, beneath the Charmer's Feet,
The Rose, the Jesmin, and the Lillies meet ;
Where e'er she looks, behold some sudden Birth
Adorns the Trees, and fructifies the Earth.*

I LEAVE to the Reader to determine, whether there is not as much Subtlety in these Verses as in *Testi's* of the young Knight of *Majorca*, or *Gratian* of *Elvira's* Eyes. As to the Point, whether Subtlety is a Vice in Sentiments, I shall not undertake it ; Father *Bouhours* has prov'd that it is ; and then this Thought of the
Northern

Northern Lady is infected with it. However, this does not hinder the Poem's being a charming one. Indeed, 'tis not for want of Wit that Poets refine and subtilise; those that do it have rather too much than too little; and what is said of this Beauty of the North, in the next Verses, is a Proof of it:

*In midst of Mountains, and unfruitful Ground,
As rich an Eden as the first is found.
In this new Paradise she reigns in State,
With sovereign Pride, disdainful of a Mate;
Like the first Charmer fair, but not so frail,
Against whose Virtue all Temptations fail:
Beneath those Beams that scorch us from her Eyes,
Her snowy Bosom still unmelted lies.
Love from her Lips spreads all his Odours round,
But bears on Ice, and springs from frozen Ground.
So cold the Clime that can such Wonders bear,
The Garden seems an Emblem of the Fair.*

Equally gallant and beautiful; and it is with Pride, as I am an *Englishman*, that I quote Verses in our Language, which may vie, for Elegance and Beauty, with any ancient and foreign. I do not quote such as have any Blemish of Thought, in Disparagement of the Merit of the Author, but to shew the Unhappiness of our greatest Genius's, in not cultivating their Judgment as much as their Wit. We may very well believe that some of them knew better; but observing that the Generality of Readers,

Both the great Vulgar and the Small,

took Things in the Lump, and made no Distinction in the Way of Thinking; they fell in with the popular Taste; and, if they pleas'd, did not matter on what Terms.

If such Subtlety is not tolerable in Love Verses, which may be as wanton as consists with Decency and Innocence, how must it look in History, than which nothing should be more grave, except the Charges of our Judges? It must needs be ridiculous in all serious Narrations, where nothing is just but what is simple and natural. Who can help laughing, as *Pere Bouhours* observes, when in reading a *Spanish* Historian's Description of the Queen of *Spain's* Entry into *Madrid*, he

meets with this Passage: *Iba su Magestad, tan bella que solo se excedia a si misma; dando con la serenidad de su rostro vida a los prados, y vingar a las plantas.* 'Twas in the Month of *January* that the Queen made her Entry; and there was so much Serenity in her Countenance as gave Life to the Meadows and Strength to the Plants. We *English* have not the Vivacity of the *Spanish* and *Italian* Historians, or we should have had enough of such Sentiments as these in two or three late Histories. The Authors have shewn their good Will to Amplification and Exaggeration, which are the Refinement and Subtlety of History. I will not say there is Subtlety in what Archdeacon *Echard* says was said by Archbishop *Usher* to the King, on the Execution of the Earl of *Strafford*: *I have seen many die, but never saw so white a Soul return to its Maker.* If to see a Soul, and to distinguish the Colour of it, is not subtilising, *Pere Bouhours* has given us no Instances of it. Of this Kind is what the same Historian tells us by Archbishop *Laud*, on the same Earl's Sufferings: *His main Misfortunes were owing to the publick Envy of the Nobility, and his serving a mild and gracious Prince, who knew not how to be made great.* I am willing to be a little the longer on this Article, because it lets us into the Character of our late Histories more than any thing. We remember how Father *Bouhours* fell upon *Tacitus* for subtilising, that is, making GuesSES at the Springs of Action, farther than was warranted by the Actions themselves. Thus Mr. *Echard* on the Earl of *Strafford* still: "Thus fell the tall Cedar of the Wood, the greatest Subject in Power, not less in Wisdom, and little less in Fortune, at that Time, in the three Kingdoms; who could well remember the Time when he led the People, who afterwards pursu'd him to his Ruin. His Authority and Station may be compar'd to the earthy Mounds, or Sea-Banks, which being swept away by a Storm, leave all the Inland to be drown'd by popular Tumult. He was so formidable to the *Scotch*, that he fell a Sacrifice more to their Fear than to their Revenge." If there's any Subtlety like this in all *Tacitus*, I must look out for some better Critick than *Bouhours* to be my Instructor. That learned Jesuit would not allow *Tacitus* to be an excellent Historian, purely on account of his refining and subtilising;

living; and if we allow our late Historians to be excellent, it must be chiefly on that very Account; for I dare say there is not one Character in any of their Histories which is not made up of Subtlety and Refinement. I might extend the Instance of the Earl of *Strafford* out of *Echard*; but what is said is more than sufficient to explain Father *Bouhours's* Lesson. In the Memorials left us by *Whitlock*, *Rushworth*, and others, we meet with plain Facts; and by those Facts it appears that 'twas the Grievances of King *Charles the First's* Government which rais'd those Discontents that ended in a Civil War: The Subtilisers tell us No. And when they come to particular Persons we have other Reasons for their Discontentment. As of the Earl of *Bedford*: He was a wise Man, and of a large Fortune; and only design'd to advance himself and his Friends at Court. Of the Lord *Say*: No Man valued himself more on his Family, or had greater Ambition to advance it. He had great Parts, and much convers'd with Books; but from his Infancy had suck'd in an implacable Malice against the Church. He was a profess'd Enemy to the most eminent Churchmen; and got great Credit by being committed to Prison at York. Of the Lord *Kimbolton*: Having marry'd the Earl of *Warwick's* Daughter, he totally estrang'd himself from Court, and clos'd in with the Lord *Say*. His Father adopted him into the Puritan Party, and enter'd the other Son into the Popish Religion; so that one might never fail of an Interest in Times of Extremity. His Generosity caus'd him to live above the narrow Allowance made him by his wary Father, who often bewail'd his Son's being engag'd in the Fraternity of the new Reformers; yet at this time he found the Benefit of being screen'd by his sole Interest, from that Infirmity which run through his whole Life, of refusing nothing that was given him. There was no Man a greater Confident of the Discontented Party than he; and none to whom the whole Mass of their Designs, as well those in Embrio as those in full Form, was more entirely communicated. "The Earl of Bedford, the Lord Viscount *Say*, and the Lord *Kimbolton*, says Mr. *Echard* after the Earl of *Clarendon*, were the principal Agents in the House of Peers. They were chiefly rely'd on, and without Reserve trusted by those who were to manage all in the House of
 " Com-

" Commons; and to raise that Spirit, which upon all
 " Occasions was to inflame the Lords, or might by any
 " Means increase their Party. By their Artifices and
 " Application to the popular Humour of the Earl of
 " *Effex*, they prevail'd and got full Possession of him."
 The Author of these subtle Reflections makes himself
 not only acquainted with the very Souls of the Earl of
Bedford, and the Lords *Say* and *Kimbolton*, so deeply
 as to have seen the *Embrio* as well as the Birth of their
 Designs. He saw their Commission from the Leaders
 of the House of Commons, that it was without Reserve.
 He was intimate with the Spirit which those Leaders
 rais'd in the Lower House of Parliament; and knew
 that they did not apply to the Earl of *Effex* as a power-
 ful Lord and a good Soldier, but as he was a vain Man
 and lov'd Popularity. So far is this Refinement carry'd,
 that the Historian tells us, he had never been a Soldier
 had not King *James* put Hardships upon him, in favour
 of *Car*, Earl of *Somerſet*, which occasion'd his going to
Holland to learn the Use of Arms. Can any thing be
 more refin'd and subtle, or, rather, more extravagant
 and incredible? Did the Earl of *Effex* foresee there
 would be a Civil War in King *James's* pacifick Reign?
Somerſet died before that King; and it was four Years
 after he was dead that the Earl of *Effex* accompany'd
 Sir *Horatio Vere* into the *Palatinate*, to join those
 who are called the *Bohemian* Rebels in Mr. *Echard's*
History, p. 396. and who were indeed the faithful Sub-
 jects of our present most gracious Sovereign's Royal
 Great-Grandfather. Add to this, that the Earl of
Effex, at his Return to *England*, was well with the
 Court, and intrusted by King *Charles I.* with the Com-
 mand of his Army against the *Scots*, in which Service
 he behav'd so well, that the Archdeacon speaks much in
 Praise of his Fidelity, p. 473. *He had committed no*
false Step, either in Council or Action; was discharged
in the Crowd without Ceremony, and refus'd the Ranger-
ſhip of Needwood-Forreſt, which lying at his Door
would have infinitely gratify'd him. Yet when after-
 wards he accepted of a Commission from the two Houses
 of Parliament, to be their General, the Archdeacon,
 or the Historian from whom he borrows it, tells us that
 he went to *Holland* to learn the Art of War, on purpose
 to requite the Indignity offer'd him by *Car*, Earl of
Somerſet.

Somerſet, in ridding him of a very ill Wife. The Truth is, the Earl of *Effex*, his Father and Grandfather, Paternal and Maternal, were what they call'd *Puritans*; and he was bred up in the generous Principles of *Engliſh* Liberty, Spiritual and Temporal, which naturally drew him in to take Part with thoſe Perſons who aſſerted it. Thus the Subtlety and Refinement in *Echard's* Hiſtory, or the Hiſtory from whence he took it, is at once both falſe in Fact and in Sentiment; and nothing would be more eaſy than to fill Volumes with the like Obſervations out of our late Hiſtories. It will, indeed, be commonly found, that Hiſtorians, who ſubtiliſe ſo upon Sentiments, are no more careful of the Truth of their Facts, than of the Simplicity of their Thought and Expreſſion; they are for ſhining every where, and pleaſing the Side they are liſted in, who will give them in return all the Vogue they can. This Obſervation had been more *a propos* in another Work; but is not here an unpardonable Digreſſion, conſidering Father *Bouhours* is ſo ſevere upon *Tacitus*, for ſaying only, *Auguſtus preferred Tiberius to Agrippa and Germanicus for his Glory's Sake only*, &c. as before cited. He would not allow of *Tacitus's* diving deeper into the Boſom of *Auguſtus* than he was permitted to do by the Courſe of the Events. As *Auguſtus* might have a good Opinion of *Tiberius's* Valour and Policy, or might be prevail'd upon by the Importunity of his Wife *Livia*, Mother to *Tiberius*, and not by a Jealouſy that *Agrippa's* or *Germanicus's* Glory would eclipse his own. So the Earl of *Effex* might be inclin'd to fall in with the Parliament Party, out of an Opinion of the Juſtice of their Cauſe, or through the Perſwaſion of his beſt beloved Friends; and not out of Vanity, or a popular Humour. This is going beyond what the Fact gave occaſion for, and is that vicious Refinement and Subtlety ſo much cenſur'd by *Pere Bouhours*, ſome of which, if the Reader expects to find in almoſt every Page of our late Hiſtories, he will not be diſappointed. But we muſt go back to the Poets, who are moſt guilty of ſubtiliſing and refining; The next we find committing this Fault is *Taſſo* again, in the Sixteenth Book of the *Gieruſalemme*, where *Rinaldo* and *Armida* are deſcrib'd together in amorous Dalliance, juſt before his Friends find him out; he holding a Mirror to her;

Deh

Deh poi che sdegni me ; com'egli è vago,
 Mirar tu almen potessi il proprio volto :
 Ch'el guardo tuo, ch' altrove non è pago,
 Gioirebbe felice in se rivolto.

Fairfax,

*And if thou me disdain'st, yet be content,
 At least so to behold thy lovely Hue,
 That while thereon thy Looks are fixt and bent,
 Thy happy Eyes themselves may see and view.*

Again,

Non può specchio ritrar sì dolce imago :
 Nè in picciol vetro è un paradiso accolto.
 Specchio t'è degno il cielo, e ne le stelle
 Puoi riguardar le tue sembianze belle.

Fairfax,

*So rare a Shape no Chrystal can present,
 No Glasi contain that Heaven of Beauties true ;
 Oh let the Skies thy worthy Mirror be,
 And in clear Stars thy Shape and Image see.*

CAN any thing have less Reason and Solidity in it ?
 But Father Bouhours thinks the following Thought is
 Refinement in Perfection. 'Tis at their falling out be-
 fore he leaves her :

Tempo fu ch'io ti chiesi e pace e vita ;
 Dolce hor faria con morte uscir di pianti :
 Ma non la chiedo à te ; che non è cosa,
 Ch'essendo dono tuo non sia odiosa.

Fairfax,

*Time was, that of thee Love and Life I pray'd ;
 Let Death now end my Love, my Life, my Shame ;
 Yet let not thy false Hand bereave this Breath ;
 For if it were thy Gift, hateful were Death.*

Armida's Reflection is a little too delicate ; and yet
 Miguel Cervantes, Author of *Don Quixot*, refines upon
 Tasso, where he makes a Man in Despair, weary of
 Life, speak thus :

Ven muerte tan escondida,
 Que no te sienta venir ;

Porque

Porque el plazer del morir
No me torne a dar la vida.

*Come quickly, Death, at my Request ;
But do not Notice of it give,
For fear I shou'd be so much pleas'd
To die, as when thou'rt come, to live.*

FATHER *Bouhours* has already given us an Instance of *St. Austin's* Subtlety of Thought ; and he further observes, that the Writers of Pieces of Devotion are not free from this Vice in thinking ; though one may well imagine that such devout Authors are really what the *French* call *Faux Devots*, Hypocrites. If their Heart was engag'd, their Tongue would answer to it with Plainness and Simplicity ; and what he instances out of a *Spanish* Priest's Works, proves what he had just said before ; that from Delicacy to Refinement, is but a short Step ; and from Refinement to Nonsense a Step still shorter. The *Spaniards* Words are : *Dios mio si me dieran ser tambien dios ; no se que me hiziera, o reusarlo porque no tuvieras igual, o aceptarlo por amarte como mereces.* " Oh, my God, if I were to be made a God " I know not what I should do, whether I should refuse " it, that thou may'st have no Equal, or accept it to " love thee as thou deserv'st to be belov'd." *Bouhours* might very well think, that such Stuff as this could not be the Breathings of the Holy Spirit. These Thoughts are what the *French* term *Pensees alambiquees*, Thoughts which have pass'd through the Limbeck ; but all Authors do not leave them in the Still, when they are subtilising, till the Spirit is evaporated, as is done here. The *Italians* are so much given to this *Limbecking*, that one of their Writers compos'd a Treatise, *Della distillatione del cervello.* And among the *French*, the great *Balzac* is charg'd with limbecking his Thoughts too much. Our learned Jesuit is of opinion, that it is impossible to subtilise in Prose more than he has done. Of a little Wood, that was somewhat dark, he said, *No more Light enter'd into it than was necessary for it not to be Night.* Is not this Refinement ? and this too, of another Writer, not much better : " They pass'd by a great Forrest, the " Tops of whose Trees were so lofty, so rusted, and so " close, that the Sun at Noon-Day gave no more Light " than was just necessary to guide them through it."

Balzac

Balzac seems fond of this Thought, for he has it in more Places than one: You read in his Letters, *I have no more Life than is necessary for me not to be dead.* And again, *The greatest Part of the Women in France have no more Beauty than is necessary for them not to be ugly.* I have often been of that Opinion, upon Sight of the handsomest *French* Women I have met with in *England*; but then I check'd my self for Partiality to my Country Women, and doubted not but the *French* Ladies had their Share of Beauty. I find the *French* Ladies at *Paris*, and those at *London*, are much the same, just handsom enough not to be said to be ugly; as *Balzac*, who frequented the Houses of the greatest and fairest Ladies in *France*, very freely confesses. This Way of turning a Thought wou'd not be disagreeable, if it was manag'd with Discretion, as *Voiture* does it in his Letter to Cardinal *de la Valette*; "The Sun sets in a blew and gold Cloud, and gives no more Rays than are necessary for a sweet and agreeable Light". There's nothing strain'd in that, but in what follows, taken out of a Speech made to *Lewis XIV.* by a Member of the *French* Academy, there seems to me to be more Subtlety than *Pere Bouhours* admits. "The first Clap of the Thunders with which you are arm'd, fell upon a proud City, whose Pride nothing could humble; and as haughty as she was, upon her having brav'd the united Efforts of two famous Captains, she resisted you no more than was necessary for you to take her by Storm". Of what Metal that Monarch's Engines were made when he in Person took *Tours* by Storm, is too well known to be explain'd here. The learned Critick allows, that a Person in great Affliction may say, *I have just as much Reason as is necessary to be sensible of my Misfortune*; but it wou'd be Refinement were it turn'd thus, *I have no more Reason than is necessary for me to know that I have none at all.* *Balzac* says of a little Man, "He never grew but at his Hair's End: And of himself, If the Stone he was afraid of was a Diamond, or the Philosopher's Stone, 'twou'd be no Ease to him in his Distemper". That's most certain, but then the Distemper has so little Relation to the Philosopher's Stone, or to a Diamond, that he has over-strain'd the Thought. *Pere Bouhours* informs us, that he's full of the like Imaginations, and refers

refers to a Critick on his Work, publish'd under the Name of *Philarchus*. His *Barbon*, or Dr. Grey-Beard, is Subtlety all over: Every Thought passes through the *Still*, and many of them are out of Reason, and even Probability. His Design is to render Dr. *Barbon* ridiculous, by exposing him under the Character of an extravagant Pedant; and he needed not have form'd a Phantom which never was, and never cou'd be according as he imagines it. The *Orator* of *Cicero*, the *Prince* of *Xenophon*, the *Courtier* of *Castiglione*, are only Imaginary; but the Imagination is taken from Nature. The *Orator*, the *Prince*, the *Courtier*, are painted to the Life; and the Great Masters to whom we owe those Pictures, have not gone beyond what's natural in their Characters, though they have not carried Things to Perfection.

BALZAC might have painted a perfect Pedant, such an one as *Wycherley* said of *B. M.* A *Block-head with Greek and Latin*. He might have made him a Fool if he wou'd, by his over-acting the Scholar; but his Picture should have been more agreeable to the Idea we have of those Visionaries in Learning. The first Strokes of his Portrait, are what exceed Imagination, and are compleatly Subtle. "As soon as *Barbon* came from the College, where he learnt to argue, he began with giving the Lye in Form, to his Father and Mother, and to contradict them, even when they were of his Opinion, for fear he should be thought to be of Theirs". With *Pere Bouhours'* Leave, it is only the *Father and the Mother* here which makes it exceed Imagination: Nothing being more common than this sort of Behaviour in those that have learnt the Forms of Argument at the College, and throw themselves too rash into the World. "He fancy'd he should, in every Thing, keep at a Distance from Common Sense, because nothing should be sought after but what is rare. The Word *Common* disgusted him so much with that of *Sense*, that he resolv'd from thenceforth to have no more to do with it". I cannot help differing in this from my Original, *Pere Bouhours*; this is as much in the *Raillery* Kind, tho' in a grave Tone, as any Thing *Voiture* has said in a gay one: His Objection, as to the Perverseness of an opinionated Academick, is not unnatural, and there are certain *Virtuosi*, who have a Contempt

tempt for Common Sense, without the Decorations it receives from Science. 'Tis very strange so penetrating a Critick as our Jesuit, should not have observ'd it; but he was blinded, perhaps, by his Partiality to his own College-Education, or by his Preference of *Voiture's* Manner to *Balzac's*.

I DARE not judge for the Reader, and therefore must repeat what he says for himself. This is of the Quintessence of Refinement. A Man of Wit, who thinks naturally, would have said, that *Barbon* thought no Body had Common Sense but himself, which would have taken it from him in a finer Way than by saying, he resolv'd to have no more to do with it. There is not the Salt, according as I relish it in this Turn, as there is in *Balzac's*; and as his *Barbon* is a Satyr on Pedantry, the more biting the better, within the Rules of Truth and Decency. He proceeds with *Balzac's* Doctor, "The Sick think of nothing, be it ever so monstrous, the Truth of which he does not assure them of by Oath: He was going to change his Name and Country, and to give out that he was descended from *Aristotle* in a direct Line. Which I do not take to be so subtle as it is silly, nor is the rest much better. He is so in Love with all sorts of Antiquity, that he'll never wear any new Cloaths. He has the Grease of the last Age on his Gown; and the Dirt of the Days of *Francis* the First. He wou'd be apt to think he had chang'd his Sex, if he should go after the Fashion. This may be term'd over-straining, but the Ideas are too low, and too common, to deserve the Censure of Refinement and Subtlety. Great Men, when they are fond of a Thought, love no more to part with it than others, and it is hardly possible to dwell upon it long without starving it. *Pere Boubours* owns, that all the Thoughts in *Barbon* do not smell so much as those do of the *Limbeck*; that some are Natural enough, and not an ill Representation of those *Scholars* whom *Moliere* speaks of.

Un Sot scauant est Sot, plus qu'un Sot ignorant.

No Fool so great as a learned Fool.

As for Example, "*Barbon* thinks that is most beautiful in Science, which is most incredible, and makes no Use of his Speech, but to be understood of

" no

“ no Body : To define him well, we may say he’s a
 “ Library turn’d up and down, and more in Disorder,
 “ than a Man who is running away. He dates his Let-
 “ ters not by the Days of the Months and Years, but by
 “ the *Calends*, the *Ides*, and the *Olympiads* : He’d give all
 “ he had for *Turnebius’s* Slippers, *Erasmus’s* Telescope,
 “ *Ramus’s* square Cap, *Lipsius’s* Scrutore, was it pos-
 “ sible for him to find out such rare Pieces in the Cabi-
 “ net of the *Vertuoso’s* who would sell them”. Thus far
Balzac keeps within Bounds, but all the rest of his *Bar-
 bon*, according to our Critick, exceeds them ; and he
 questions, whether the Piece will tickle polite People,
 as the Author promises himself in the Epistle Dedicatory.

DR. Burnet of the *Charter-house*, in his Answer to *Warren*, has a short, but very just Description of a Pedant : *This Wit, it may be, you’ll say is downright Clownery. The Truth is, when I observ’d the Course-
 ness of his Rapartees, and of that sort of Wit wherein
 he dealt most, it often rais’d in my Mind, whether I
 wou’d or no, the Idea of a Pedant, of one that had seen
 little of the World, and thought himself much wittier
 and wiser than others wou’d take him to be.*

MOLIERE does not always keep within Veri-
 similitude in his Comedies : To say nothing of the *Pre-
 cieuses Ridicules*, nor the *Misanthrope*, does not he
 over-do it in the *L’Avare*, where *Harpagon* says, after
 he is robb’d, *’Tis done, I can do nothing, I shall dye,
 I am dead, I am bury’d ; Is there no Body that will
 take me up again, by restoring me my Money, or telling
 me who has it ! I’ll go to the Judge, I’ll have all my
 House rack’d, Maids, Men, Sons, Daughters, and
 me my self also.* This Thought is more naturally turn’d
 by *Shadwell* in the *Miser*, which he took from *Moliere’s*
L’Avare.

GOLDINGHAM, “ I have lost my Money, my
 “ Life, my Blood, my Entrails, my Heart, my Vitals ;
 “ I dye, I am dead, I am buried ; Will no Body save
 “ my Life, and help me to it ? Oh I am mad, what
 “ say you, will you ? Hum, alas ! I am mad, there’s
 “ no Body. Oh my Money ! my Soul ! Justice ! Ju-
 “ stice ! I will hang all the Town. If *Isabella* has a
 “ Hand in it, I will hang her, I will beg the Help of
 “ Constables, Beadles, Church-Wardens, Sergeants, Ju-
 “ itices,

“stices, Mayor, Aldermen, Gibbet, Gallows, and
 “Hangman. I will hang my Son and Daughter if they
 “be guilty; and if I find not my Money, I will hang
 “my self”. When I came to this Passage of *Pere Bou-*
hours, it set me a trembling, to think what wou’d be-
 come of most of our taking *Comedies*, if they were try’d
 by such a Judge as he, and to be condemned for over-
 doing it. I will not say the *Wildairs*, and *Quixots*, but
 the *Foplings*, and *Foppingtons*. This is a String not
 to be touch’d, after the Town has laid out so much
 Money upon them. Mr. *Congreve* has offended the
 least in this Kind: His Discretion and Judgment guard-
 ed against it. The Hint of the *Plain-Dealer*, was ta-
 ken from the *Misanthrope* of *Moliere*; and the learned
 Jesuit charges that Comedy with the Fault we are treat-
 ing of, going beyond Bounds in Sentiments of Delicacy
 and Wit. If he had seen and understood the *Plain-*
Dealer, I doubt not but he wou’d have said it was a
 little infected by the *Misanthrope*. What *Moliere* says
 of the *Miser* elsewhere, is very natural; “I can see no
 “Body but who gives me Suspicions, and every one I
 “meet, looks like a Robber. I’ll hang all the World,
 “and if I do not find my Money, I’ll hang my self af-
 “terwards. Good Heaven, Who can one trust after
 “this? *Here comes the Subtlety*. One can no more
 “swear for any Thing; and I shall hereafter think no-
 “thing less than that I shall rob my self”. It is very
 plain this Subtlety generally ends in Nonsense: A Man
 can’t rob himself, and Grimace is no Excuse for Im-
 possibilities. What *Clodpate* says in *Epsom-Wells*, is
 very natural to his Character, one that prefers Horses,
 Dogs, Ale, and a Commission of Peace, to all the refin’d
 Pleasures of the Town. *Oh what shall I do, Oh mise-*
erable Man, Oh my poor dapple Mare, I love her so I
could go into Mourning for her. Mons. *St. Evremont*
 understood *English* enough to be diverted with that
 Comedy, which is a Master-Piece in Humour, and the
 Characters are almost every where to their Nature.
Moliere, in his *Femmes Scavantes*, goes sometimes be-
 yond it. *Philaminte* and *Armande* may rejoice at the
 Sight of *Vadius*, because he understands *Greek*; but it
 is not probable that they should turn away their Maid
Martine, because she had committed a Fault in Gram-
 mar. It had been sufficient if they had scolded her for
 it,

it, as a Maid is chid for using a Word condemn'd by *Vaugelas*; tho', perhaps, the *Pit* wou'd not have been satisfy'd so well, as with the turning her away. So Father *Bouhours* tells us of the *French Pit*, and certainly the *English Pit* is not more judicious. The Audiences are generally pleas'd most, with what is most extravagant: The Rants and Similies in *Tragedy*, the Farce and Buffoonry in *Comedy*. A *Roman Wit* complain'd of old, that the Audience wanted the *Bears* at the End of his *Comedy*, as we have had *dancing Dogs*, *Ladder Dances*, *Tumblers*, *Harlequins*, &c. at the End of our *Comedies*. The Design of *Comedy*, is to make People laugh; and as its Pictures are seen at a Distance, the Figures should be larger than the Life, as in the Perspective of Painting and Sculpture; but they should not be monstrous. *Æsop*, and the Lord *Burghley*, are represented as *Hump-back'd*, but their *Hump* should not rise a Foot or two above their Heads. Having mention'd that Corporal Satyr, I am tempted to take Notice of the Cruelty, as well as Indecency, turning Bodily Infirmities into Ridicule. I shou'd have been very much shock'd at the Mirth which has been thrown away on a modern Figure of that Kind, if the Owner of it had not seen an Example himself, by making a Jest not only of such Infirmities, which 'tis in no one's Power to prevent, but even of the very Sicknefs which he had himself been the Occasion of. Writers of *Comedy* are very apt to *over-do* and *over-strain*, in Complacency to the Judgment of their Audience; of whom the greatest Part could not find out the Jest, if it was within Nature. They must understand Delicacy, and the just Bounds of Wit, to relish natural Beauties. But they can see the Jest of a *Muff* as big as a Barrel; of a *Steinkirk*, as large as a Towel; and if Thoughts are stretch'd in Proportion, they will mistake the Extravagance for Humour, or Wit, or both, and the Writer acquire the Reputation of an excellent Poet; as I knew a Play-wright of Vogue about twenty Years ago, who, however, knew no more of Poetry, than *Tompion* the Watch-maker. The Applause, and sometimes the Profit that's got by humouring an Audience in their false Taste, has tempted very great Genius's to make a Sacrifice of their Judgment. *Racine* was one of the most judicious and discreet Poets of the last Age; the Sentiments of his *An-*

dromache and *Iphigenia*, are extremely natural and delicate, according to *Pere Bouhours*, yet in his Comedy of the *Plaideurs*, he does not always keep to Delicacy and Nature: *Car il faut pour le peuple des traits bien marquez & qui frappent fortement d'abord*. The Strokes must be well mark'd out to please the People, and must strike strongly at first. In other polite Writings, which are not intended for the People, some of whom can better judge of Sir *Isaac Newton's* Philosophy, than of Father *Bouhours's* Criticisms: All Wit, all Delicacy, must be Natural, to please good Judges. 'Tis that learned Jesuit's Opinion, *Comedy* will not please the greatest Part of Spectators, without a little Extravagance; and the best Writers of it have added to the Weakness of the Originals, to render their Pictures the more distasteful.—The Instances of this Kind in our Comick Poets are innumerable. The best of them have studied Humour with great Exactness, but have been too negligent of Nature. In *Shadwell's* Comedies, Nature and Humour seem to be happily imitated. In Mr. *Congreve's*, they very seldom exceed their Bounds. In Sir *John Vanbrugh's*, whether he does not or does exceed them, there's an Air and Vivacity in his Plays, which is always diverting and agreeable: But as this is not our present Subject, we must digress no farther.



PART



P A R T IV.

*Thoughts ought to be Plain, Clear,
and Intelligible.*

ALL Thoughts, in the Works of the Ingenious, ought not only to be True, in Proportion to their Subject, to be Noble without Bombast, Agreeable without Affectation, and Delicate without Subtlety. They should be also plain, clear, and intelligible. Without that, the *Sublime* and the *Marvellous* are ridiculous. The same may be said of the *Agreeable*, and the *Delicate*; or rather, they can never be met with, where the Author is not to be understood. Nothing can be truly pleasing that is not intelligible, unless we will except an *Italian Opera* to an Audience entirely *English*. *Quintilian* informs us, that Perspicuity is the principal Part of Eloquence: *Prima est Eloquentiæ Virtus, Perspicuitas*. When *Cicero* commends *Crassus* for his right Thinking, it is strange he takes no Notice of Plainness and Clearness; without which, all Thoughts are useless and contemptible. He, doubtless, would have it taken for granted, that they could not want a Property so essential to make them just and beautiful; for a Thought is only an Image which the Mind forms in it self, which Image must be clearly and plainly represented, or its loses its very Essence, and becomes no

Image at all. Obscurity therefore is to be avoided as the greatest Vice in Eloquence; and indeed, it will always be found, that the most eloquent Orators are the most clear and perspicuous, as *Quintilian* observ'd of the Antients, *Plerumque accidit, ut faciliora sint ad intelligendum, & lucidiora multo, quæ a Doctissimo quoque dicuntur.* The *Spectator*, N^o. 291. says, *There is not a Greek or Latin Critick who has not shewn, even in the Stile of his Criticisms, that he was a Master of all the Eloquence and Delicacy of his Native Tongue.* Aristotle, who was the best Critick, was also one of the best Logicians that ever appear'd in the World. It is the same among the Moderns, and Dr. *Tillotson's*, and Mr. *Addison's* Works, which are the politest in our Language, are also the most plain and intelligible. There was an *Essay* publish'd by no less a Man than a *Lord Treasurer*, about fifteen Years ago, which treated of *Credit*; and as the Subject concern'd every One's Interest, which all Men seem to be very ready and willing to understand, 'twas unhappy for that Great Author to fall egregiously into the Vice we are speaking of. *Credit has neither Quantity nor Quality, Whereness nor Whenness, Site or Habit.* Again, *It is the essential Shadow of something that is not*; and yet this admirable Politician was so sensible of the Necessity of being intelligible in all manner of Writings, that he tells us, it behov'd him to lay down every Thing exceeding plain. This Orator, for his fine Speaking, or much Speaking, got to be *Speaker* to a most august Assembly. And one may see by this Specimen, how fit he was for the Employment. He took upon him especially that of *Protector of the British Academy*, erected for refining and improving our Language, and confer'd upon him by *Swift* the Projector of the ingenious Scheme. I shall not digress, if I add here a *Panegyrick* on that same *Lord Treasurer*, which is extremely deficient in Perspicuity; but if it were intelligible, it would have been one of the best Poems that ever were written upon him.

*Hail! Bright Assertor of our Free-born State,
Active, tho' still, like our approaching Fate,
Rousing the Spirit of our Lethargick Isle,
Ling'ring beneath a most destructive Smile,*

Eager

*Eager of Right, Britannia undeceiv'd,
Yea glorious Anna's perfect Ease retriev'd.*

THERE'S nothing to be understood here but what you find out by the Initials, the *H. A. R. L.* &c. They were written by a Staff Officer in the Army, on a Staff Officer in the State; and are, on that Account, very fit to be made an Example: As is what follows, to Mr. Congreve, before the *Old Batchelor*, by Mr. Higgs;

*When Dryden, dying, shall the World deceive,
Whom we Immortal as his Works believe.*

Tho', perhaps, some may think this is rather *False* than *Unintelligible*.

VERY just is the *Spectator's* Observation, that Want of *Perspicuity*, generally proceeds from Want of Method both in Thought and Expression. Where it arises from Want of Sense, 'tis then Dulness, and below Criticism. Some do not know how to methodize their Thoughts, and these, the same Author tells us, have the *Dispensary's barren Superfluity of Words*. Others have not Patience to put them in Order, but express them as fast as they are conceiv'd; and their Expressions will always participate of the Confusion of their Thought, which naturally begets Obscurity.

THE Antients themselves are not without their Obscurities; and Father *Bouhours* owns, few Persons *understand them, without the Help of Interpreters*; which, I believe, is true: Tho' I seldom meet with any raw Academicks, who do not pretend to understand them as well as they were understood when they were written; but one may doubt whether their Pretence is just, by their almost always varying in their Interpretations. A Thought may be obscure of it self, and their Antiquity is no Excuse for it; but if it arises from Historical Circumstances, the Antients are not accountable for our not knowing their History. They wrote for their own Age, not for ours. They often allude to Things, the Memory of which is lost, and we can know nothing of them. Commentators do sometimes guess at the Meaning, but for the most Part make their Author say what they will. They do, as it were, put him to the Torture as a Criminal, to make him speak as they wou'd have him. The Comedies, Satyrs, Epigrams, and all Poems of the Antients, which have Reference to the

Manners of the Times, and the Characters of particular Persons, must needs be obscure in many Places. And how the Commentators explain the Difficulties which arise by it, one may learn by a few Notes on the Satyrs of *Juvenal* and *Persius*, which I choose to make use of, because they have the least Pedantry in them, of any that have been borrow'd or stoln by our Translators, from the Comments upon their Authors.

Juvenal, Sat. 2.

Or Syllas' Pupils Syllas' Rules decline.

The Commentators are not willing to leave us in the Dark upon this Passage, and the Note is,

If these Pupils were not Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus; They were Augustus, Anthony, and Lepidus.

For his Pupils could be no other than a *Triumvirate*.

With those polluted Priests at last shall joyn.

THE Commentator, from no other Authority than his own Gueses, tells us of what College those *polluted Priests* were: A new College to celebrate a Festival to *Minerva* the Goddess of Chastity. The Priests of all the old Colleges were not guilty of any such Pollutions, not even those of *Bacchus*. Such Discoveries as these are extremely edifying.

Sat. 12.

The speeding Blow of some Uncommon Hand.

THIS *Uncommon Hand*, *Grandis Minister*, is the chief Pontiff, according to some Interpretations; or a fat Journeyman Butcher, according to others; call'd *Grandis*, not from his Quality, but his Bulk. Should not we be very much to blame, to charge the Antients with Obscurity in such Matters with which we cannot but be very well acquainted.

Persius, Sat. 1.

Shou'd cry up Labeo's Stuff, and cry me down.

DRYDEN says, the Commentators confess, that this *Labeo* is no where mention'd, but in this Satyr of *Persius*; yet *Casaubon* has found out that his Name was *Atticus Labeo*, and that he made a foolish Translation
of

of *Homer*. His Authority for it, is another Commentator elder than himself; and by this Means, tho' he is nowhere else mentioned, we know what is meant by *Labeo's* Stuff. The very Expression sufficiently explains the Matter, and that it related to some wretched Translation, or Undertaking which had been cry'd up, and was soon buried in eternal Oblivion, while *Persius*, it seems, whose Works are Immortal, wanted very much of the Translator's Vogue.

*'Tis nothing---- I can bear
That Paltry Scribblers have the Publick Ear,
That this vast universal Fool, the Town,
Shou'd cry up Labeo's Stuff, and cry me down,*

'Tis needless to repeat more Instances of such kind of Obscurities and Comments. All modern Writings, Comedy, Satyrs, Epigrams, Dialogues, and the like, which have Allusion to the present Times and Manners, will be as obscure to Posterity, as those of Antiquity are to us. Who can read *Hudibras* now without a Comment? Or indeed, who can comment upon him in some Places, better than upon *Persius*? As in *Canto II*.

*When 'twas resolv'd by either House,
Six Members Quarrel to espouse.*

A N hundred Yéars hence, a Commentator may object against these Six Members, and prove it to be an Error of the Transcriber, for *Five Members*; as in *Sir John Denham*, pag. 63.

To the *Five Members* of the Honourable House of Commons.

*We come in the Rear, to present our Follies
To Pym, Stroud, Haslerig, Hampden, and Hollis.*

B U T this Comment falling into the Hands of some Critick better vers'd in History, he will observe, that *Sir John Denham* refers only to the Members who were of the House of Commons, and were Five only; but *Butler* includes the sixth Member, the Lord *Kimbolton*, who was call'd up to the House of Lords, during the Life of his Father, the Earl of *Manchester*. These are Obscurities which the Writers are not to be blam'd for, and are unavoidable, unless Authors would write Annotations

tations on their Works, and publish them together ; as in this of Sir *John Denham*.

*Did I for this bring in the Scot?
For 'tis no Secret, now the Plot
Was Say's and mine together ;
Did I for this return again,
And spend a Winter there in vain,
Once more t'invite them hither ?*

Will not the Commentators be puzzled to find out who this *I* was ? The Lord *Say* is named in History, as one who held Intelligence with the *Scots*, when they enter'd *England* with an Army, in 1640. But who was this *I* ? Sir *John Denham* does not mention it ; yet that future Critick will, after much Study, discover that it was Mr. *Hampden*, by

Did I for this return again ?

Mr. *Hampden* went to *Scotland* with King *Charles I.* after Peace was made with the *Scots* : And farther it is said in another *Stanza*,

Did I for this your County bring ?

He was Knight of the Shire for the County of *Bucks*. Will not there be some Difficulty in these two Verses of *Dryden's*, before Mr. *Congreve's Double Dealer*.

*But now not I, but Poetry is curst,
For Tom the Second reigns like Tom the First.*

The Lines before it are worth repeating, for that they shew us compleatly what a good Opinion he had of himself, as well as of Mr. *Congreve*.

*Oh that your Brows my Laurel had sustain'd,
Well had I been depos'd if you had reign'd ;
The Father had descended for the Son,
For only you are lineal to the Throne :
Thus when the State one Edward did depose,
A greater Edward in his Room arose.
But now not I ———*

Which alludes plainly to the *Poet Laureat's Place*, which he lost for Disaffection to the Government, and *Tom Shadwell* succeeded him. This was his *Tom the First*, upon whose Death *Nabum Tate* was made *Poet Laureat* ; and there has not been a *Tom* in that Place ever

ever since : What will the Commentators do then for this *Tom the Second* ? Why, if they consult *Chamberlain's Present State of England*, they will find that *John Dryden* was *Historiographer* as well as *Poet* ; that *Tom Shadwell* held both the Places, and *Tom Rimer* succeeded him as *Historiographer* : Thus he became *Tom the Second* after *Dryden* in one Place, tho' not in both. These Obscurities will not be so easily clear'd up, when the *Present State*, the *History of England*, and other Contemporary Histories are as much forgotten, as it is to be fear'd they will be an hundred Years hence. *Père Bouhours* gives us a like Example out of a famous *French Poet*, and the Criticism will be lost if we don't repeat the Original. 'Tis taken out of a Satyr, which kind of Poetry is most liable to such Obscurity ; because it treats, or should treat of the present Manners. The Author is describing a Feast ;

Sur tout certain hableur a la gueule a affamée,
Qui vint à ce festin conduit par la fumée,
Et qui s'est dit Profès dans l'Ordre des Costeaux,
A fait, en bien mangeant, l'eloge des morceaux.

*His Place a gluttonous Romancer took,
Invited thither by the Chimney's Smoak,
Who of the Order of Costeaux profest,
Eat much, and as he eat, still prais'd the Feast.*

I HAVE often thought, says the *French Critick*, that the Commentators wou'd be hard put to it, by the *Order of the Costeaux*. They will find no such Order in Ecclesiastical History, and will therefore correct it to the *Order of Cisteaux*, which they do find, not knowing that when the *Satirist* wrote, there was a Club of Hard-Drinkers, who had their Wine from the Vineyards on a certain Hill or *Coteau* : From whence they were call'd the *Order of the Costeaux*.

PÈRE Bouhours thinks there are many Corrections of ancient Authors which have no better Foundation than this, with respect to the Terms ; but as to the Thought, he says, there is not the like Agreement between this Amendment and the Commentators, there being no manner of relation between Men who love nothing but Gluttony and Topping, and Men that have renounced the World, and are only preparing for Eternity, as he insinuates of the Brethren of the *Order of Cisteaux*,

IN the Satyr upon Man, *Alexander* is compar'd to a Court Fool :

Ce fougueux l'Angely, qui de sang alteré,
Maître du monde entier, s'y trouvoit trop serré.

*That furious l'Angely, whose Thirst of Blood
Was never quench'd ; and who the World subdued,
Lord of the Whole, yet thought himself confin'd.*

WE know who that *l'Angely* was, says Father *Bouhours* ; and if it becomes obscure hereafter, the Author is not to be blam'd for it. *Angely* was a Fool belonging to the Court, brought thither out of *Flanders* by the Prince of *Conde* ; and the Poet compares *Alexander* to him on Account of the Madness or Folly of his Ambition. Such Obscurities as these are not what Father *Bouhours* means ; nor such as come from an ill ordering of the Words, from double Meaning, or barbarous Expression. He refers to the Obscurity which is in the very Thought ; and he compares it to those dark Nights, or thick Mists, which hinder all Sight, let a Man have ever so good Eyes, and let the Object be ever so near. 'Tis not very common to find such Obscurity in the Works of the Ingenious ; however, there are some which are not free from it, as particularly a *Funeral Oration* pronounced at the Obsequies of *Lewis XIII.* the *French King*, in the Holy Chapel at *Paris*, by the Priest of the Chapel. The King died on Ascension Day, and the Preacher took for his Text *Ascendit super occasum* ; upon which he began his Oration thus :

“ How then, great Son of our Monarchs, are you
“ weary in the Midst of your glorious Race ? are you
“ already setting, and from so great Height of Glory
“ precipitated into an eternal Swoon ? No, no, bright
“ Star, you rise by being cast down, and your Elevation
“ is measur'd by your Fall. Why, ye Funeral Pumps, do
“ you disguise his Triumphs ?” We must here insert
the Original ; for the Nonsense is hardly to be translated :
*Si ma Sainte Chapelle est ardente, elle n'éclatera qu'en
feux de joye ; ce sera dans les évidentes démonstrations où
je reproduirai notre Monarque tout auguste, parce qu'il
a été tout humble, & hautement relevé dans Dieu par
une servitude couronnée, pour n'avoir point eû de couron-
nes qui ne lui fussent assujéties.* “ If my holy Chapel is
“ a Fire, the Place will be only Bonfires : It will be
“ evident

" evident Demonstrations wherein I shall again produce
 " our Monarch always august, because he was all Humi-
 " lity, and highly rais'd in God by a crown'd Servitude,
 " that there might be no Crown which was not subject-
 " to him". The Orator was one of the most eminent
 Ecclesiasticks of his Time, yet what can be more un-
 intelligible? The *French* expresses this kind of Nonsense
 by the Term *Phebus*; in which Figure, if we may
 so call it, there must be an Appearance of Light glim-
 mering over the Obscurity, a Semblance of Meaning
 without any real Sense; whereas in the *Galimatias*,
 the Obscurity is compleat. The *Phebus* is so term'd,
 from that Appearance of Light, which is very often so
 little, that the Thought is so obscure as not to be un-
 derstood; and when the *Phebus* and the *Galimatias*
 come together, there's nothing to be met with but Glim-
 merings and Darkneses. The *Galimatias*, in plain
English, is *Nonsense*; for the *Phebus* we have no Term,
 but we have the Thing in several notable Productions
 of the Mind, especially Speeches, Harangues, and the
 Flower of *English* Oratory, Addresses to the Throne,
 where the Orator glitters with flaming Words and Turns
 without Meaning, or but with very little. *Pere Bouhours*
 gives us an Instance of the mixing the *Galimatias* and
 the *Phebus*, as in the Saying of a *Spanish* Panegyrist,
The Sun seems to make his Course round the Throne of
our Kings in making it round the World; for their
Crown is his Zodiack upon Earth. The Author of the
Prince Illustre, abounds with the like Mixture of these
 two Figures: He presents his *Hero* with a most glorious
 Picture, which, says he, " Was never spread upon Can-
 " vas, which was made as soon as design'd, whose Co-
 " lours were his Sweat temper'd with the Blood of his
 " Enemies, whose Sword was his Pencil, his Courage
 " his Painter, his Desires his Designs, and himself his
 " Original". The Preacher in the before-mentioned
 Funeral Oration, added, *The Man in the King wou'd*
what he cou'd, the King in the Man cou'd what he
wou'd, and the Strength of the one was the Weakness
of the other. Here's Nonsense with an Appearance of
 Sense, which is the *Phebus* of the *French*. This Ap-
 pearance consists in a Construction, That as a King, and
 as a Man, he acted correspondent to each Quality.
 Having prais'd that Monarch for being insensible of every
 Thing

Thing which flatters the Sense, he cries out, " Oh Royal Abstinence of Pleasures ! Oh Sun born in Abysses ! Oh Plenitude in the Vacuum, *Manna* in the Deserts ! A dry Fleece all over wet, a wet Fleece all over dry : A dry Body where Pleasures may be drown'd : A Body temper'd and imbru'd with the Consolations of a rigid Austerity ! *Again*, Go mighty Soul, a Guest worthy of so rich a Palace. Of Matter as base as that of Animals, you made one as pure as that of the Stars : As it is Unchangeable by your Vigour, it is Immortal by your Rewards. And you, ye sacred Ashes, the Remains of so chaste a Torch, Of all the Solemnities of these Obsequies, I have only for you an anticipated Translation, which, without stirring from the Place, from the Tomb, places you in the Cradle, and from the *West*, carries you to the *East*. I do not commit you to the Dust, as we *Europeans* do ; nor to the Waters, as the *Barbarians* ; nor to the Air in a Chrystal, as the *Egyptians* ; nor to the Fire, as the *Romans*. I lay you up in the Bosom of Providence, which designs to enclose the Globe of my Star, and the Chariot of his Triumphs, whose finest Solemnity shall be the Device of *Lewis* the Just. *Ascendit Super Occasum.*

PERE Boubours remarks, that it is hard to tell which prevails most here, the *Galimatias*, or the *Phebus* ; for nothing can be more shining or less clear.

I DON'T know whether the Reader will place this Thought and Expression of *Dr. Felton* on the Classics, to the *Galimatias*, or the *Phebus* ; *If the Rules had not been given, we had been troubled with much fewer Writers.* Which seems to me to include an Obscurity as well in the Expression as the Thought : And so this of *Dryden*, in his Poem on *Oliver Cromwell*.

*As if the Confident of Nature saw
How she Complexions did divide and brew.*

Whether it was out of Haste or Negligence, or whatever else was the Occasion ; but *Dryden* is often obscure in his Plays and Poems. Those two noted Lines in his *Hind and Panther*, are of this bad Kind.

He's doom'd to Death, tho' fated not to dye.

Yet there may be an Interpretation which clears it of
the

the Obscurity, notwithstanding the Criticism of the Lord *Hallifax* and *Prior*, in the *Country Mouse*. Doom and Fate are not here the same Thing; Doom is condemn. A Criminal on whom Sentence is pass'd, may be said to have receiv'd his Doom, to be doom'd to Death; but a Reprieve and Pardon proves that he was *fated not to dye*. The next Line is not so easily clear'd of the *Obscure*.

And follows Fate, which does too fast pursue.

The *Galimatias* there is very visible, and I question whether what follows in the Translation of *Homer*, is not somewhat a-kin to it.

Slow rolls the Chariot o'er the following Tide.

The next Verses are certainly of the same Species.

When the Gods pray they both request and grant.

Rival Ladies.

So soon o'ercastr with Absence in the Morn.

Poets have often run into this Obscurity for the sake of Measure or Rhime. Had it not been for the Measure, wou'd the Translator of *Homer* have said,

*If Chance a swelling Brook his Passage stay,
Eyes the rough Waves.*

THE *rough Waves* of a Brook are either not very intelligible, or they are very ridiculous. The rough Waves of the River *Brent* hardly deserve to be *ey'd* by Women and Children; but the Waves of a Brook, which a Boy can leap over, wou'd never have been thought of by the Translator, if *Brook* had not been a Monosyllable, and *River* a Dissyllable; for tho' 'tis a Brook in the Verse, 'tis a River in his Note; and the rough Waves of a River one has a just Conception of. The Rhime has done as much Mischief this Way as the Metre. *Dryden* would not have said *Phalaris' Cow*, instead of *Bull*, if it had not been for the Rhime *low*: There would be no End of it, should one multiply Instances of this Kind. I shall only add one more, a Verse in a Poem of the Lord *Hallifax*.

To every Coast with ready Sails are hurl'd.

Thunder being hurl'd from the Heavens, or Pieces of Rocks down Precipices, Darts and Lances being hurl'd
in

in Combat we all understand; but as to Ships being hurl'd along the Sea by a fair Wind, is not so easily understood, and must be made use of purely for that it rhim'd to *World*. I have already mentioned a Passage out of Dr. *Felton*, the Meaning of which was very much o'ercast, so as to be almost lost in a Cloud; and what follows out of *Collier's* Essays is not at all clearer, *The Brain has an unpromising Aspect*; nor is the next Passage of this much better, *If a Man gives me a souse Box on the Ear, I may love the Hand, tho' I don't like the Blow*. The Author very frequently darkens his Meaning by the Affectation: *He could neck a Passion at a Stroke, and lay it a-sleep*. Again, *Man may act an Excellency for the Satisfaction of Significancy*. Again, *the Keeness and Vigour of a Man's Senses seem to make them more liable to be disoblighd*. Sometimes the Galimatias arises from the Confusion which is produced by a Huddle of Metaphors, as in this of *Collier*; *It may be, we shall sift the Gentleman to the Bran, and make him run the Gantlet before he gets clear*. This Gentleman is first Meal, then Bran, and then a Foot Soldier; *To be always pouring in Oil, is the Way to over-set the Flame, and extinguish the Lamp*. *If you lay a Country constantly under Water, you must spoil the Soil*. This may be plac'd under the shining Figure *Phebus*, where Nonsense, tho' one of the Spirits of Darkness, appears, like an Angel of Light; what follows is still more glaring, *It may be the Failing of Drunkenness is imperceptible in the single Instance, 'twill rise in the Sun*. *To go always a little out of the Way, makes a strange Mistake upon the Progress: A Grain will grow to a Burthen by Addition; To be always dipping an Estate, is the Way to turn Beggar: A Drop that's perpetually falling will make a Stone give way*. This Thought is sparkling in Appearance, but examin'd, you will find it so full of Turnings and Windings that it becomes a mere Labyrinth.

COLLIER's Essays are full of the like Examples of glittering Confusion, or *Phebus's* Figure, which, I doubt not, has been the Admiration of *Sophs*, Under-Graduates, and Judges of the same Rank, from *Quintilian's* Time, to *Father Bouhours*. *They will glean up the best Thoughts. They will draw off the Spirit of an Argument. When the Mine has been work'd by such Hands.*

LOGICK and RHETORICK. 369

The Nonsense which comes from a Word is not the Subject of the *French* Jesuits *Criticism*, as this of an honourable *English* Poet :

*A royal Vest Prince Vortimer had on,
Which from the naked Picts his Father won.*

THIS has occasion'd a great deal of Raillery, though there is not so much Reason for it as some have imagin'd; but the Thought lay so open, by the *Vest* and the *Naked*, that a blind Critick must have stumbled upon it. The two following Verses of the same honourable Poet is a perfect *Galimatias* Nonsense, without the least Ray of Light to gild the Obscurity :

*But Fame had sent forth all her nimble Spies,
To blaze this Match, and lend to Fate some Eyes.*

THE Poets, in their Love-Fits, have produc'd *Phæbus* upon *Phæbus*, Nonsense that shines every where, but with the Light of a Glow-Worm, which vanishes when you come near it :

———'Tis gone,
*And Bellamira, with eternal Spring,
Drest in blue Heavens, and breathing vernal Sweets,
Dropt like a Cherubim.*

Lee's Cæf. Borg.

LEE, it may be said, was mad, and his Brain too much distemper'd for sound Thinking : But what was *Shakespear* ?

*Oh give me Remco, and, when he shall die,
Take him, and cut him out in little Stars;
And he will make the Face of Heav'n so fine,
That all the World will grow in love with Night,
And pay no Worship to the gaudy Sun.*

Again,

*Were she in yonder Sphere, she'd shine so bright,
The Birds wou'd sing, and think the Day were
(breaking.*

BUT this Subject will not bear Remark ; the Confusion which arises from Passion is very intelligible to such as have been sensible of it, as *Dryden* observes :

*Imperfect Sounds
And Nonsense shall be Eloquence in Love.*

SIR Harry Sheers, in a Sonnet he wrote for *Southern*, joins Softness and Nonsense very prettily :

*Her Eyes are Cupid's Darts and Wings,
Her Eye-brows Cupid's Bow,
Her filken Hair the silver Strings.*

And one might fill Volumes with Instances of this Kind out of our Poets Amorous and Gallant. The Nonsense that is occasion'd by the Expression only, is not generally so obscure as that which is originally in the Thought ; as when a fam'd Lord-Keeper said in his Speech : *The Sea is our brazen Wall*, Rushw. p. 1115. Every one understands the Sea is as good a Fortification to us as a Wall of Brass. But what did Sir *Edward Turner* mean, in that elegant Speech of his, where he said : *As the Sun exhales the Vapours from the Earth, and then sends them down in Showers of Plenty, so our Obedience and Affection to your Majesty are return'd upon our Heads in Peace*. I have often seen *Faction* and *Sedition* compar'd to Vapours ; but *Affection* and *Obedience* are not sure in any Comparison with the Exhalations from Bogs and Marshes ; though the Speech-making Knight was perhaps more in the Right than he intended ; for the superlative Loyalty of those Times, the Sacrifices made in other Speeches to arbitrary Power, like the Addresses of Abhorrence afterwards, and the *Oxford Decree*, may be said justly to be Vapours exhal'd from the Marshes and Bogs of *Obedience without Reserve*, of Superstition and Bigotry. Archdeacon *Echard* is captivated with this Elegance. The Obscurity in the following Stanza of an Ode on King *William* is entirely in the Thought :

*The great first Mover which revolves the Sky,
With its ineffable Rapidity,
Moves not more Orbs round this terrestrial Ball,
More thwarting various Motions forces with its own,
Than Spight of different Motives be alone,
Can unite Opposites to follow at his Call.*

The Words glitter ; but the Thought is a meer Chaos
IN translating Examples out of *Perc Bouhours*, the Reader is not to expect Sense, when he is to be taught
by

by Nonsense. The next Instance is taken from the Letters of *l'Abbe de St. Cyran*, a Writer of great Eminence in his Time, the Minority of *Lewis XIV.* "Esteeming every where of great Importance, I do not say the Omissions, but the least Intermissions of Friendship, whether in Words or Actions; and not being of Opinion with those that think the Contemplatives have the Advantage of others in the Exercise of the Virtues, having always lov'd Action more than Word, and Word more than Meditation, and solitary Conversation in Friendship, I may say, however, with Assurance, that I have not fail'd on this Occasion, and that the Cause of my Dilatoriness will be as agreeable to you as a Letter written with more Diligence; the more for that desiring once for all, to tell you with Expression equal to the Bottom of my Thought, after what Manner I pretend to have given my self to you, I have done contrary to those excellent Painters who are at the Pains to lower their Imagination, not being able to raise mine to the Point where my Acknowledgment would lodge it. From hence it is, that in the Debate between my Heart and my Understanding, whose Conceptions do not come up to its Movements, I chose rather to be silent a while, in expectation of the Assistance of those fine Spirits which help to the forming of high Imaginations, than by endeavouring to say something, to say it with Diminution, and to the Prejudice of the Fountain of my Passions, in which it is only lawful when they are begot by true Love, to have a Sort of Ambition without fear of Reproach." I shall content my self with this Quotation out of *Monfieur de S. Cyran*. *Pere Bouhours* has more of this Nonsense; but we have too much of it of our own Growth to need any Importation from *France*. When Authors endeavour to shine every where, they very often run into the Figure *Phæbus*; of which one may say as the Poet:

Like Clouds, whose fleecy Skirts are gilt with Gold.

Epistles Dedicatory are full of these gilt Clouds, for which the Patron often parts with his pure Gold. Sermons, especially from young Declaimers, do sometimes abound with them, as well as publick Speeches, Charges, and the like; the Latter in an especial Manner, when

the Declaimer ventures out of his Road, and is not contented with the Form that is set him. The *Opera* is of a Nature not to be supported without this Figure; every thing there is Shew, and there is no more need of Sense than there is of Philosophy. *Otway*, in his Dedication of the *Orphan* to the Dutches of *York*, labours very hard to gather Flowers and Graces for his Garland. *The Description of so rare Virtues as yours ought to be done by as deliberate as skilful a Hand. The Features must be drawn very fine, to be like; hasty Drawing will but spoil the Picture, and make it so unnatural as must want false Lights to set it off.* If false Lights are unnatural, they would be of little Service to set off what was before out of Nature. To the Dutches of *Portsmouth*, before *Venice Preserv'd*, he says, *Your Grace has given me so large a Theme, and laid so very vast a Foundation, that Imagination wants Stock to build upon it.* One would think now that one should be digging under Ground almost to the Center to find out this very vast Foundation; but instead of that we must call for a Telescope or a Quadrant to take the Altitude of it. *I am as one dumb when I would speak of it, and when I strive to write I want a Scale of Thought to comprehend the Height of it.* Again, *You call'd me from the Rear of Fortune and plac'd me in the Shine.*

ONE would have expected that he had been remov'd from the *Rear* of Fortune to the *Front*; but it is to the *Shine*. Notice has been elsewhere taken of the Absurdity of Similes in the Height of Passion, to which very often the *Phæbus* is added, as by *Southern*, in his Play call'd the *Disappointment*:

——— *Oh may Heaven in Thunder send
A general Pardon to the sinning World,
That every Heart may feel what mine does now.*

BESIDES the sending a *Pardon* by Thunder, which generally goes on the Errands of Vengeance, he adds a *Simile*:

*Alphonso comes, like Nature's God he shows
In a May Morning thro' the golden Boughs,
Crown'd with the rosy Beauties of the Spring.*

HERE is something that shines and smiles; but what it means is no Way communicated to us. *Dr. Burnet*
of

of the *Charter-House*, in his Answer to one *Warren*, who excepted against his *Theory*, quotes a Passage out of that *Warren*, which makes a very exemplary *Galimatias*: *Hermus*, *Caister*, *Menander* and *Caius*, *Nile* and *its Mud*, *Piscennius Niger*, who contended with *Septimus Verus* for the *Empire*, and reprimanded his *Soldiers* for *bankering* after *Wine*. *Du Val*, an ingenious *French Writer*, and *Cleopatra* and her admired *Antony*, have all a sweet Agreement one with another; and are an admirable Instance of that reverend Author's Ability to cope with the Master of the *Charter-House*, one of the most eloquent Writers in any modern Language: The same excellent Critick and Divine, in his Exception to the *Theory*, speaking of the *Great Deep*, by which is understood the Receptacle of the Waters before the Flood, expresses himself thus: *But though these Caverns be called Deeps, we must not take them for profound Places that went down into the Earth, below the common Surface of it; on the contrary, they were situate above it.* Thus he makes the World to stand upon its Head like a Tumbler: The Deep is above Ground, and the Surface under it. This is a *Galimatias*, rather of *Irish* than of *French* Growth; and we see that Philosophy is infected, as well as Poetry and Oratory; and as plain as Mr. *Warren's* Philosophical Nonsense is, he is so fond of it that he has it over again, and affirms, that by the *Tops of the Mountains* in Scripture, we must understand the *Bottoms of the Mountains*. To the *Galimatias* he joins the Bombast, in an Harangue in Praise of the Clouds: " Sometimes they
 " mount up and fly aloft, as if they forgot or disdained
 " the Meanness of their Origin. Sometimes again they
 " sink and stoop so low, as if they repented of their former proud Aspirings, and did remorseful humble
 " Penance for their high Presumption. And though I
 " may not say they weep to expiate their Arrogance,
 " or kiss the Earth with bedewed Checks, in token of
 " their Penitence; yet they often prostrate in the Dust,
 " and sweep the lowest Grounds of all with their misty
 " foggy Trains." Dr. *Burnet's* Raillery, in his Animadversions on this learned Divine's Exceptions, is perfectly pleasant and fine, and deserves to be imitated by all who have Genius and Occasion.

THIS Harangue about the Clouds and Rains, says he, is pursued for fourteen or fifteen Pages; and with Submission to better Judgments, I take it to be a Country Sermon about the Usefulness of Rain. I was drawn into this Digression by his Idea of *Country Sermons*, and the very great Pertinence observ'd in the Choice of the Subjects, it being exactly conformable to my Conceptions of most of them; but I durst not have express'd it without a Warrant from one of the greatest Doctors of our Church. Is not this a very happy Expression of the same Author, *Warren*, as to the Creation of Water, that it *broke out of the Womb of Nothing*? In a celebrated Poem printed about thirty Years ago, were these Verses:

*Then Time had first a Name, by firm Decree,
Appointed Lord of all Futurity,
Within whose spacious Womb.*

People were very much surpriz'd at the Womb of *Lord Time*; and it is near akin to the *Womb of Nothing*; but the ingenious Author corrected it afterwards:

Within whose ample Bosom.

SUCH Slips as *Womb of Time* do not proceed from the Perplexity of the Author's Mind, or the Deficiency of his Understanding; but from Negligence and Oversight. They are what *Horace* recommends to the Candour of the Reader, when there are Beauties in the Poem to make amends for them:

— Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis,
Offendor maculis quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit natura.

*But in a Poem elegantly writ,
I will not quarrel with a slight Mistake,
Such as our Nature's Frailty may excuse.*

The Expression will very often betray the Ignorance of the Author in the Thought; as when the Reverend Mr. *Laurence*, in the Preface to his Book of Gardening, says, *The Subject of Philosophy is pretty*; or that *Euclid* is a very facetious Person. How the Prettiness of Philosophy can be made appear, is no more conceivable than the Philosopher Mr. *Warren's* Saying of Dr. *Burnet's* Theory, that his Argument was indirectly, consequentially, and reductively of blasphemous Importance. Which

Which corresponds with his Description of the Creation: *The Embossings of Mountains, the Enamelling of lesser Seas, the Open-Work of the vast Ocean, and the Fret-Work of the Rocks.* Where both Thought and Expression bear Relation to the *Galimatias* and *Phæbus*, 'tis the more inexcusable, for that in philosophical and controversial Matters, Perspicuity is principally necessary. It will be seen that I affect to take my Examples from Authors who were well esteem'd, both by the Publick and themselves; and so many offer in their Writings, that one might easily fill a Library with Books upon the Subject *Nonsense* which shines, and *Nonsense* which does not shine, *Nonsense* in the Thought, and *Nonsense* in the Expression; sometimes the one, sometimes the other, and sometimes both together, where the Obscurity is natural and involuntary, not such as *Wilmot*, Earl of *Rocheſter's* Speech, when he perſonated *Alexander Bendo*, the *High-German* Doctor, or *Italian* Quack; nor the merry Harangue made by *Villiers*, Duke of *Buckingham*, to amuse the Houſe of Lords, and give time to increaſe a negative Vote againſt the Bill for eſtabliſhing arbitrary Power in King *Charles the Second's* Reign. In the Lord *Rocheſter's* there was a Meaning conceal'd; in the Duke of *Buckingham's* no Meaning at all; but he gave it a Caſt and an Air of Senſe, which had the Effect he intended.

I AM ſatisfy'd the Inſtances I could take out of the Addreſſes which have been made to the Throne in *England* will be thought too mean, or I might produce much of the *Obscure* and *Unintelligible* in the Zeal and Loyalty of our Countrymen, eſpecially in the Reigns of King *Charles* and King *James II.* 'Tis very hard that thoſe Examples ſhould be thought to have too much Meaneſs in them, when they were drawn up by the moſt learned, moſt eloquent, and moſt able of the Clergy, as will be generally allow'd. Thus in the following Deſcription of the Diſſenting Miniſters: *Thoſe canting Pretenders to Conſcience and Purity, the charming Crocodiles of a new Babel, who are ravenous Wolves in Sheeps Cloathing.* Which was ſign'd by a whole County. The charming *Crocodiles* being *ravenous Wolves* is nothing; but when the *new Babel* is added to it, the Confuſion is as great as at the old One, and deſerves Remark, as coming from a Quarter that wanted not the Aſſiſtance of

both our Universities: As doth what follows, being an Effect of the good Sense, Divinity, Logick, and Rhetorick of the *Honourable Society of the Inner-Temple*: *Since the Birth of our Saviour nothing of more general Benefit hath happen'd, than the Discovery of this damnable Presbyterian Plot; nor can we hope to make right Use of our Saviour's Birth, unless we do from the Bottom of our Breasts abhor and detest it, &c.* I will mention the Eloquence of but one more Address to the Throne; and I am provok'd to it by the Semblance there is between the Abilities of the Orators of the Place in those Days and in these: *They would involve your Majesty's three Kingdoms in a Perpetuity of Blood and miserable Distractions, had not the All-seeing Power timely detected them; and by a seasonable Sacrifice, the Fire at Newmarket, led you thence, as did that Cloud and Pillar the Children of Israel out of Egypt; otherwise must our only Isaac, the King and the Duke of York, have been offer'd up to the Emulation of execrable Villains, &c.* What a Jest must it have been to Foreigners, if any of 'em had understood our Language, to read those fine Orations with which the State-Papers were cram'd; and to have an Account how most graciously so much Fustian and Nonsense were receiv'd? They must have taken them as a Sample of the *English* Genius, of our Logick and Rhetorick; for People generally make Presents of the very best they have to their Princes. If I had taken Notice of this when I spoke of Bombast, I might have very much swell'd the Bulk of this Book by that Article; and it would have been made very plain, that small Genius's, by affecting to be florid, become perplex'd. This Perplexity is the Reverse of Perspicuity; and the best turn'd Periods in the World, without Meaning, are like Consonants without Vowels. Yet I could cite Passages out of many declamatory and rhetorical Performances, which have pass'd current as excellent and beautiful, with no more Meaning in them than Marrow in a Skeleton. To descend to the lower Order of Speakers and Writers, would be to throw our selves into a Wood, out of which there is no Passage. To mean is an Effect of Thinking; and when we consider how very few People there are who can really think, for if they think not justly they think not at all, we shall not be surpris'd when we meet with Perplexity and

and Nonsense. I have instanced several Passages of this out of *French* Divines, after *Pere Bouhours*; and how easy would it be to match them with others of the same Kind, out of the Works of *English* Preachers! Dr. *Eckhard*, in his *Contempt of the Clergy*, has some pleasant Instances; as this: *Omnipotent All, thou art Only because thou art All, and because thou only art; as for us we are not; because we seem to be, and only seem to be, because we are not.* This is Galimatias with a Witness. I have mention'd the Flourishing of a *Spanish* Priest on the King of *Spain's* being the *Zodiack* of the Earth; which is not so bad as the Saying of an *English* Preacher, that the Mercy of God in sending our Saviour was a *Zodiacal* Mercy, a Mercy truly *Zodiacal*; for *Christ always keeps within the Tropicks*, "He goes not out of the Pale of the Church; but yet he is not always at the same Distance from a true Christian, sometimes he withdraws himself into the *Apogæum* of Doubt, Sorrow and Despair; but then he comes again into the *Perigæum* of Joy, Content, and Assurance: But as for Heathens and Unbelievers, they are all *Arctick* and *Antartick* Reprobates. We have in the first Part observ'd what was said by a *Spanish* Author of St. *Xavier* and the Sign *Cancer* in a Poem; which, however, is more passable than the Saying of one of our own Divines in a Sermon, where the Twelve Signs are made so many Proofs of our Saviour's coming to our Redemption; and having past through *Aries*, and *Taurus*, and *Gemini*, confirm'd by several Texts of Scripture, he breaks out, *What need I speak of Cancer, when the Psalmist says so plainly; What ailed thee, oh thou Sea, that thou fleddest, though I ordain that thou wast driven back?* And how would some Theatrical Orators be able to justify their Actions in the Pulpit, by the Laws of Oratory, and the Practice of Pagan Orators, had they heard another Reverend Divine advising his Auditory, *That when they are teaching they should not move too much; for that is to be carry'd to and fro with every Wind of Doctrine?* What follows, taken out of a Sermon preach'd at St. *Mary's* in *Cambridge*, has something of the *Phæbus*, but more of the *Pun*: *As God hath DEALT to every Man a Measure of Faith, Men should play their CARDS above-board, that is, avoid all Dissembling, not pocket Cards, but improve their Gifts and Graces,*
follow

follow Suit, *wear the Surplice, and conform in Ceremonies.* The Subject and the Simile agree very well. These are *Phæbus's*, which were produc'd by the Preachers Fondness of Metaphors; and there is enough of 'em in Dr. *Echard's* pleasant Letter to R. L. In his Dialogue between *Philautus* and *Timothy*, he rallies Mr. *Hobbes* for falling into a Philosophical *Phæbus*; and instead of saying in these plain Terms, as the *Aristotelians* do, that *Sense is a Knowledge occasion'd by some outward thing, that Colour is the Object of the Eye, and Sound the Object of the Ear.* He declaims, "All Conception proceeds from the Action of the Thing it self whereof it is the Conception; and when the Action is present the Conception it produceth is called *Sense*, and the Thing by whose Action the same is produced is called the Object of the Sense. By Sight we have a Conception of Colour, which is all the Notice and Knowledge the Object imparteth to us of its Nature by the Eye. And by Hearing we have a Conception called Sound, which is all the Knowledge we have of the Quality of the Object from the Ear." The Abundance of Words here occasions the Perplexity; and there is nothing more likely to occasion it than such an Abundance. Where that great Philosopher, *Hobbes*, does not so abound with Words, his Conceptions are not so clearly express'd as one would expect in the Writings of a Person who depended entirely on human Reason; as in this: *The Absence or Destruction of Things once imagin'd, doth not cause the Absence or Destruction of the Imagination it self.* In which, if there is any Meaning at all, it is no more than this: That though the Palace of *Whitehall* is burnt, it does not hinder my remembring that it once stood there: Which is extremely philosophical and edifying. Much of the same Kind will be found in the Doctor's Dialogues, which I chose to make use of on account of the Character of *Hobbes*, as well abroad as at home. The Earl of *Mulgrave*, afterwards Duke of *Buckingham*, praises him for the very Quality which Dr. *Echard* thinks him deficient in:

*In other Authors, tho' the Sense be good,
'Tis not sometimes so eas'ly understood;*

That

*That Jewel oft unpolish'd has remain'd,
 Some Words should be left out, and some explain'd:
 So that in search of Sense we either stray,
 Or else grow weary in so rough a Way;
 But here bright Eloquence does always smile,
 In such a choice, yet unaffected Stile,
 As does both Knowledge and Delight impart,
 The Force of Reason with the Flow'rs of Art,
 Clear as a beautiful transparent Skin,
 Which never hides the Blood, yet holds it in;
 Like a delicious Stream it ever ran,
 As smooth as Woman and as strong as Man.*

As thus, in that Philosopher's clear Way: *A Man is either by or for himself a Man, call'd a real Man; or he is a Man for another, call'd a fictitious Man. Again, Liberty is Absence of all Impediments to Actions that are not. Again, When two Parties disagree about a Matter of Right, it is a Law of Nature that they should leave it to the Determination of a Third, which Third must not be One of the Two.* One cannot say this is so perplex'd as not to leave Room for us to find out what is meant by it: But the making a Third out of the two is not surely,

The Force of Reason with the Flow'rs of Art.

SHOULD we look into the Works of the smaller Philosophers, we should find hardly any thing else but *Galimatias*; they seem, like the Oracles of old, to make Obscurity the Excellence of their Axioms: Not that they do it so much out of Design to keep their Science a Mystery, as out of the Confusion of Thought and Insufficiency of Expression. Such Obscurity passes for Learning with the Ignorant; and the less People understand of these Authors the more profound they reckon their Knowledge. *Theses's* and *Exercises* are full of the like *Galimatias* and *Phœbuses*, not out of Affectation so much as Ignorance; though to affect Learning and Knowledge above a Man's Capacity, is the surest Way to be puzzled in Thinking; and, consequently, to fall into the Vice which *Pere Bouhours* is exposing. There are no Writers so apt to be guilty of this as your Metaphysicians, who spin their Thread so very fine that it breaks with the least Touch. *Pere Malbranche* would supply

supply us with Examples of this Nature ; but we have a *Malbranche* of our own, Mr. *John Norris* of *Bemerton*, whose *Phæbus's* shine out in every Page : As thus, *The immediate Objects of our Understandings are the divine Ideas, the omniform Presence of God partially exhibited. Again, The simple Essence of Things is nothing else but the divine Essence it self consider'd with his Connotation as variously representative of Things, and as variously imitable or participable by them.* Real. and Rel. No doubt but those that admired this Divine's rational and rhetorical Way of Writing understood this and the like Passages, as well as the Writer ; but being none of his Favourites, we were not trusted with the Key to them. It must be own'd there is no great Loss in the Miss of his Meaning ; for where we find it, 'tis as that of a Riddle or an Enigma. Yet this doughty Author must set up for an Answerer to Mr. *Lock's Essay of Humane Understanding* ; tempted to it, perhaps, by the great Reputation which he must needs acquire by his Treatise, call'd, *A Murnival of Knaves, or Whiggism burlesqu'd out of Countenance.* Which instructs us, that this Metaphysical Divine, Casuist, and Poet, had *Pam* in his Hand as often as *Pere Malbranche.*

Maynard wrote on another such intelligible Writer in *France* :

Charles, nos plus rares esprits
Ne sçauroient lire tes écrits
Sans consulter Muret ou Lipse.
Ton Phébus s'explique si bien,
Que tes volumes ne sont rien
Qu'une éternelle Apocalypse.

*Friend Charles, when we thy Writings read,
We Lipsius or Muretus need ;
Our quickest Heads wou'd be perplext,
Without a Comment on thy Text :
In whate'er Page the Reader dips,
'Tis all a meer Apocalypse.*

FATHER *Bouhours* tells us the Satyre of *Maynard* is not just here ; for by the Help of *Muretus* and *Lipsius* we may understand the Authors they comment upon ; but can never understand the Obscurity and Perplexity
of

of certain modern Writers, who do not really understand themselves what they write, though they think they do, as far as they are capable of Thinking; for as Thought must be just and true to be good, it will not be pretended that very many are capable of thinking justly and truly in ingenious Subjects. This Obscurity and Perplexity are mostly to be met with in those elaborate Pieces which the Master of the *Charter-House* calls *Country Sermons*; and they are the more excusable there, because the Auditory is generally less capable of judging than the Declaimer is of Thinking. Father *Bouhours* observes, that we sometimes think of Things which we cannot express clearly for want of proper Terms. The Thought is either above the Expression, or so mingled and so delicate, that it is not to be explain'd but imperfectly; though in the *Diana* of *Monte-Mayor* it is said, when a Person knows how to express a Thought well, he does not think so well as he expresses it: *Quien tambien sabe desir lo que siente, ne deve sentirlo tambien como lo dize.* Indeed Terms are not often wanting for Expression when the Thought is of it self clear; and a sure Sign that it wants Clearness is its Want of Words. The famous *French* Bishop, *Camus*, being in *Spain* when *Lopez de Vega*, the famous *Spanish* Poet was living, ask'd him the Meaning of a Sonnet of his; *Lopez* read it again and again, and then own'd freely he did not understand it himself. Upon which *Pere Bouhours* remarks, that the *Spanish* Wits are so apt to be obscure, that it is not taken notice of by *Spanish* Readers. If they soar into the Clouds, they are, perhaps, the more admir'd. Several *Spaniards* have confess'd that they do not understand their Poet, *Gongora*; and probably he acquir'd the Surname of *Marvellous*, on account of his not being intelligible; inso-much that to say a thing that is very obscure in *Spanish*, they have a Proverb, *E scuro coma las soledades de Gongora.* These *Soledades* were two Poems of *Gongora's* on Solitude; and the Obscurity in them was greater than that in his other Poems. *Gratian*, Author of the *Courtier*, is censur'd for the same Defect; he sometimes affects to hide himself in his Book call'd the *Courtier*, translated into *English* from the *French*, by Mr. *Savage*; and it must be a hopeful Translation that is taken from a Translation of an Original which was not intelligible to his

his own Countrymen, at least, in several Places; for in some he is allow'd to be excellent; and in those the *English* Translator has very often reduc'd them to the *Incomprehensibility* of the rest which are not comprehensible. The *French* Critick allows, that an Author may excel in some Passages, and yet be obscure in others; either by too much Subtlety, or too great Haste and Negligence: But the Obscurity of Mr. *Savage's Gratian* was so remarkable, that *Don Juan de Laftanosa* acknowledges he was not clear, and that his Stile was too curtail'd and too enigmatical. 'Tis true his Admirers say he affected it, that his Sentiments and Stile might be the more agreeable to the Sublimity of his Subject. That he did not intend to accommodate himself to the Vulgar; but as *Aristotle* chose to be obscure to please *Alexander*, who would have no Body understand his Writings but himself; so *Gratian* was willing to instruct Men of Quality only, and leave the common People to be instructed by such as write clearly and intelligibly. *Quintilian* speaks of such a kind of Pedant who taught his Scholars to be obscure, and often cry'd, *That's excellent, I don't understand one Word of it.* This extraordinary Quality was the Merit of Mr. *John Norris* of *Bemerton*, who probably affected it in his Metaphysical Poems; but in his *Controversy* one may suspect that he understood himself no more than his Readers did. I need not enter into Particulars; one may justly say of his Works what *Maynard* said of a *French* Writer's:

*In whate'er Page the Reader dips,
'Tis all a meer Apocalypse.*

I HAVE before me a vast Variety of Obscurity, Unintelligibility, and Contradiction, in *English* Authors, both in Prose and Verse. I have mention'd a Passage or two out of a Translation, which I would say the Translator thinks as infallible as the *Pope*, if it was not a Jingle on the Name; and this out of a Translation which claims the same Infallibility, is not more intelligible:

——— *While I new Traëts explore
With flying Sails, and coast along the Shoar.*

Dryd. Georg.

To

LOGICK and RHETORICK. 383

To sail into the wide Ocean in Discovery of *new Tracts*, and to coast all the while *along the Shoar in Sight of Land*, is of that Sort of Obscurity which arises from Contradiction; and *Dryden's Works* are by no Means free from it. I shall have frequent Occasion elsewhere to speak of the late excellent Version of *Virgil's* two first *Georgicks* compar'd with *Dryden's*; which in the Comparison appears to be no Translation at all; and that the Translator had no Conception, in many Places, of the Subject, which the Original treated of; especially where he puts the *Winter Season* before the *Vintage*. And what his Meaning is here is not easily come at:

*Nor pois'nous Acorite is here produc'd,
Or grows unknown, or is when known refus'd.*

AND the same may be said of many such Couplets, as is judiciously observ'd by the learned and elegant Translator of the late Translation, who one may see was Master of the Subject, and from whom the Lovers of Letters and Poetry hope a Version of the other two *Georgicks*; and hope, with some Impatience, that the Obscurities which abound in *Dryden's* Translation may be expos'd, and those dark Places be enlighten'd by the same Learning and Judgment which succeeded so well in the two *Georgicks* already publish'd:

So soon o'ercast with Absence in the Morn,

Is an Obscurity of *Dryden's*, which is a Twin to Nonsense; and many of the same Kind are to be met with in his Plays and Poems. One cannot but be a little surpriz'd that such a loose Way of thinking should pass so currently among the Wits of his Time, for the sake of the Language and Versification: The Nonsense in good Language, like a Blockhead in good Cloaths, renders it more apparent and ridiculous.

To return to *Pere Boubours*: He is very angry with the *French* Translator of *Gracian's Courtier*, for falling on his Dialogues *d'Ariste & de Eugene*; wherein *Ariste* says *Gracian* is obscure; for which the Translator rallies the learned Jesuit; who, however, has got the Advantage of him in the Controversy, by a Confession of his Antagonist in the Preface to the Version of the *Spanish Book*, where he owns, "That *Gracian* is abstracted, unintelligible, and, consequently, not to
" be

" be translated. That all who have read him give him
 " this Character; and that a Man of Learning reply'd
 " to a Friend, who told him he was about translating
 " *El Oraculo Manual y Arte de Prudentia*; The Ma-
 " nual Oracle, and the Art of Prudence. 'Tis a bold
 " Undertaking, Sir, to attempt a Version of a Spanish
 " Book, which the Spaniards themselves do not under-
 " stand." Upon this *Pere Boubours* charges the Tran-
 " slator with contradicting himself, in confessing that
 " *Gracian* is unintelligible, and not to be translated, at
 " the same time that he endeavours to ridicule *Ariste* for
 " saying he was incomprehensible. His Words are: If
 " *Gracian* is incomprehensible, and does not understand
 " himself, how is it that he has good Sense, which the
 " Critick allows? But *Pere Boubours* allows that an
 " Author, who is obscure in certain Places, may be clear
 " and happy in others; which is so plain, that the Ridi-
 " cule turns all on the French Translator of *Gracian* for
 " objecting against it. And the Jesuit adds, the Plea-
 " santry of it is, that the Translator piques himself on his
 " Penetration, when he does not himself understand the
 " Author he translates. He owns in his Preface before
 " mention'd, That *Gracian's Language* is a sort of Cypher,
 " but an intelligent Person may decypher it, without the
 " Help of a Conjuror. Though it must be confess'd he
 " has more than once left the Cypher standing in his Ver-
 " sion. The Spanish Author, speaking of the Mind, ex-
 " presses himself thus: *Es este el atributo Rey; y aussi*
 " *qualquier crimen contra el, fue de lesa magestad.* The
 " Translator decyphers this Passage thus: *L'esprit est le*
 " *Roy des attributs; & par consequent chaque offense qu'on*
 " *lui fait est un crime de leze-majesté.* " The Mind is
 " the King of Attributes; and, consequently, every
 " Offence against the Mind is High-Treason." *Gra-*
 " *cian* and his Translator are as hard to be decypher'd as
 " the Hieroglyphicks on Egyptian Monuments. Again,
 " the Author says, speaking of Dissimulation: *Sacra-*
 " *mentar una voluntad sera soberania.* The Translator
 " terms it thus: *Qui de sa volonte fait faire un Sacrament,*
 " *est souverain de soi-même.* " He who knows how to
 " make a Sacrament of his Will is his own Sovereign."
 " This is very fine both in Spanish and French, and the
 " Nonsense well dress'd in both Languages: What can one
 " make of the King of Attributes? What of making a
 " Sacrament

Sacrament of one's Will, as the *French Man* renders it. The *Spaniard* writes, *El attributo Rey*, which, with the help of a little Conjuring, may be interpreted, That the Mind is the *sovereign Perfection of Man*. And by *Sacramentar una voluntad*, one might imagine he meant, to conceal the *Motions of the Heart*, and render it a *Mystery to others*, as is the *Eucharist*: But to go so far out of the Way for such a small Portion of Sense, was not worth our while, and much less *Father Bouhours*; who says, the Translator of *Gratian* is like *Lipsius*, who, endeavouring to explain certain dark Passages of *Tacitus*, made them still darker, and shew'd the World that he did not very well understand them himself: And the *French* Translator is further like *Lipsius*, in that he apologizes for the Obscurity of his Original. They both tell us, that their Author wrote not for the People, but only for Princes, Ministers of State, and Men of Wit; and that it is not their Fault if they are not understood, but the Fault of the Readers. However the Mischief of it is, that neither Princes, Ministers of State, nor Men of Wit can find out the Meaning of the obscure Places in *Tacitus* and *Gratian*, any more than other Readers. The Truth is, others are as good Judges, as Princes, Ministers of State, and those that are call'd *Wits*, of what is Sense, and what is Nonsense. And it is the Out-side only which distinguishes them from the rest of Mankind. Princes, and Ministers of State, have more Opportunities of knowing Men and Affairs, but as to Reason and Wit, others have as many; and if they have more Ease and Leisure, and the same Portion of Understanding, more Opportunities of forming a right Judgment. The Great, it's true, are apt to give themselves the Airs which their Flatterers teach them, and to treat the rest of Mankind as if they were as much below them in the Qualities of the Mind, as in those of Rank and Fortune. But there's something Pleasant in this Imagination, and those they despise do very often perceive the *Ridiculum* of those Airs, which turns upon valuing one's self on Qualities one has not, by the Merit of those that one has. These Reflections might be carry'd much further, and probably the Digression wou'd be excus'd, had we Room for it. The *French* Critick rallies the *French* Translator of *Gratian*, for his *Frenchifying* the *Spanish* Terms, when he speaks of the

King, *Lewis* the XIVth. And it must be own'd the *Spanish* Tongue abounding in Augmentatives, was admirably well adapted to the Gust that Monarch had for the grossest Flatteries, where the Panegyrick was swell'd in Thought and Expression, till it were ready to burst. The Translator calls him *Roy Roy*, King King; *Maistre Roy*, The Master King; *The Grand Tout*, The Great All; *The non plus outre de la Royauté*, The *ne plus ultra* of Royalty. Thus the Vice Chancellor of *Navarre* stil'd him, *L'avant-Victorieux*, The Van-Conqueror; and began his Eulogy *Ma Plume en l'air*, My Pen in the Air; *Homer has a King more a King than others*; and Marot, *A King more a King than ever any that wore a Crown*: And another Poet, *A King truly a King*. But a *King King* was never heard of before *Lewis* the XIVth; and he might as well have said, a *Parrot Parrot*. In a Word, adds the Jesuit, there are some Things in *Gratian* so dark, so abstracted, and so contrary to the Character of the Antients, that 'tis not so agreeable for a Man of a good Taste to be much delighted with him. The Reflexions in the *Manual Oracle* are unnatural, and very often chimerical; almost always so obscure, that one can make nothing of them, especially in the Translation. If so, in the *French* Version, which was done by a Man of Learning, what sad Work must the *English* Translation be, which was done by a Man who did not pretend to more Learning than the Generality of his Readers, and who, I believe, was not sensible from the Beginning of the Book to the End, that there was any more Obscurity in it than he was wont to meet with in other Books which he translated, where when the Sense did not presently reach him, he put in what came first into his Head, which was not so well stor'd as to afford such Supplies any way equal to his Originals!

'Tis strange that there should be Authors who take a Pride in this Obscurity, but it is so true, that *Quintilian* remembers us of some of them; *Pervasis jam multos ista persuasio, ut id jam demum eleganter atque exquisitè dictum putent, quod interpretandum sit*. There are many Writers who fancy they are admir'd for saying Things so as they may not be understood, and do not think there's Wit in that which does not want interpreting. Such is the Example *Pere Bouhours* produces,
L'enfer

L'enfer est le centre des damnez comme les ténèbres sont le centre de ceux qui fuient la lumière. C'est-là où la lumière de Dieu les incommode le moins, où les reproches de leur conscience sont moins vifs, où leur orgueil est moins confondu ; ainsi ce leur est une espèce de soulagement que de s'y précipiter. " Hell is the Center of the Damn'd, " as Darkness is the Center of those that fly the Light. " There the Light of the Lord Incommodes them " less, and the Upbraidings of their Conscience are " not so piercing, and their Pride is in less Confusion. " Thus it is a sort of Consolation for them to be flung " into it". The Divinity of this is suitable to the Sense. It was said by an eminent Author in *France*, and Father *Bouhours* may well say he does not understand what he means by it, The Light of the Lord, which shines inwardly on the Damn'd in the midst of Darkness, makes them more sensible of the Loss of God's Presence ; and one can't conceive how Hell was made for the Consolation of the Wicked. The same Author writes elsewhere, " The Soul is born down by " its own Weight to Despair. The Center of corrupt " Nature is Rage and Hell ; and separate the Soul from " Objects, and reduce it to a Condition of thinking on " nothing but it self, it will at once sink down into " Hell ". These Proofs of Things are incomprehensible : If Despair, Rage, and Hell are the Center of corrupt Nature, Man could never be at Rest but in Despair, in Rage, and in the Torments of the Damn'd ; as a Stone is never at Rest but in its Center : Nor is what follows more comprehensible ; *To separate a Soul from Objects, and reduce it to a Condition of thinking on nothing but it self, It will sink at once down into Hell ;* which borders very much on the *Galimatias* before spoken of. As does the Thought of an *Italian*, against measuring the Size of the Understanding by that of the Head, *Non sanno, che la mente è il centro del Capo : e il centro non cresce per la grandezza del Circolo.* The Understanding is the Center of the Head, and the Center is not encreas'd by the Extent of the Circle. We are as well furnish'd with Obscurity in *English* Authors as the *French* are, and need not have recourse to Father *Bouhours* for Examples. I shall content my self therefore with one more, *Si les amitiés des Grands ne se détruisent pas d'ordinaire par les mêmes* dégrez

dégrez qu'elles ont été formées ; elles cessent quelquefois par un rapport assez juste de la cause qui les a fait naître avec le penchant de ceux qui deviennent inconstans. " If the Friendships of the Great are not commonly destroyed by the same Degrees by which they were form'd, they sometimes cease by a just Affinity between the Cause that created them, and the Inclination of those that become inconstant ". This Nonsense comes from the greatest and most famous Philosophers and Historians, and is more excusable in Philosophers than Historians. *Aristotle*, the Father of Philosophy, is obscure enough, and some are apt to think the Secrets of Nature require a little Mystery ; but 'tis intolerable in Historians, according to *Pere Bouhours*, and Common Sense ; it being extremely pleasant for an Author to pretend to tell Facts, and speak so mysteriously, that the Reader shall not know his Meaning. *Aristotle* is to be admir'd where he is understood, but where he is unintelligible, he ceases to deserve our Admiration. *Socrates*, after having read a Treatise of *Heracitus's*, full of Obscurities, pass'd a very handsom Censure upon it, saying, he was very fine where he understood him, and he doubted not he was the same where he did not understand him : This was that *Heracitus* who bid his Disciples *Hide their Thoughts and speak only by Enigma's*, for fear of being understood by the Vulgar. *Pere Bouhours* continues, Every Writer, whether Historian or Philosopher, Orator or Poet does not deserve to be read when he is not intelligible, but makes a Mystery of his Thought. We should do by them as by those Women who wear Masks in the Streets, or muffle themselves up in their Hoods, let them go by and not so much as look at them. This regards such as affect to be mysterious, for a little Mystery contributes, when 'tis unaffected, to the Delicacy of a Thought, as has been already observ'd. Such Mystery leaves Room for the Light to enter, and is not like a Mask, or thick Vail, which covers all the Face ; it is as a transparent Gawse, thro' which one sees and knows the Object with Pleasure ; whereas when a Writer studies to be mysterious, and to puzzle his Readers, they will be in the wrong to give themselves any Trouble about him, for his Thoughts will seldom be a Reward for their Pains. *Costar* is accus'd of Obscurity, where he says, *Voiture disputoit*

disputoit la gloire de bien écrire aux illustres des Nations étrangères, & contraignoit l'écho du Parnasse en un temps qu'il n'étoit plus que pierre, d'avoir autant de passion pour son rare mérite, qu'il en avoit, lors qu'il étoit nymphe pour la beauté du jeune Narcisse. "Voiture disputed the Glory of Writing with the most Illustrious of Foreign Nations, and compell'd the Eccho of Parnassus at a Time when he was nothing but Stone, to have as great a Passion for his extraordinary Merit, as when he was a Nymph, he had for the Beauty of young Narcisse". The Thought is not clear, to say no worse of it, and the Eccho of Parnassus having a Passion for Voiture's Merit, though a Stone only, is as little intelligible; as that Eccho not answering the Voice of Thunder, teaches us, that what the Gods do, cannot be express'd by Men. A Writer of the last Reign had this Thought, in praise of Cardinal Richlieu, *L'écho qui ne répondant point à la voix du Tonnerre, nous apprend que ce que les Dieux font, ne scauroit estre exprimé par les Hommes.* Costar, in a Letter to a Friend, has a Thought which is much prettier, *There is something in your Letter, which, I believe, wou'd be very fine, if you and I understood it.* "Il y a dans votre Lettre une chose qui seroit, je crois, fort belles; si nous l'entendions vous & moy. Balzac, continues he, speaking of Virtue's being its own Reward, says, *La gloire n'est pas tant une lumière étrangère qui vient de dehors aux actions heroïques, qu'une réflexion de la propre lumière de ses actions, & un éclat qui leur est renvoyé par les objets qui l'ont reçu d'elles.* Here's a great deal of Light, but very little Clearness, and there must not be more Meaning expected in the Translation, than in the original French of Balzac; *Glory is not so much a Foreign Light which proceeds from the outside of Heroick Actions, as the Reflection of the proper Light of those Actions, and a Lustre which is sent them back from the Objects that receiv'd them.* I endeavour to be as literal as possible, and must preserve the Nonsense as well as the Sense of *Pere Bouhours's* Quotations. *Salust* expresses himself with great Perspicuity, *Majorum gloria posteris quasi lumen est, neque bona eorum, neque mala in occulto patitur.* "The Glory of Ancestors is as a Light which shews their Descendants, their good and bad Qualities,

POETS who pretend to speak the Language of the Gods, are not always to be understood by Men, witness the following Verses upon Cardinal Richlieu.

Je scay que les travaux de mille beaux Esprits,
Pour t'immortaliser ont fait une peinture,
Qui montre à l'Univers que ta gloire est un prix
Pour qui le Ciel dispute avecque la Nature.

*I know the Labour of a Thousand Wits,
To immortalise Thee have made a Picture
That shews the World thy Glory is a Prize
Which Heaven disputes with Nature.*

THE Verses Pere Bouhours quotes out of an Heroick Poem are much of the same Value. The Subject is very rich and beautiful Armour.

L'étoffe & l'artifice y dispuoient du prix ;
Les diamans mêlez avecque les rubis
S'y montroient à leur flame, & vive & mutuelle,
Ou toujours en amour, ou toujours en querelle.

*The Stuff and Art dispute the Prize,
The Diamonds with the Rubies mix'd,
Shew by their lively and their mutual Flame
That always they're in Love, or always quarrelling.*

'Tis hard to tell which is clearest, The Prize which Heaven disputes with Nature : Or, the Diamonds mix'd with Rubies always in Love, or always quarrelling. The French Poets have very often fallen into Nonsense by Exaggerations in their Flattery. But Lewis the XIVth was not so delicate in that Affair as to leave the Poets without Reward, tho' the Panegyrick was without Sense. Fathers Bouhours quotes some Verses upon the King's Marriage at the Conclusion of the Pyrenean Treaty, which are not over clear.

Le Destin consentoit que Madrid fût en poudre :
Pour complaire à l'Infante il contredit les Cieux :
Des mains de Jupiter il arache la foudre ;
Et desarme les Rois, les Peuples, & les Dieux.

*The Fates consent Madrid shou'd be in Dust,
And contradicts the Skies to please the Infanta ;
They snatch the Thunder from the Hands of Jove,
And Kings, and People, and the Gods disarm.*

Proper Incense this for the Altar of the Grand Lewis:
The Poem begins thus,

Braves, reposez-vous à l'ombre des lauriers,
Le Grand Louis consent que vous preniez haleine.

*Brave Soldiers rest beneath the Shade of Laurels,
Great Lewis gives you Time to breathe.*

THE learned Jesuit, as I have observ'd more than
once, takes his Examples of Obscurities from Authors
of great Vogue, as was the Dramatick Poet who wrote
these Verses.

Ce départ cependant m'arrache un aveu tendre,
Et dont mon cœur confus d'un silence discret,
En soupirant tout bas m'avoit fait un secret.

*Yet this Departure forc'd from me a tender Confession,
And of which my Heart confounded with a discreet
(Silence,*

By Sighing softly, made a Secret to me.

PERE Bouhours tells us, that a Portuguese Orator,
in an *Historical Discourse on the Birth-Day of the most
serene Queen of Portugal*, express'd himself in this Man-
ner; *Si un Prince se fie à son sujet, on peut dire qu'un
cœur se fie à un autre cœur: mais quand l'Epoux se
fie à son Epouse, il ne faut pas dire qu'un cœur se fie à
un autre cœur, mais qu'un cœur se fie à lui-même.*
“When a Prince confides in his Subjects, we may say
“that one Heart confides in another; but when a Hus-
“band confides in his Wife, we must not say one Heart
“confides in another; but that one Heart confides in
“it self”: Or, *the half of a Heart*, adds the famous
Portuguese Orator, *puts Confidence with more Safety
in the other half of it self.* A very whimsical Thought,
according to Pere Bouhours; but that of one of the
Antients, mention'd by *Demetrius Phalereus*, has still
more of the Whimsy in it: *A Centaur rides a Horse-
back upon himself.* This out-does The Heart's confiding
in it self; and one half putting Confidence in another;
and a Heart's sighing softly, to make a Secret of its
Passion to it self; which are all very notable *Galima-
tia's*, or in plain *English*, exquisite Nonsense. And
even *Malherbe*, who is commended for good Sense and
Perspicuity, sleeps sometimes as well as *Homer*, if Pere

Bouhours judges rightly, as in these Verses of his Ode to the Duke de Ballegarde.

C'est aux magnanimes exemples,
Qui sous la bannière de Mars
Sont faits au milieu des hazards,
Qu'il appartient d'avoir des temples.
Et c'est avecque ces couleurs
Que l'histoire de nos malheurs
Marquera si bien ta mémoire,
Que tous les siècles à venir
N'auront point de nuit assez noire
Pour en cacher le souvenir.

'Tis to those magnanimous Examples,
Which under the Banner of Mars,
Are made in the midst of Perils,
That Temples ought to be built.
And 'tis with these Colours
That the History of our Misfortunes
Will mark thy Memory so well,
That in all future Ages
There shall not be Night black enough
To hide the Remembrance of it.

What can one make of *Examples to which Temples ought to be built*? and *which are made in the midst of Perils*? what *Colour* does the Poet speak of? 'tis not easily to be conceiv'd; nor the Meaning of the following Verses by the same Author *Malherbe*.

Ce n'est pas en mes vers qu'une Amante abusée
Des appas enchanteurs d'un parjure Thésée,
Après l'honneur ravi de sa pudicité,
Laisée ingratement en un bord solitaire,
Fait de tous les assauts que la rage peut faire,
Une fidelle preuve à l'infidélité.

I sing not in my Verse an injur'd Fair,
Betray'd by Theseus's bewitching Charms;
Of Honour robb'd, and of her Modesty,
Abandon'd on a solitary Coast,
Who makes of all the Assaults that Rage can make
A faithful Proof to Infidelity.

THE Jesuit informs us, that most Readers thought they understood the two last Lines because they run smoothly,

smoothly, and have an Appearance of Sense, which the foregoing Verses do not want. He owns he does not understand *All the Assaults that Rage can make*; nor *Faithful Proof to Infidelity*. In excuse of the Author, 'tis said, he was very young when he wrote them; and that, as *Longinus* says of *Homer's* old Age, It was the *old Age of Homer*, so one may say of *Malherbe's* Youth, that it was the *Youth of Malherbe*, in whose Writings if any Slips were made, the Beauties more than atton'd for them; but *Pere Bouhours* will not admit of any Excuse for Obscurity. He insists upon it that no Writing, or Poem is worth any Thing, if it is not clear, at least those Places where Clearness is wanting. A *French Sonnet*, entitl'd, *l'Avorton*, The *Abortive Birth*, has fine Thoughts in it, tho' they are not all without some Obscurity.

Toi qui meurs avant que de naître,
 Assemblage confus de l'être & du néant;
 Triste avorton, informe enfant,
 Rebut du néant & de l'être;
 Toi que l'amour fit par un crime,
 Et que l'honneur défait par un crime à son tour,
 Funeste ouvrage de l'amour,
 De l'honneur funeste victime.
 Laisse moi calmer mon ennui;
 Et du fond du néant où tu rentre aujourd'hui,
 Ne trouble point l'horreur dont ma faute est suivie.
 Deux tyrans opposez ont décidé ton sort:
 L'amour, malgré l'honneur, te fit donner la vie,
 L'honneur, malgré l'amour, te fait donner la mort.

*Thou who dyedst before thou wert born,
 Confus'd Conjunction of Being, and of Nothing:
 Thou poor Abortive Birth, Thou Child unform'd,
 Refuse of Nothing and of Being;
 Thou that wert criminally made by Love,
 And criminally art unmade by Honour;
 Love's fatal Work,
 And Honour's fatal Victim.
 Ah let me quiet my unquiet Soul,
 And from the Depth of Nothing,
 To which Thou art now returning,
 Trouble not the Horror that attends my Fault:*

*Two opposite Tyrants have decided thy Fate,
Love, spite of Honour gave thee Life,
And Honour, spite of Love has given thee Death.*

Pere Bouhours informs us, that the first Line,

Tou qui meurs avant que de naître,

Thou who dyedst before thou wert born,

has something *Marvellous* as well as *Natural* in it ; that the Thoughts in the two last Verses

L'amour malgré l'honneur, te fit donner la vie :

L'honneur, malgré l'amour, te fait donner la mort.

are very just, if not too just, at least in the Playing upon *Love and Honour, Life and Death.*

Love, spite of Honour gave thee Life,

And Honour, spite of Love has given thee Death.

But the *confus'd Conjunction of Being and Nothing*, is not so clear as one could wish, no more than *Refuse of Nothing and of Being* ; which has been said to be too strong to be clear : Though the learned Jesuit is of Opinion, that such sort of Strength is a great Vice in Sentiment and Expression, and he learnt it from *Quintilian*. *Nam tumidos & corruptos & tinnulos, & quocumque alio cacozelie genere peccantes, certum habeo non vitium, sed infirmitatis vitio laborare ; ut corpora non robore, sed valetudine instantur.* Minds that are tumid are like swoln Bodies, and have more Weakness than Strength : Tho' their Appearance is Healthy and Thriving, yet in Reality they are Sick and Languishing ; than which nothing can be more true.

Mountains and Wilds intractably abrupt,

is swoln like a Dropsy, and wastes away to nothing when it is examin'd. To this Criticism *Father Bouhours* adds one upon *Grammar* : The Poet says *tu rentre*, for *tu rentres*. The *sin rentres* was not so commodious for the Verse, and the Commodiousness of the Verse and Rhime have led our *English* Poets into worse Faults of Grammar, and sometimes of Sense. No Man took more Liberty of this Kind than *Mr. Dryden*, who knew very well how faulty he was in it ; but he had no Regard to the Capacity and Judgment of his Readers. He chang'd *Phalaris's Bull* into *Phalaris's Cow*, for the sake of the Rhime

Low,

Low, as I have elsewhere observ'd ; and as to Grammar, he has set an Example to succeeding Poets, to change the Person, the Number, and the Tense, as it serv'd the Turn best for the Harmony, and sometimes for the Length of the Verse, or for the *Tag* at the End of it, or even for the *Initial Letter*, as the *H's* in *High*, *Hæmus*, *Hilly*, in *Dryden's* Translation of *Virgil's* *Second Georgicks*.

Or lift me High to Hæmus' Hilly Crown.

When in Truth *Virgil* is speaking of the Vallies of *Hæmus* ;

—————*Gelidis in Vallibus Hæmi.*

Tæ Vales, ye cooling Groves where Hæmus reigns.

as it is much better rendred in the last Version of *Virgil's* Husbandry, where, and in the excellent Notes, one may see how easy it is for the best Poets to fall into Error thro' Carelessness or Haste : As in the other Line of *Dryden's* Version.

Or in the Vale of Tempe lay me down.

which is not indeed obscure, the Sense being very plain and homely ; but there is not a Word in *Virgil* of *Tempe*, or of laying him down there : And the above learned Translator in his *Essay on the Georgicks*, observes, nothing can be more wretched than this Version of *Dryden's*.

*From his lov'd Home no Lucre can him draw,
The Senate's mad Decrees he never saw,
Nor heard at bawling Bars corrupted Law.*

THE Senate had just decreed *Augustus* divine Honours, and it wou'd have been a wonderful Compliment on the Emperor, if the Decree he had accepted of had been presented by Madmen : But *Dryden* here sinks his great Original *Virgil*, into the Character of a miserable Libeller against the Liberty of his Country. He steals from his own vile Reflections on the Parliament in several of his Lampoons, particularly his *Abalom* and *Achitophel*, the *Medal*, the *Hind* and *Panther*, &c. and makes the most judicious, discreet, and delicate Poet that ever wrote, express himself as insolently and lewdly as himself was wont to do on the like Occasions.

FATHER

FATHER *Bouhours* in the next Place touches a little on *Solecisms*, telling us, that a certain *French* Author, in a very serious Discourse, call'd Irregular Buildings, *Solecisms in Stone*, and Romances, *Puppet Shows in Paper*, an Apophthegm, *the White Pepper of Diction*, and the Ladies long Train, *The Hyperboles of Cloth*; Thoughts mean, burlesque, and enigmatical, indeed not worth mentioning, tho' taken out of a Discourse that had its Admirers. Men who conceal their Meaning thus, should never write, as *Maynard* directs.

Mon ami, chassé bien loin
Cette noire Rhetorique :
Tes ouvrages ont besoin
D'un devin qui les explique.
Si ton esprit veut cacher
Les belles choses qu'il pense ;
Di-moi qui peut t'empêcher
De te servir du Silence.

*Prithee, Friend, let's have no more
Of this cloudy Rhetorick,
Thy Works require a Conjuror,
Their Meaning to explain ;
If when thou finely thinkest
Thy Wit will hide it from us,
Tell me what hinders Thee
From keeping Silence ?*

THIS Reflection, *Gravity is a Mystery of the Body, invented to hide the Defects of the Mind.* “ *La gravité* “ *est un mystere du corps inventé pour cacher les défauts* “ *de l'esprit*”, is very delicate, and yet it is not without a little Obscurity. Mystery of the Body seems to be too mysterious : The *Eloquence of the Body* passes very well, in considering the Action of the Orator, as the *Duke de Rochefoucault* has it. *Il y a une Eloquence dans les yeux & dans l'air de la personne qui ne persuade pas moins que celle de parole.* There's an *Eloquence* in the Eyes and Air of a Person, which are as persuasive as his Words.

THE Obscurity *Pere Bouhours* treats of, is frequently occasion'd by the Mind's being itself obscure, and not seeing Things in their proper Light : When its Notions are not clear, Thoughts will not have Clearness ; nor will the Words be more clear. Obscurity may arise from

a Thought's being far fetch'd, or from the Use of a Metaphor or Comparison that has no Relation to it. The *Solecisms in Stone* are obscure, for that there is a very great Distance between a *Solecism* and a *Building*.

SEVERAL Metaphors heap'd one upon another, have also a very ill Effect; and what *Quintilian* said of Discourse, may be said of Thought. *Ut modicus atque opportunus translationis usus illustrat orationem; ita frequens obscurat, continuus verò in allegoriam & enigma exit.* As a Metaphor renders a Discourse clear when 'tis us'd à propos, so it obscures it when 'tis too frequent, and becomes an *Enigma* if continually repeated. The Reason of it is, that so many Foreign Images being mingled together, cause Confusion in the Mind of the Reader or Hearer. Two Metaphors that are not in the same Kind being joyn'd, lessens something of the Clearness of Thought. There was a learned Lady in France, who, endeavouring to explain what *Taste* *Taste* is in Wit, defin'd it thus; *La goût est une harmonie, un acord de l'esprit & de la raison.* "Taste is a Harmony, or an Agreement of Wit and Reason". Which tho' very delicately thought, in *Pere Bouhours's* Opinion, and tho' both true and solid in the main, yet it does not at first seem to be very clear; and the little Obscurity that's in it, comes from the Huddle of two Metaphors: *Harmony* is a Metaphor, as well as *Taste*; and the Two are of a different Kind: How little is this Delicacy understood by *English* Writers and Readers? The heaping or huddling of Metaphors, is generally taken for the Beauty of Amplification. When they come from Preachers or publick Orators, they are reckon'd extremely fine; and I question whether there are three Criticks in *England* that wou'd be shock'd at them. *Collier* was entirely ignorant of this Defect in Thought and Expression: He seems to value himself upon the Art of stringing Metaphors, as *Swan* did Puns. His *Essays* are cramm'd with them, and yet those very *Essays* are the Admiration of Academicks, Gentlemen, Ladies, and others that think like them. Let us run over a String or two; *To be always pouring in Oil, is the Way to overset the Flame, and extinguish the Lamp. If you lay a Country constantly under Water, you must spoil the Soil. If fancy we shall sift the Gentleman to the Bran, and make him run the Gantlet before he gets clear.* They will

will glean up the best Thoughts; They will draw off the Spirit of the Argument, when the Mine is work'd by such Hands. A Grain will grow to a Burthen by Addition. To be always dipping an Estate, is the Way to turn Beggar. A Drop that's perpetually pelting, will make a Stone give way. There's no End of this Huddle in his Essays: Here are Oil and Flame, Water and Earth, in one short Sentence, doing the same Business. In another, Brain and Gantlet; in a Third, the Gleaner, the Distiller, and the Miner all at work together; and a Volume might be written on Collier's Faults of this Kind, which, however, have never had the least Notice taken of them. There is an Instance in him of Thoughts being obscure by the Obscurity of the Mind, and the first Conception of it, and the Expression cannot but be infected by it; To act an Excellency for the Satisfaction of Significancy. A Man's Head must be clearer than the Author's was, to make any thing of the Thought and Expression, more than that it is the Quintessence of Affectation; How did that Writer conceive this Sentiment, *A Prince made but a lean Figure in Comparison with an Epistle*, Essay on Theft? 'Tis the very Image of Prince Prettyman and the Spanish Fryar, and falls naturally into Burlesque by the Quaintness of the Expression, as well as the Extravagance of Thought. Collier's Stile is extremely vicious, by his affecting to heap Metaphors one upon another, and to think and speak out of the common Road. It wou'd be easy to produce many Instances of Obscurity out of the Lord Shaftsbury's fine *Characteristicks*, and they are the more obscure, the more they wander from the Path that has been trodden; but there are so many beautiful, as well as uncommon Thoughts in them, that it were ungenerous to distinguish the Places that are not equally enlighten'd. The Author of the *Religion of Nature delineated*, is not free from Obscurity, and he falls into it, by endeavouring always to strike out something new; and it is not very strange, that Travellers, who avoid the beaten Track, should lose their Way.

THE next Passage in *Pere Bouhours*, is another Definition of Taste. *Le goût, dit l'Auteur de la Lettre, est un sentiment naturel qui tient à l'ame, & qui est indépendant de toutes les sciences qu'on peut acquérir; Le goût n'est autre chose qu'un certain rapport qui se trouve entre l'esprit*

l'esprit & les objets qu'on lui présente ; enfin le bon goût est le premier mouvement, ou pour ainsi dire, un espace d'instinct de la droite raison qui l'entraîne avec rapidité, & qui la conduit plus sûrement que tous les raisonnements " qu'elle pourroit faire. *Taste* is a natural Sentiment of the " Soul, independant of all Sciences that may be acquir'd. " *Taste* is nothing else but a certain Agreement between " the Understanding and the Objects that are presented " to it. In fine, *Taste* is the first Motion, or if we may " so say, a kind of Instinct of right Reason, which draws " it with Rapidity after it, and conducts it more surely " than all the Reasoning which Reason can make". The learned Jesuit takes this Description to be just and fine, and explains to us the Meaning of the Duke de Rochefoucault, in his Moral Reflections. *Taste comes more from Judgment than Wit* : " Le bon goût vient " plus du jugement que l'esprit ". The same noble Author says, *Quand nostre mérite baisse, notre goût baisse aussi*. " When our Merit sinks, our Taste sinks " also " ; which is not so clear as it should be, tho' it has pass'd currently as a Thought extremely delicate, and the Difficulty in it, is the Author's curtailing the Sense in the Expression as well as Sentiment. Brevity is apt to run into Obscurity, according to *Horace*, *I aim to be short, and I become obscure*. *Pere Bouhours* informs us, that Writers strangle and stifle their Thoughts, by binding them too close together ; for Thoughts that are pent up and want Room, become perplex'd and confus'd ; and may be compar'd to a Map, where Rivers, Hills, Cities and Towns are plac'd so thick together, that there is not Room for them to stand in. *Thucydides* had no greater Fault than affect- Brevity. ed Brevity, which is vicious, in Writing, is much more so in History : And this Fault is what we cannot charge the History of the *Rebellion* with, nor *Echard's* Histories, where there's Room enough for ten times the Number of Facts, when the Superfluity of Words is taken away. *Cicero* accus'd *Thucydides* of too much Conciseness, and that his Brevity renders him somewhat obscure, to which his subtilizing not a little contributes : *Horum concisæ sententiæ, interdum etiam non satis apertæ cum brevitate, tum nimio acumine*. Our English Historians do not deserve Censure so much for being short, as for being tedious ; and the Translator
of

of *Tacitus* must have had a very hard Task of it, if what *Pere Bouhours* says is true: *Tacite est obscur, parce qu'il ramasse souvent sa pensée en si peu de mots, qu'à peine peut-on deviner ce qu'il veut dire.* "The Cause of *Tacitus's* Obscurity, is his collecting his Thoughts together in so few Words, that one can hardly guess at his Meaning". Mortal Man, who cannot, like Angels, be communicative without Words, should not be sparing of them, on Pretence of rendring a Sentiment the stronger; for we shall, by so doing, run great Danger of becoming obscure; a Fault laid to the Charge of *Sallust*, by *Seneca* and *Quintilian*. The former says, *Sallust* in his Time pass'd off curtail'd and obscure Thoughts. *Sallustio vigente, amputatæ sententiæ, & obscura veritas fuere pro cultu.* And *Quintilian*, That *Sallust's* Brevity is to be avoided, he affecting a concise and broken way of Writing. *Vitanda illa Sallustiana brevitatis, & abruptum sermonis genus.* Yet how often do we hear this *Sallust* cry'd up by modern Criticks, as more Eloquent even than *Cicero*. 'Tis certain, Brevity, when there's nothing wanting in Sense and Expression, is very laudable; as the contrary is so absurd and ridiculous, that *Butler* could not help rallying it in his *Hudibras*.

*For Brevity is very good,
If 'tis or 'tis not understood.*

And I often suspect when I hear a Man declaiming in praise of Brevity, that he either wants Words, or knows not how to use them well. *Sallust* is generally a Pattern to all Writers for Brevity, when he is not too sparing of his Words, when he makes use of enough, for he has never more than enough; and *Quintilian* speaks in his Praise, *Est pulcherrima brevitatis, cum plura paucis complectimur, quale illud Sallustii est, Mithridates corpore ingenti perinde armatus: hoc male imitantes sequitur obscuritas.* Where *Sallust* says, *Mithridates* was arm'd with his huge Bulk: *Quintilian* terms it a most beautiful Brevity, which if ill imitated, as it is very likely to be by modern Imitators, will lead Writers into Obscurity.

TASSO was no ill Imitator of *Sallust* in this Verse.

E di fine armi, e di se stesso armato.

Arm'd with himself as well as with his Shield.

Which he certainly took from *Sallust*, and is most happily imitated or stolen, since *Pere Bouhours* will have it so: But then he acknowledges that the Moderns have stolen from *Tasso*, more than the Latter stole from the Antients; and he mentions this Passage, speaking of the River *Po*'s Rapidity at its Mouth, and its throwing it self into the Sea with Violence, as if it wou'd wage War with the Sea, and not pay its Tribute.

——— *E pare*
Che guerra porti, e non tributo al mare.

A French Poet has the same Thought on another River.

——— *Le Tigre écumeux & bruyant*
Se poursuivant toujours, & toujours se fuyant,
De sa fouguese course étonne son rivage,
Et porte pour tribut à la mer un orage.

The foamy Tygre roaring as he rolls,
Pursuing still himself, and flying still,
With his rough Waves astonishes his Banks,
And for a Tribute bear the Sea a Storm.

The Theft is visible, and all the Difference between the *Italian* Poet and the *French*, is, that *Tasso*'s Thought is much more just than the *French* Poet's: For *Tribute* and *War* have some Agreement, or rather some Opposition, and the Sense of *Tasso* is fine. A rapid River is an Enemy that carries War to the Sea, and not a Subject that brings Tribute; whereas there is no Agreement between *Storm* and *Tribute*. This Tribute is Metaphorical, and in the Stile of Metaphor, what Tribute some may say agrees better with the Sea than a Storm? But War being often made to compel the paying Tribute, the Thought looks clearer in the *Italian* than in the *French*.

Le poursuivant toujours, & toujours se fuyant,
is stolen, but inverted by Dean *Sprat*, late Bishop of *Ro-*
chester, in some juvenile Verses of his on his Mistress;

Sweet Stream that dost with equal Pace,
Both thy self fly, and thy self chase.

After all, continues Father *Bouhours*, to say much in little, and many Things in few Words, is one of the greatest Excellencies in Writing, if the Author makes him-

self intelligible, which is the main Difficulty ; and the chief Secret is to manage it, that the Clearness of a Thought may not lose the Force of it, nor the Force the Clearness: However there are certain Writers whose Ideas are so confus'd, that tho' they are not short, they are still obscure. The Sense is lost in a Crowd of Words, and a Man who says too much, is often as little understood, as he who does not say enough.

A Thought that has two Faces is never clear ; we can't tell in what Sense to take it, and are in doubt whether 'tis true or false. *Tacitus* has many such Thoughts as these ; and that wherein he touches on the Christians setting Fire to *Rome*, is of the same Kind, *Haud perinde in crimine incendii quàm odio generis humani convicti sunt*. " They were no less convicted of the Burning " the City, than of the Hatred of Mankind ". One cannot tell here, according to *Pere Boubours*, whether he means the Hatred the Christians bore to Mankind, or the Hatred that Mankind bore the Christians. The Fact in this Case took off the Equivocal in the Expression, it being very well known Mankind hated the Christians for the Singularity of their Religion and Manners ; and it was as well known, that the Christians did not hate Mankind ; but it may be taken either way as *Tacitus* expresses it. The End of *Martial's* Epigram on the Death of *Cicero* and *Pompey*, contains a doubtful Thought ; the Sense of which is not presently determin'd, nor the Truth nor Falshood of it.

Antoni tamen est pejor quàm causa Photini,
Hic facinus domino præstitit, ille sibi.

Anthony's Crime was worse than that of Photinus,
Photinus was a Rogue to serve his Master,
But Anthony to serve himself.

Martial's Decision of this Case has embarrass'd the Thought ; for he who is a Rogue for his Master, commits, perhaps, a greater Crime than he who is a Rogue for himself: Those who are Criminal to serve their own Interest, are hurry'd on by Self-Love and other violent Passions, which lessen the Heinousness of the Crime ; whereas those who are Criminal to serve the Passions of another Person, are more deliberately so, and consequently more malicious. And thus the Proposition in the Point of the Epigram is not clear.

Thoughts

THOUGHTS are also obscure when they are maim'd, and the Sense is not compleat ; and when they are monstrous, and have something in them which at once magnifies and deforms them : They are then like imperfect or mutilated Statuës, which give but a confus'd, or, perhaps, no Idea of the Things they represent. Father *Bouhours* takes the Liberty to charge *Tertullian*, one of the famous Fathers of the Church, with Obscurity ; which, if he had not been so great a Bigot, he might have term'd Nonsense. *Mortuus est Dei Filius : credibile est, quia ineptum est ; & sepultus, resurrexit : certum est, quia impossibile est.* 'Tis in his Treatise *De Carne Christi* ; Of Christ's Flesh : And is said to prove the Truth of the Christian Mysteries ; but surely the learned Heathen must be very much scandaliz'd at such Proof: *The Son of God is dead : 'Tis credible, because 'tis foolish : He was buried, and is risen : 'Tis certain, because 'tis impossible.* This Thought and Expression is monstrous and informous, and at Sight appears false, extravagant, and inconceivable. The *French* Jesuit tells us, to explain *Tertullian*, that the Son of God being the Effect of infinite Charity, and not within the Rules of human Prudence, which counts it foolish to sacrifice the Innocent for the Guilty, nothing renders this Mystery more worthy of our Faith, than that it is so little accommodated to human Reason. Again, The Resurrection exceeds all the Strength of Nature, and could only be the Work of divine Power ; That 'tis certain this God-Man took upon himself a new Life, because it was impossible to rise naturally. But he owns these Thoughts do not say what the Author wou'd have said, or say it so obscurely that they are not to be understood without a great deal of Reflection. In fine, such Thoughts as these are so hollow and deep, that they may be compar'd to Abysses, whose Depth makes one giddy to look into them, as *Cicero* teaches ; *Præcepta quedam, & cum idcirco obscura, quia peracuta, cum rapida & celeritate Cæcata oratio.* *Gombaud* has hit the Character of such Thinkers in these Verses on a certain Poet.

Ta Muse en chimères féconde,
Et fort confuse en ses propos,
Pensant représenter le monde,
A représenté le cahos.

*Thy Muse abounding in Chimera's,
And in her Flight entangled,
Thinking to represent the World
The Chaos has represented.*

FATHER Boubours then censures a French Author, for condemning another as obscure, in Terms full of Obscurity. *C'est une chose bien glorieuse pour la vérité, de trouver dans les propres combats qu'on lui livre une preuve du pouvoir dont elle doit jouir dans le monde. Toutes les extravagances auxquelles le cœur humain s'est abandonné en matière de Religion, ayant eu pour fondement une première vérité dont chacun s'est fait une idée selon son caprice.* This is Galimatias in the highest Degree: I have often thought to content my self in such Cases with inserting the Quotation only, without attempting to translate it; it being as hard a Matter to do Justice to Nonsense as to Sense in Translation: But I must do my Endeavour; and it is very likely, where the Original is Nonsense, it may be improv'd in the Version.

" 'Tis a glorious Thing for Truth, says the French Author, to find a Proof of the Power she ought to enjoy in the World, even in the Combats she meets with. All the Extravagancies to which the Heart of Man is abandon'd in the Matter of Religion, being founded on a first Truth of which every one conceives an Idea, according to his Caprice". A famous Italian Writer blaming Lucretius for being obscure, is himself obscure. *Lucrezio, con l'oscurità dello stil poetico non solo veste il corpo della sentenza, ma spesso il viso: e la veste del viso non è tanto fregio che adorni, quanto maschera che nasconda.* Lucretius covers with the Obscurity of his poetical Stile, not only the Body, but also the Face of the Thought, and that which covers the Face, is not so much a Dress to adorn it, as a Mask to hide it. The Reverend Divine *,

* Mr. Warren. who animadverted on Dr. Burnet's Theory of the Earth, is extremely unhappy in this Way of Writing, falling often into the Errors of which he accuses the Doctor; and always blundering, when he attempts to charge him with Blunders. The ingenious Authors who set up for Answerers, are very liable to commit this Error, for being generally blinded by Envy, Jealousy, Prejudice,

Prejudice, Pride and Passion; they seldom fail of falling into the Ditch they were digging for others. Those that deal in Controversy, especially Bigots who are overheated with false Zeal, seldom fail also of charging their Antagonists with the Faults of which they are themselves guilty.

A Platonick Philosopher speaking of studying in the Morning, for that the Head is then clearest, express'd himself in *French* thus, *Les fantômes du matin imprimés dans la plus belle fleur des esprits se présentent distinctement au miroir de l'ame, où il se fait d'admirables Réflexions de ces premières Idées qui sont les formes du vray.* "The Phantoms of the Morning imprinted in the fairest Flower of the Mind, present themselves distinctly to the Looking-Glass of the Soul, where admirable Reflections are made of those first Ideas which are the Forms of Truth". True it is, the Philosophers are as guilty of this Obscurity as any Writers whatever; they generally affect the Character of profound and mysterious, which consequently leads them to Perplexity and Obscurity: But these Depths are so far from making the hardest Head giddy, that they cause Veneration; and the sage Authors are esteem'd for their Profundity and Unintelligibleness. However, if any of their Admirers happen to be undeceiv'd, the Pleasure they find in coming at the Truth, is infinitely greater than that of the Error with which they were so much delighted. Fools indeed, like their Predecessor mention'd by *Horace*, may fancy they are still at the Opera, hearing *Sifaces* and *Camillas*, when they are by their own dull Fire's Side; and if they are undeceiv'd by the Remedies which their Friends give them, may exclaim against them, for depriving them of the Pleasures of Delusion.

*Pot me occidistis, amici;
Non servastis, ait, cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gravissimus error.*

Hor. Ep. Lib. 2. Ep. 2.

HORACE, in his Epistle, *De Arte Poetica*, teaches us to avoid being pleas'd with Things that ought not to give Pleasure to reasonable Minds; such as soft trifling Verses, and harmonious Nonsense.

Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canore.

Hor. de Art. Poet.

WE have Instances enough of this Kind in our late Versifiers.

——— *Wits whose Numbers glide along
So smooth, no Thought e'er interrupts the Song,
Laboriously enervate they appear,
And write not to the Heart, but to the Ear:
Our Minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
And are, at least, most musically dull;
So purling Streams with even Murmurs creep,
And hush the heavy Hearers into Sleep.
As smoothest Speech is most deceitful sound,
The smoothest Numbers oft are empty Sound,
And leave our lab'ring Fancy quite a Ground.*

Wycherly to Pope.

EVERY one knows that Mr. Wycherly never piqu'd himself on fine Versification, and this Satyr upon it might be well expected from his Wit: But can any one believe that Wycherly turn'd these Verses himself.

*So smooth, no Thought e'er interrupts the Song,
And write not to the Heart, but to the Ear,
And hush the heavy Hearers into Sleep.*

He cou'd no more turn those Verses, than the famous Couplet in Cooper's Hill, which raises a just Suspicion, that his Friend, to whom he pretends to write, and whose Verses are as smooth as Dryden's, did, like the Fops in Farces, write the Letter to himself; and then the following Lines are extremely modest.

*Young, yet judicious, in your Verse are found
Art strengthening Nature, Sense improv'd by Sound,*

And again,

But Wit and Judgment joyn at once in you.

And so to the End of the Epistle.

FATHER Bouhours, drawing to the End of his Dialogue, makes his Pupil, *Philanthus*, acknowledge that he is undeceiv'd, as to the Judgment he was to make of the Works of the Ingenious, wherein the Glaring and the Perplexity past upon him for Beauty and Depth.

He

He says now, ingenious Thoughts are like Diamonds, whose Worth is reckon'd by their Solidity, and not their Lustre. He also brings *Quintilian* into the Question: *Falluntur plurimum, qui vitiosum & corruptum dicendi genus, quod aut verborum licentiâ resultat, aut puerilibus sentiis lascivit, aut immodico tumore turgescit, aut inanibus locis bacchatur, aut casuris, si leviter excutiantur, flosculis nitet, aut precipitia pro sublimibus habet, aut specie libertatis insanit, magis existimant populare atque plausibile.* Which may be thus render'd: "Those Readers are miserably deceiv'd in their Judgment of Eloquence, who take that to be reasonable and plausible which is corrupt and vicious, puerile and trifling, which observes no Decorum in Expression and Thought, which swells in those Places where Swelling is least requir'd, and confounds the Sublime with the Furious, the Beautiful with the Florid; and pretending to a free Air, grows wanton even to Folly." Father *Bouhours* congratulates his Pupil on the Lights he had receiv'd from him; and that now he wou'd no more prefer *Seneca's* Points to *Cicero's* good Sense, nor *Tasso's* Tinsel to *Virgil's* Gold. He then reminds him of his Lessons in the Art of right Thinking: "That Truth is the Soul of a Thought; that Grandeur, Agreeableness, Delicacy, are Ornaments only; that nothing can be fine that is not natural; and that there is a great deal of Difference between Colour which comes from the Blood, and that which is the Effect of Paint, between a jolly and a bloated Complexion, between Grace and Affectation: As in *Quintilian*," *Ornatus virilis fortis & sanctus sit: nec effeminatam levitatem, nec fucō eminentem colorem amet, sanguine & viribus niteat.* He further reminds him, that Refinement is the worst of all Affectations, and that Subtlety should be avoided in the Way of Thinking, as well as in the Way of the World. He adds, as there is a certain Rudeness in a Man's telling his Steps and walking on his Toes, a Primness which shews the Want of good Breeding and Manners; so Refinement and Affectation shew a Want of Wit and good Sense, which would make up in Form what it wants in Power. Nothing is more opposite to true Delicacy than over-doing it, and crouding too many Things and Words into a Thought; the great Art being not to say all on some Subjects, ra-

ther to touch on them than dwell upon them ; and in a Word, to leave as much to the Reader's Thought as you exprefs in your own, according to *Demetrius Phaler.* *Quædam non prolata, majora videntur & potius in suspitione relictæ.* Monsieur Segrais, in the Preface to his fine Version of *Virgil*, exposes the Weakness of these Poets, who think they reach the Height of Perfection if they have left nothing in their Works for their Readers to think after them. This Observation is useful in Conversation ; when a Man says all that is to be said on a Subject, the Company are cloy'd, and lose the Relish he intended ; but if he leaves something for them to imagine themselves, it awakens them, and gives them the Pleasure of their own Discovery ; which is a Delicacy a little too refin'd for the Manner of the *English*, though it is in the main as just and reasonable as it is delicate ; Man is naturally so in Love with his own Productions, a Sort of Creation which is very flattering to the Mind, that the best Judges have observ'd that the surest Way to please is not to say and to think what may be thought and said, but to make way for others to think and to say. An Author should only open the Reader's Mind and give it room to act, he will then attribute what it produces to his own Genius and Capacity, though it is really owing to the Author's Dexterity, in giving him an Opportunity to make Reflections on the Images he expotes, which Reflections he applies wholly to his own Understanding, and accordingly takes the Merit to himself : Thus *Demetrius* before mention'd, *Nonnulla relinquenda auditori quæ suo Marte colligat.* When a Writer says all that may be said, he not only deprives the Reader of the Pleasure of his own Production, but raises in him a Kind of Indignation for having a Distrust of his Ability ; according to the same *Demetrius* : *Qui omnia exponit auditori ut nullâ mente prædito, similis ei est qui auditorem improbat atque contemnit.* There is no Mind so humble but it is mortify'd when it has any Suspicion that 'tis render'd contemptible by its Humility, and none so diffident of its own Ability as to be willing to have it despis'd by another. These Observations, of both Ancients and Moderns, are admirable, and teach us more, as to the Delicacy of Thought, than any thing which ever yet appear'd in our Language.

THE learned Jesuit returns again to Obscurity, and reminds *Philanthus* that nothing can be more vicious in Thought than to be obscure; and that what is not intelligible is not ingenious. *Quintilian* informs us, "That the less Wit an Author has, he is the more fond of shewing it, as short Men stretch themselves up on their Feet, and Cowards threaten hardest. In a Word, that a Writer is the more obscure in proportion as he wants Sense, and as his Taste is bad." *Quo quisque ingenio minus valet, hoc se magis attollere & dilatare conatur; ut statura breves, in digitos eriguntur, & plura infirmi minantur. Erit ergo obscurior etiam quo quisque deterior.* Again, *Dilucida & negligenter quoque audientibus aperta; ut in animum ratio tanquam sol in oculos, etiamsi in eam non intendatur, occurrat. Quare non ut intelligere possit, sed ne omnino possit non intelligere, curandum.* *Quintil.* "A Thought ought to be so clear that Readers or Hearers may understand it without Study; it should enter into their Minds as Light does into their Eyes, without Reflection; and the Aim of him who thinks should be not to make his Thought understood, but such as could not but be understood." Here end the Dialogues between *Eugene* and *Philanthus*, on the *Way of right Thinking in the Works of the Ingenious*, without considering the Purity of Language, or Exactness of Style, though, as *Philanthus* observes, it signifies nothing to think well, and write or speak ill. *Dionysius Halicar.* is his Master. *Nulla utilitas cogitationis præclaræ est, si ei quis pulchræ locutionis non addiderit ornamentum.* "The finest Thoughts are of no use without the Ornament of Speech." Though nothing is more extravagant and senseless than a vain Sound of Words, tho' the most sweet and best chosen: They must be supported by solid Thoughts and good Sense, or they are empty Air. *Quid est enim tam furiosum quam verborum vel optimorum sonitus inanis, nullâ subjunctâ sententiâ?* *Pere Boubours* advises all that would be Authors, in Prose or Verse, to read the best Writers of the *Augustan Age*, and those Moderns that come up nearest to them: He directs them also to have always before their Eyes several Persons as Witnesses, and even as Judges of their Thoughts. *Will this please such an one? Would Patru have lik'd this?* In *England* let them say,
Would

Would this pass with *Walsh* or *Maynwaring*. They were not Advocates as *Patru*; but we have no Lawyer of *Patru*'s Eloquence to supply his Place here, unless we may put my Lord *Somers* in his Stead, who doubtless understood these Things as well as Cardinal *Richieu*, whom the *French* Critick introduces as a Master of the Art of right *Thinking* in the *Works of the Ingenious*. So just was his Discernment, that he was not satisfy'd with what was pretty; he was for what was fine and good, which are above pretty, and said of a famous Writer of his Time, that he wrote not to the Soul but to the Fancy and the Ears; and that the Judgment he shew'd, with respect to the Choice and Disposition of Words, left him often with respect to Thought. This is the Hero whom *Bouhours* recommends to his *French* Authors; when they have occasion of noble Thoughts they should always have him in their Minds, and then nothing mean would offer to them, nothing but what is great and sublime.

To form sublime Images, our Poets need only remember, or read, the glorious Actions of the Duke of *Marlborough*, which have more of the Hero in them than all the Heroes of the latter Ages; and they would, I doubt, find the Subject too grand for them. We have not met with any Images yet equal to his Victories, to his sedate Course and rapid Conquests. For agreeable and delicate Thoughts *Pere Bouhours* prefers *Voiture*, *Sarazin*, and *St. Evremont*, especially *St. Evremont*. "What we have of him, says the learned Jesuit, shews " a fine Genius, who makes every thing he treats of appear equally solid and beautiful." For clear Thoughts he names *Coeffeteau*, who, according to *Vaugelas*, thought so clearly that *Galimatias* was as incompatible with his Wit as Darknes is with Light. Contrary to this are these Authors, who, according to *Quintilian*, have a Disgust for what is natural, and seek not after what will adorn Truth, but what will paint it. *Quibus sordent omnia quæ natura dictavit: qui non ornamenta querunt, sed lenocinia.* "Nothing proper " and simple pleases them, and nothing seems delicate " to them which another might have thought; who " borrow bold and metaphorical Figures from bad Poets, " and never think they are witty but when others have " need of a great deal of Wit to understand them." Quid

Quid quod nihil proprium placet, dum parum creditur disertum quod & alius dixisset? a corruptissimo quoque Poëtarum figuras, seu translationes mutuamur; tum demum ingeniosi scilicet si ad intelligendos nos opus sit ingenio. I will not say there is a great deal of Wit necessary to understand the following Lines of the present Poet Laureat, on the Duke of Marlborough's Victory at Oudenard, but there seems to be some Obscurity both in the Thought and Expression:

*Obe'y'd by others, Fortune thee obeys,
Fly swift, yet Conquest swifter flies before,
So flash the Lightnings e're the Thunders roar;
Uncommon Paths thy wary March proclaim.*

Conquest may very well be compar'd to Lightning; but that Victory should out-fly the Victor, and conquer for him before he comes, is a little unintelligible. Victory waiting on the Hero, is what our Ancestors met with, and her perching on the Victor's Plume; but never of her flying before him. As to *Paths proclaiming a March*, it is, I think, as inconceivable as this Couplet quoted by Villers, Duke of Buckingham, out of a Play written by a *Person of Quality*.

*But Fame had sent forth all her nimble Spies,
To blaze this Match, and lend to Fate some Eyes.*

I have read the Blaze of Fame elsewhere:

*Like the cool English, who approach their Fate
With Axe, and gravely first with Death debate;
They kindle slowly; but when once on fire,
Burn on, and in the Blaze of Fame expire.*

Nat. Lcc.

Talden says,

The silent Globe is struck with awful Fear.

And it is extremely metaphorical, but not without Darknes, the Subject he writes upon. The World is taken for the Earth, or the People its Inhabitants; but the *Globe* is generally taken for Land and Sea. However, a good Stock of Intelligence may find out Light in it, as Waller has it, of some Nonsense.

*As Light can no way but by Light appear,
He must bring Sense that understands it here.*

I won't say there is Nonsense in the following Verses of Talden's; but sure I am there is too much Sense in it:

*Thus Archimedes, in his chrystal Sphere,
Seem'd to correct the World's Artificer;
While the large Globe moves round with long Delay,
His beauteous Orbs in nimbler Circles play:
This seem'd the nobler Labour of the two,
Great was the Sphere above, but fine below.*

'Tis comparing the *Whirl* of a *Jack* to the *Velocity* of *Mercury*, the nimblest of the Planets, and the *Harmony* of the *Creation* to an *Orrery*. This is very grave; what follows is of the tragical Kind: Dr. *Sprat*, late Bishop of *Rockester*, speaking to a River in which his Mistress was drown'd, would make the most melancholy Reader laugh:

*Go on, sweet Stream, and henceforth rest
No more than does my troubled Breast;
And if my sad Complaints have made thee stay,
These Tears, these Tears shall mend thy Way.*

Never did any River stop to hear such Complaints from a Lover, who in the Excess of his Grief has Leisure to heap Metaphor upon Metaphor. A most honourable Poet having said,

Justice must tame, whom Mercy cannot win.

Adds,

*This Winter fixes the unstable Sea,
And teaches restless Water Constancy.*

Which is so opposite to Truth, that if it is not Nonsense it must abound with Obscurity; as does this Line of the same illustrious Author, speaking of King *Charles* the Second's Restoration:

In Conquests mild he came from Exile kind.

Conquest and Exile do not much enlighten one another; but that Monarch having been beaten in every Battle he fought, it may be called, a Battle renders the *Conquests* extremely obscure. Another excellent Poet flatters the Memory of *Charles* the Second, and complements his Brother, King *James*, thus,

*Wrapt like Elijah up to Heav'n in Fire,
 In feverish Flame the Monarch does expire ;
 His royal Mantle is great James's Share,
 At once his Kingdom's and his Virtue's Heir ;
 So tho' in Flames the burning Phoenix dies,
 Another still does from those Flames arise,
 And Kings immortal are, as those above the Skies.* }

'Tis very merry to read these Academicks Encomiums
 on the Virtues of King Charles the Second. As again,

Ally'd to Charles in Virtues as in Blood.

And again the Poet's Prayer for King James :

On him, ye Pow'rs, all Charles's Virtues shed.

The Obscurity of this consists in the historical Falshood,
 the Character of that Prince being the very Reverse of
Virtue : But the Poets, as well as the Historians, had
 no Conscience when they flatter'd those two Princes and
 their Minions. The very sober Mr. Cowley does not
 stick at complimenting the Royalists upon their beating
 the Parliamentarians every where : He bids the latter,

*Go now, your silly Calumnies repeat,
 And make all Papists whom you cannot beat ; (next,
 Let the World know some way with whom you are
 And vote 'em Turks when they o'erthrow you next.*

BUT of all the *Galimatias* which we have yet met
 with, there is none in my Mind which comes up to this
 Couplet of our Poet Laureat, in a Poem address'd to
 his present Majesty, whose sacred Character he has en-
 deavour'd to draw with a very unequal Pen :

*Thy Virtues shine peculiarly nice,
 Ungloom'd with a Confinity to Vice.*

Two Verses which have as much of the Ridiculum and
 Fustian in them as can well be jumbled together. To
 say that a great Prince's *royal Virtues shine peculiarly
 nice*, is like saying the Sun in its Meridian looks very
 prettily. When a Miss at a Boarding-School, in the
 Bloom and Beauty of Youth, has her Sunday Gown on,
 fine and clean Linnen, Mecklin Pinner, rich Ribbons,
 and all set out to the best Advantage by a good Dresser,
 it

it may be said she *shines peculiarly nice* ; but for a great King, in the Glory of Majesty and Virtue so to shine, is an Expression that has more Poverty and Affectation in it than the worst of that Kind which we find in Father *Bouhours*. But what to make of the next Line,

Ungloom'd, with a Confinity to Vice.

Is more than our Skill reaches to, as much as it is improv'd by conversing with the *French* Critick. To *ungloom a thing*, is some of that Sort of Nonsense which so perfectly confounds all Ideas that there is no distinct one left in the Mind. Besides that, it is not *English* ; for all our best Lexicographers allow of no Word like it, but the Adjective *Gloomy*, or the Substantive *Gloominess* ; one can have no Conception of *unglooming* a Thing, since the Laureat will have it so, which was not gloom'd before ; and how he will come off then I cannot tell. The Word *Confinity*, in the same Verse, is no more *English* than *ungloom'd* : We have *confines* in the Plural, but nothing else, except the Verb to *confine* ; which will not do the Poet's Business. However, 'tis granted that Poets are permitted to coin Words, when there are none in our Tongue which expresses their Thought ; but then those Words must have a Being and Sense, in some Language or other ; which the *Poet Laureat's* have not, unless it will be pretended that *Tertullian* makes use of the Word *Confinitas* instead of *Vicinitas* ; and so *Confinity* might have pass'd, though false Coin, had it not been for its Vicinity to *ungloom'd* :

*But if you write of Things abstruse and new,
Words of your own inventing may be us'd ;*

Says the Lord *Roscommon* after *Horace*. But the Praise of royal Virtue is no new Thing, it is as old as Poetry, which seems to be invented on purpose. And when the Translator of *Homer* tells us the Field of Battle was *ensanguin'd*, though there is nothing less *abstruse* and *new* than bloody Plains, speaking of War, yet he has here spoilt two good Languages, *English* and *French*, to adorn his Poetry with an *out of the way* Word. The nearest Word in *French* to it is *Sanguinaire*, or blood-thirsty ; and there is no other Foundation for this new Invention of his. His *deathful Plains* is much better ; his *Instarr'd*, speaking of Gems ; his *Fountful*, speaking of

of such a Place as *Highgate-Hill*, are passable ; for they have a Being and Sense in good *English*, and are well compounded ; so are his *Lengthfuls*, *Moveless*, and the like ; but as to his *silver Thong*, it is as bad as Sir *Harry Sheers's*, *Her filken Hairs are silver Strings* ; and a great deal worse than the *silver Inkborn* of School-Boys. This Critick falls very severely upon *Pere Rapin*, in his Notes on *Homer*, that very *Rapin* of whom *Dryden* said, in his Preface to his *State of Innocence*, *He alone is sufficient, were all other Criticks lost, to teach a-new the Art of Writing*. By which we learn that either *Dryden* or *Pope* did not understand Father *Rapin*, or knew not how to set a Value upon his Merit. Besides *ensanguin'd*, we have *Picturesque*, *Riant*, *Fierte*, *Compartemens*, *Traits*, &c. without the least Necessity for it, as good *English* all as are his political Principles and Religion. The Affectation is as ridiculous as it is vicious ; and so indeed is all use of *French Words*, when we have *English* to express our selves. My good Friend, Dr. *Drake*, fell upon me when we did not understand one another so well, as we did afterwards, for using the Word *Naivete*, which is best understood by *Simplicity* in *English* ; but as I have elsewhere observ'd, neither *Simplicity* nor *Naturalness*, otherwise no good Word, do express it. *Dryden's* Preface to *Rival Ladies* says, *I wish we might at length leave to borrow Words of other Nations, which is now a Wantonness in us, not a Necessity ; but so long as some affect to speak, there will not want those who will have the Boldness to write them*. And no Man was bolder in this even than *Dryden* himself, if we may believe Mr. *Rowe*, who wrote the following Verses in a Poem which he sent to the Press, and afterwards recall'd it, to erase them before the Poem was printed, out of which I copy'd what follows :

*Wit and the Laws had both the same ill Fate,
And partial Tyrants sway'd in either State ;
Ill-natur'd Censure wou'd be sure to blame
An alien Wit of independant Fame ;
While Bays grown old, and harden'd in Offence,
Was suffer'd to write on in spite of Sense ;*

*Backt by his Friends, th' Invader brought along
A Crew of foreign Words into our Tongue,
To ruin and enslave the free-born English Song;
Still the prevailing Faction propt his Throne,
And to four Volumes let his Plays run on.*

What Mr. Rowe takes Notice of here, *backt by his Friends, an alien Wit, the prevailing Faction*, to support *Dryden* and some of the favourite contemporary Poets, was actually true; there were Cabals at great Mens Houses, where these Poets used to read their Poems and Plays, and pre-engage the *Vote* and *Interest* of those noble Persons in their Favour; without such a Pre-engagement 'twas hardly possible for an Author to pass in the World; and in return for it, the Dedications were stuffed with the most fulsome Praises; *Mecænas's* were made as fast as Knights at a Lord-Mayor's Feast, and the Poets, who engross'd their good Graces, had both the Fame and the Fortune. I could enter into Particulars of both Patrons and Authors, and convince the Reader, by those Particulars, that I knew both the Men and the Things; but since some of those *Mecænas's*, and some of those Authors, did not want Merit, as well as Fortune and Fame, 'twill be ungenerous to make more than we have done of this *Foible*.

THE Translator of *Homer* does not always shine so peculiarly nice as in those fine *French* Words before mention'd: He sometimes is very homely in his Expression and Sentiment; as when he speaks of his Hero as of a Hoghead of Ale, and instead of describing him as a Poet, tells us he will gage him like an Exciseman. This delicate Author has written a rhiming Essay on *Criticism*, and made himself merry with his Brethren, in a notable Treatise call'd the *Art of Sinking*, to which he and his Partner, *S——t*, have contributed more than all the rest of their Contemporary Writers, if *Trifling* and *Grimace* are not in the high Parts of Writing. Besides, this *Sinking* is contrary to the Prophecy of the *Laureat*, who, in the same Poem, wherein is that admirable Distich before mention'd, thus vents his Inspiration:

*To Albion, thou, if Poets can presage,
Shalt give another sweeter Classick Age.*

He

He prophesies that his own Poetry shall be sweeter than *Catullus*, *Tibullus*, and *Ovid's*; but we have little Hope of the Accomplishment of it, from the Poems he has lately publish'd; and the putting the Laurel upon his Head for writing such Verses and such Prophecies, will give Futurity a very lively Idea of the Judgment and Justice of those that bestow'd it upon him.

IF we had more Leisure and Compass, we might have given Hundreds of Instances of obscure and false Thoughts, out of the choicest Poems in the most famous *Miscellanies*; but here are enough to let the Reader see that the Vices in Expression and Language are alike common in all Writings, Prose and Verse, Ancient and Modern, *Greek*, *Latin*, *Italian*, *French*, and *English*, whose Authors are not, however, so apt to fall into Affectation as the *Italian* and *French*; and their Writings are as masterly and perfect as the most perfect and most masterly of the most polite Writers of other Nations. In the sublime Way, *Dr. Sprat*, and *Dr. Burnet* of the *Charter-house*, in Prose; and *Milton* in Verse, are equally eminent; in the Polite and Natural, *Dr. Tillotson* and *Mr. Addison*; in the Agreeable, *Mr. Walsh* and *Mr. Prior*; in the Delicate, all of these in their several Kinds; and many more might be added, were there occasion. It is to be fear'd we must content our selves with what we have, and that we shall have few or no Supplies from the Genius, Judgment, and Taste of the present and coming Age, for which one cannot help having a Concern, though we foresee but a small Part of the Degeneracy which future Writers and Readers will certainly fall into. Indeed we are rather precipitating our selves than falling into it. What a Precipice is it, from *Lock's Human Understanding* to *Swift's Lilliput*, and *Profundity*! What another, from the *Plain Dealer*, or *Love for Love*, to *Harlequin* and the *Beggars Opera*! Had we stumbled only on a *Trip to the Jubilee*, or a *Lady's Visiting-Day*, there might have been some Hopes of rising again; but we sink now like Ships laden with Lead, and must despair of ever recovering the Height from which we are fallen. It has been observ'd of the Genius of the *Romans*, that 'twas like what is said of the *Oak*, a hundred Years in growing, a hundred Years in perfection, and a hundred Years in decaying. Our Genius was not a hundred Years in growing, reckon-

ing from *Spencer* to *Milton*; it might be said to be a hundred Years in perfection, from *Waller's* first Poems to *Addison's* last; but from *Tonson's* Miscellanies to *Pope's*, from *Sir William Temple* to his Chaplain *Swift*, is a melancholy Prospect of the Precipitation which Posterity is threaten'd with, both in Wit and Language: 'Tis too well known that the Generality of Readers had rather be amus'd than instructed; and therefore sober and ingenious Writers have invented pleasant Fables to joyn Instruction with Amusement: But for Authors to tell frivolous Tales, purely for telling sake, to collect Trifles by Volumes, to deal by their Readers as fond Mothers do by their Children, and give them Toys and Gewgaws instead of Lessons useful for Life, is wicked, if done with Design to corrupt their Understandings; and, if done with no Design, idle and impertinent, unbecoming the Character of a Man, and much less that of a *Divine* and a *Dignitary*. He makes no Conscience of putting off adulterated Wit for true, though it is, perhaps, a greater Cheat than passing *Counters* for *Guineas*, or *Wood's* Copper Money for Gold. What better can be expected from a Man, who having devoted himself to the Service of the holy *Altar*, turns it into a Mountebank's Stage, and plays himself the *Merry-Andrew* upon it, as in the *Tale of a Tub*? The sacred Mysteries of the Christian Religion have not escap'd his Drollery; what Hope then that Sense and Wit will have better Treatment from him? True Wit instructs at the same time that it pleases; but that which is false is the Mirth only of Fools; and that *S——t's* is every where false, will appear by holding it up to Father *Bouhours's* Light. What greater Debasement can happen to Mankind, than to have their Understandings reduc'd to the Condition of Infants and Idiots, to be delighted with Rattles and Bawbles, and to like only what they laugh at. If their Shape was metamorphos'd into that of Monkeys, the Dignity of human Nature would not be more debas'd by it. Laughter will doubtless always be agreeable to sensible and well-natur'd People; but it is that Laughter which is excited by *Pleasantry* without *Buffoonry*; and whether a Man no bigger than a *Pin's Head*, and another as big as a *Mountain*, is not the Contrast of a *Buffoon*, I leave to the Reader to determine. 28 JY 58

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ERRATA in the Life and Writings, &c.

PAGE 30. Line 11. for *Xiver*, read *Xavier*. Line 26.
 for *him*, read *it*.
 Page 31. l. 2. for *his*, read *this*.

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